

THAT POUND OF FEATHERS.

Scientific Demonstration That It is Heavier Than the Pound of Lead.

A famous old catch question for unwary boys is, "Which is heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead?"

Here is the way to demonstrate it: With perfectly accurate scales weigh a pound of lead, using ordinary shot for convenience.

Place the shot in one pan of a balance and the bag of feathers in the other, and they will presently come to an exact level.

The explanation is that no account has been taken of the buoyant power of the air, which bears everything up in proportion to the thing's bulk.

Fully Prepared.

"Mr. Spudlong," began the youth, hanging his hat on the back of his chair, "I will occupy only a few moments of your time."

"Yes, sir, I fully realize that she has been tenderly nurtured and that she is very dear to you."

"No, sir; I can't quite maintain her in the style to which she has been accustomed, but I have a good salary, and I'm ready to chance it."

"Will you?" "Yes, sir, I will keep my life insured for a sum sufficient to provide for her if I should be taken away."

"No, sir, I would not expect to live with the family. I am able to buy and furnish a modest home for her."

"Young man," said Mr. Spudlong, looking at his watch, "I rather like your style. You can have her. Good-bye."

"Morning, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Senator Call's Select Audience.

It has passed into history that Hon. Wilkinson Call of Florida, though for three terms a United States senator and highly honored by his state, did not make a great impression on the senate as a speaker.

Senator Call, it is said, once arose to make a speech when the senate chamber was rather empty. As he spoke the few members of the senate who were there fled out to get luncheon.

The galleries were also rather empty, and the incident became the subject of Washington gossip.

Then came a clever answer, for the southern man said, with a grave face: "I thought it a very distinguished audience. There was no person there of less rank than the vice president of the United States."

Mistaken.

A dignitary of the Church of England tells this story of his Cambridge days. He is young looking and always wears a white tie.

Mrs. Fannie Coffey's dress, in the pocket of which was a \$5 bill, was hung too near the stove in Williamson and was consumed by fire together with the money.

Why is the FULTON COUNTY NEWS like a wife? Because every man ought to have one of his own and not be running after other people's.

Miss Susan Galton Brown.

How she hunted, and the trial of Game the Hazed.

BY W. R. ROSE.

It was a very pretty prospect that confronted Miss Susan Galton Brown. The scattering white homes among the trees in the valley, the blue hills beyond with their fringes of pine trees, the clear sky that was such a novelty to the girl from the great manufacturing town—it was all bright and fresh and so delightfully clean.

She certainly was an unusual figure for that quiet neighborhood. Attired in a close fitting suit of gray, with a short walking skirt and a wide brimmed hat, she might at a distance, save for the skirt, have been taken for an extremely handsome boy.

In short, Miss Susan Galton Brown, so her father declared, should have been born a boy, but as that couldn't be she certainly was, as far as the shooting and fishing went, an admirable substitute.

It is needless to say that quiet Elmwood looked upon this accomplished young woman with a very doubtful expression. She was a little too advanced—that was the term they used—for Elmwood's old-fashioned ideas of maidenly modesty.

If Miss Susan Galton Brown knew of the unfavorable light in which her short skirt and her Teddy hat had placed her, and there is no doubt she did, the matter failed to worry her in the least.

They all said that Jack Cortwright was a rising young man. Boston capitalists had sent him, fresh from college, to the western town to look after their interests in certain undeveloped coal mining property that lay a few miles north of Elmwood, and Jack had taken off his coat metaphorically and gone to work to develop it.

Miss Susan Galton Brown had poor success that bright October afternoon. She didn't rouse a solitary rabbit. But, after all, it was the tramp she was after rather than the game.

daily that evening with a long letter she meant to write. It would be particularly long because she intended to tell him about Jack. And here she blushed a little—a feminine failing that she hadn't quite eradicated.

The sun was still high above the hills when she started to return to her aunt's. As she went down the old state road a sudden clattering caused her to turn her head. Three men mounted on powerful horses came trotting down the slope.

A few moments of brisk walking brought her to the brow of the hill where the road turned sharply and ran at an oblique along the side of the steep descent.

Miss Susan's eyes were good ones, and the air was very clear. She saw a horseman sitting in his saddle at the bank door. He was holding the bridles of two riderless horses.

Then an indescribable impulse seized her. She let herself over the edge of the bank and began a mad scramble down the steep declivity.

The little goldfish, the pet of the household aquariums, never goes to sleep. In this respect the pike and salmon are his equals. They are as alert for their prey in the ocean as the goldfish is for the crumbs that are fed him from household tables.

The Eskimos have coarse, black hair, some with a tinge of brown. Males have the crown of the head closely cropped, so that reindeer may not see the waving locks when the hunter creeps behind bunch grass.

Some people get huffy when asked to pay their subscription. We wonder how they would like to deliver their butter, eggs, corn or other products of their labor to some merchant for a year or two, or possibly three or four years, and then have the merchant get hot at them when they ask for their pay?

The snowballs are changing from green to white. They will be abundant and beautiful for Memorial Day.

The summer girl and the sea serpent will arrive on schedule time.

What a woman says goes—when she talks into a telephone transmitter.

Knowledge and timber should not be much used until they are seasoned.

the stuff there, have you? Jump in."

And a moment later they were speeding toward the bank. They had not gone 20 yards when they met the first group of hastily armed men who were on the trail of the robbers.

"You'll find Jim Bascom lynched here," shouted the liveryman. "She shot him, an' we've got the bank stuff all here!" And he touched up his horse again.

And then they were at the bank. There was a little crowd about the door, but they quickly made way for Susan and the liveryman and the precious bag.

And there was Jack sitting up in a big chair, and somebody was blinking queerly, like a man slowly waking up, but he suddenly seemed to regain his faculties when Susan Brown, forgetful of all eyes about her, suddenly dropped on her knees beside him and put up her loving arms and cried, "Oh, Jack!"

"Why, Susan, dear!" murmured Jack. "There, there, don't worry. I'm just a little dazed. One of those fellows hit me over the head with something from behind and stunned me. I'm almost all right again."

"Oh, Jack," moaned Susan Brown, "I—I thought they might have killed you, and—and I shot the man—oh, oh, oh!" And here poor Susan quite broke down, and putting her face against Jack's rough coat, sobbed convulsively.

"I'm afraid it was, my dear," said Jack in a painfully solemn voice. "But as it saved the bank in which I am intimately interested \$37,000 in cold cash and at the same time appears to have broken up the most desperate gang of thieves the state has ever known I fear I must condone the fault. But you will promise not to do it again, won't you, dear?"

And Miss Susan Galton Brown promised.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sleepless Fish.

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Courage.

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Fought For His Life.

"My father and sister both died of Consumption," writes J. T. Weatherwax, of Wyandotte, Mich., "and I was saved from the same frightful fate only by Dr. King's New Discovery. An attack of Pneumonia left an obstinate cough and very severe lung trouble, which an excellent doctor could not help, but a few months' use of this wonderful medicine made me as well as ever and I gained much in weight."

Pan-American Exposition Now Open.

The Cumberland Valley Railroad Company has now on sale regular Summer Excursion tickets to Buffalo on account of Pan-American Exposition and to Niagara Falls.

For the accommodation of visitors to the Exposition the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has put on two new trains in each direction, between Harrisburg and Buffalo, with which Cumberland Valley trains make close connection at Harrisburg.

An Ohio game constable shot and killed a man whom he claimed was fishing illegally. The worst of the whole affair is that the poor fellow didn't have a single bite all the time he was breaking the law.

It is either a very wise man or a very foolish one who undertakes to predict just what a woman would do under any given circumstances.

What a convenient arrangement it would be if each baby that is born into the world could be accompanied by a ticket stating whether it would succeed best as a blacksmith or minister, a concert singer or a first-class cook.

Mr. W. J. Baxter of North Brook, N. C. says he suffered with piles for fifteen years. He tried many remedies with no results until he used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and that quick cured him.

Friends:-- Have you seen our Spring Stock of Dress Stuffs? From the way they are moving out, they must be all right.

Among the Special Attractions are the Mercerised Gingham New and Handsome Dimities, Lawns, Piques, &c.

We also have a nice stock of Woollens for Dresses and Skirts.

Our notion stock is complete with all the novelties of the season.

For men and Boys we have a lot of Straw Hats to close out at half-price and less.

25 cent hats going at 12; 50 cent ones at 25 cents, and dollar hats at 50 cents. Don't wait. Not many of them.

Look at this ad next week.

Respectfully, G. W. REISNER & CO.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY TIME TABLE—May 27, 1901. Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and various station names.

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 JOB DEPARTMENT IS COMPLETE. SALE BILLS, POSTERS, DODGERS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, ENVELOPES, CARDS, &c.

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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.

ADVERTISE IN The Fulton County News.

COUNTY OFFICERS. President Judge—Hon. S. Med. Swape. Associate Judges—Lemuel King, Peter Morrison. Probationary Judge—Frank J. Lynch. Sheriff—Daniel Elliott. Treasurer—Theo. Sipes. Deputy Sheriff—James Hamel. Jury Commissioners—David Holt, Samuel H. Hookmeyer. Auditors—John S. Harris, D. H. Myers, A. J. Lattinerson. Constables—H. K. Malot, A. V. Kelly, John Fisher. Clerks—Frank Mason. County Surveyor—John Lake. County Sargent—Chas. Chomut. County Jail—W. Scott Alexander, J. Nelson. Sipes, Thomas F. Sipes, F. M. Johnston, A. E. Shaffer, Geo. B. Daniels, John J. Sipes.