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?" Of course the unwary boys answer, "A pound of lead," and then everybody laughs, for how can a pound of one thing be heavier than a pound of some other thing? But the people that do the laughing are just as much in error as the boys are, only it is the other way about, blue hills beyond with their fringes for a pound of feathers is, as a mat- of pine trees, the clear sky that was ter of fact, heavier than a pound of such a novelty to the girl from the

Here is the way to demonstrate it: With perfectly accurate scales weigh a pound of lead, using ordinary shot for convenience. With the same scales weigh a pound of feathers, putting them in a muslin bag for the purpose and being very careful that the bag and the feathers together weigh exactly one pound.

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. Thus it seems that they weigh exactly the same. But a different state of things is shown if the balance, with the shot and feathers undisturbed, be placed on the receiver of an air pump and covered with the glass bell jar. When the air has been exhausted, the feathers will sink and the shot will go up, thus showing that the feathers are the heavier.

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. As the bag of feathers is of greater bulk than the shot, it is supported by the air to a greater extent than the shot, and it therefore takes more than a pound of feathers to balance a pound of lead. In the air pump, however, there is no such support, and the difference is at once

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. I have come to ask you for your daughter. I"-

"Young man," said the elderly banker, "do you"-

"Yes, sir, I fully realize that she has been tenderly nurtured and that she is very dear to you; also that her home is one in which she has been surrounded by every luxury. But she is willing to leave it." "Can 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."

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

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

"Morning, sir." - Chicago Trib-

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 | Cortwright stood first and foremost. impression on the senate as a speaker and that he thus disappointed all those who have the tradition in their minds that all southern statesmen

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 filed out to get luncheon. No one remained on the floor to listen to the speech. But the president of the senate still sat in his place, dignified and calm. The galleries were also rather

empty, and the incident became the subject of Washington gossip. At a dinner party where a southern politician was a guest it was asked what he thought of the southern senator's audience when he made his speech in the senate that morning.

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 tice president of the United States." .- Saturday Evening Post.

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. When he got his fellowship, full of pride and consequence, he went to call upon the master of - college. He rang the bell and when the door opened was about to present his card, when he was cut short by the footman, who had run his eyes over him, saying: "All right, young man. You're too late. I got the place yesterday."-London Answers.

Mrs. Fanule 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.

man ought to have one of his own and not be running after other

Miss Sugan Galton Brown.

How She Hunted, and the Klad of Game the Marred. BY W. R. ROSE.

i onto tronto ato ato ato ato ato ato ato It was a very pretty prospect that confronted Miss Susan Galton Brown. The scattering white homes among the trees in the valley, the great manufacturing town-it was all bright and fresh and so delightfully clean. Miss Susan Galton Brown looked back on the peaceful prospect for a lingering moment or

two and then pressed ahead up the mountain road. 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 gray felt hat that concealed her beautiful hair, she might at a distance, save for the skirt, have been taken for an extremely handsome boy. Her gait would have carried out the impression - there was such an unconstrained swing to it-but her high boots were not a boy's boots, and her hands were neatly gloved. Miss Susan Galton Brown carried something under her arm. It was a light magazine rifle, the gift of an adoring father; for she could shoot and

fish and swim and run and do it all in a way that met that adoring father's critical approval, and there wasn't a better authority on these manly attributes in all the country 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. Naturally Susan was an only child. She never would have benefited by all these advantages if she had not been. She had minor talents, of course-an education rounded off in a finishing school, a pleasing smattering of music, a taste for art that was only second to her taste for nature. But all these were quite dwarfed, in her daddy's opinion, by those manlier attributes that he so assiduously cultivated. She was his companion on long hunting and fishing trips and an ideal companion at that. "By Jove," he would say, "Sue couldn't be improved upon! She never grumbles at her luck and never growls at me for dragging her to places where game never runs and fish never bite. She is one girl in ten thousand."

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. The mothers of Elmwood held her up as an example of the baneful coming woman, and the girls of Elmwood thought her dreadfully bold and secretly envied her. As for the men-well, there were but few of them in Elmwood whose opinion was worth recording, and of these a mere handful dared to express an honest opinion in the face of the universal feminine condemnation. Of these independent souls it must be admitted that Mr. John

If Miss Susan Galton Brown knew of the unfavorable light in which her short skirt and her Teddy hat had pleced her, and there is no doubt she did, the matter failed to worry her in the least. She had come down to Elmwood to stay a month with her maiden aunt-her dead mether's only sister-who lived in the big white mansion on Main street, just beyond the Baptist meeting house. It was this fond aunt who had invited Jack Cortwright to call, and, although this was a particular youth, with high ideals of womanhood, he called again and again and again. What was strange about it, too, was that Jack bailed from the east and from Puritan surroundings at that. Yet with all this discreet bringing up he certainly was fascinated with the wild western hoiden.

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. There was plenty of capital behind him, and he had built a railway branch to the mine and started a bank in Elmwood, of which he was temporary eashier, and stirred the little town into making certain improvements that had long been discussed. In short, Jack Cortwright was recognized even by those who didn't approve of his revolutionary tactics to to be the liveliest factor of progress the sleepy little hamlet had

ever known. Miss Susan Galton Brown had poor success that bright October afternoon. She didn't rouse a solitary rabbit. But, after all, it was Why is the Fulton County
News like a wife? Becuse every
man ought to have one of ble own

daday that evening with a long letter she meant to write. It would be in particularly long because she intended to tell him about Jack. And here she blushed a little-a femi-nine failing that she hadn't quite

The sun was still high above the hills when she started to return to her sunt'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. Su-san stepped aside to let them pass, and one of the horses, catching sight of her, suddenly sprang aside and almost unseated his rider. Susan looked up anxiously and saw, to her astonishment, that the man's heavy beard was twisted very much to one side. But he quickly regained his seat, with an oath, and, striking the horse, clattered after his companions. Susan wondered why the man was disguised and dimly fancied that the three rough looking strangers were up to some mischief. But she was thinking of Jack the next moment, and the strange incident was shelved.

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. Susan seated herself on a log and looked down into the village, which lay, as it were, at her very feet. She traced the one long street of the hamlet, which was but a continuation of the highway, and followed its dusty line past her aunt's trim home, and the little park, with its soldiers' monument, and the town hall and then along to the bank-Jack's bankand there her gaze rested.

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. Even as she noted this the two riders rushed from the building and leaped into their saddles. There were puffs of white smoke and sharp detonations. Susan could see people running in wild confusion. Then the three riders started at a sharp canter up the road. Every dozen yards or so one would turn in his saddle and fire down the roadway.

Susan knew what this strange scene meant. It was a daylight bank robbery-one of a series that had terrorized all the countryside during the past summer. The three robbers were retreating with their dear?" plunder. What had happened in the bank? Why was Jack not pursuing them? She suddenly turned sick and cold.

Then an indescribable impulse seized her. She let herself over the edge of the bank and began a mad scramble down the steep declivity. She meant to intercept the ruffians. She slid, she stumbled, once she fell, but she never let go her hold on her precious rifle. And then, as the earth suddenly seemed falling away from her, she reached the level ground in a confused heap. But she was up on her feet in a moment. The highway was directly before The robbers were cantering The man in the rear was the man with the beard, and he had a before him. He was directly oppo- at St. Petersburg are known to be site Susan as she plunged down to 150 years old, and the age of the sathe edge of the roadway. He must cre have taken her for an enemy, for his glittering revolver flew up, and he fired in her direction quite at random. Susan felt a sudden twitch at her broad brimmed hat and quickly dropped behind some bushes that lined the roadway. The barrel of her rifle rose. The robber was rapidly increasing the distance between them. Could she shoot this man in cold blood? She had him covered. moment more and it might be too late. She thought of Jack and fired.

The horse of the fleeing man suddenly leaped to one side and flung his rider heavily to the earth. As he went down he dragged the bag of plunder with him. The riderless horse galloped after his companions.

Then Susan Galton Brown sprang into the roadway and fired five shots in rapid succession after the two horsemen. She did not aim to hit them, but rather to frighten them They hesitated a moment and then dashed madly ahead, the riderless horse galloping in the rear.

Susan ran forward to the prostrate man. He was unconscious, She stooped over him for a moment and then drew away the coarse bag. with currency. She shuddered as she looked at the livid face of the ruflian and then at the blood that was slowly saturating his coat sleeve. She began to feel a little

She was aroused by the sound of wheels and the shouting of a man. A light phaeton was coming toward her. In a moment she recognized the driver as the local livery stable proprietor. He leaped out beside

"Nailed him, didn't you?" he shouted in a paroxysm of excitement. "I was just ready to drive out of my stable when they pelted by. As I got into the roadway saw you blazin away. Kill him?"

"No," said Susan; "he is stunned by the fall from his horse. I only aimed to break his shoulder." She was astonished at the steadiness of

"You done it all right!" cried the the tramp she was after rather than liveryman. "By George," he shrick-the game. Still she must have a ed, "it's Jim Bascom himself!"

Miss Susan Galton Brown smiled quickly as you can?"

ith satisfaction and gathered up "Yes, ma'am, I will," he replied, with satisfaction and gathered up "Yes, ma'am, I will," he replied. The weary tramp usually no the target. She would send it to with great heartiness "You've tracks for the county seat.

the stuff there, have you? Jump

met the first group of hastily armed men who were on the trail of the

And then they were at the bank. There was a little crowd about the the precious bag.

And there was Jack sitting up in a big chair, and somebody was bathing his head, and he was blinking gain 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 God's glorious presence not by Jack. "There, there, don't worry. I'm just a little dazed. One of those sounding trumpets but by the cowards 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 and-and-and got the money back -oh, oh, oh!" And here poor Susan quite broke down and, putting her face against Jack's rough coat, sobbed convulsively. And Mr. Tompkins told what he knew, and then the astonished and delighted Jack turnhis assistant, who had been temporarily absent at the time of the attack, and, borrowing the happy Mr.

cold blooded!"

"I'm afraid it was, my dear," said Jack in a painfully solemn voice. 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,

promised.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sleepless Fish. The little goldfish, the pet of the alert for their prey in the ocean as the goldfish is for the crumbs that are fed him from household tables. In his native element the goldfish open all the time. There are some goldfish in Washington which have belonged to the same family for the last 50 years, and they seem no bigger and no less vivacious today than they did when they first came into Mrs. Stanford. the owner's possession. A few of coarse bag flung across the saddle the fish in the imperial aquarium believe the Buddhist priests.

Pull Out Their Beards.

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 hunter creeps behind bunch grass. They have black eyes and high cheek bones. The bones of the face are better protected from the severity of the climate by a thicker covering of flesh than southern races. Generally their beard is very scant, and most of them devote otherwise idle hours to pulling out the

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 mer-As she suspected, it was half filled chant get hot at them when they ask for their pay? Yet there kind and they are not all farmers,

from green to white. They will ing the law, Verily the way of be abundant and beautiful for the transgressors is hard, Memorial Day.

Whata woman says goes-when she talks into a telephone trans-

Paradoxically speaking, the born into the world could be acprice of ice will soon be a burning companied by a ticket stating

Knowledge and timber should not be much used until they are

The strawberry shortcake is no longer a pleasant auticipation but a blessed reality.

The weary tramp usually makes

A timid man, a discouraged speeding toward the bank. They worker, a sad hearted struggler, had not gone 20 yards when they can never do the best work of which he is capable. The timid man is afraid to let out his forces. "You'll find Jim Bascom lyin up there," shouted the liveryman. "She is no use in exercising his forces. "You'll find Jim Bascom lyin up Thediscouraged man thinks there shot him, an we've got the bank stuff all here!" And he touched up his horse again. And the next group heard the same story and the respond to a call. It is not merenext and the next, and they all turn- ly cheerfulness in our work that ed and stared after blushing Susan we need; it is down right faith, honest, whole souled daring. Try to do your best with a question, door, but they quickly made way whether it pays, or whether there for Susan and the liveryman and is any hope of success, or whethwhether it pays, or whether there er life is not a great cloudy experience, and you will fail. The best in us comes up through confidence queerly, like a man slowly waking and it is kissed into power by up, but he suddenly seemed to re- smiles of hope, and it is led on by shouts of victory, and crowned by beautiful patience. "The best"

Fought For His Life.

tered into it.-Reserve.

is born of contest and is colored

by blood. And it is measured in

sounding trumpets, but by the

amount of virtue which has en-

"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 ed the recovered treasure over to Pneumonia leftan obstinate cough and very severe lung trouble, which an excellent doctor could Tompkins' phaeton, drove Susan to not help, but a few months' use of this wonderful medicine made "Oh, Jack," she murmured on the me as well as ever and I gained way, "it was so unwomanly and so much in weight." Infallible for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and lung trouble. Trial bottles free. "But as it saved the bank in which Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00 at W. S. Dickson's.

California has more college students in proportion to its population than any other state in the Union-one in 410. This state spends more money on high And Miss Susan Galton Brown schools than any other state save New York, Ohio or Massachusetts, and more on its common schools in proportion to populahousehold aquariums, never goes to tion than any state save Massasleep. In this respect the pike and chusetts or Nevada. Women salmon are his equals. They are as teachers receive higher wages in California than anywhere else in America. Of the students of the University of California, 60 per forages for himself and has his eyes cent. are natives of the state, and 46 per cent. are women. California's splendid showing in education is due largely to such philanthropists as Mrs. Hearst and

Pan-American Exposition Now

The Cumberland Valley Railtached to the temples in China is to road Company has now on sale be counted by centuries, if we are to regular Summer Excursion tickets to Buffalo on account of Pan-American Exposition and to Niagara Falls. The rate from Mercersburg is \$18.00. In addition special excursion tickets to Buffalo, good to return within ten days from date of issue, will be sold every day until October 31st, at rate of \$14.85 from Mercers-

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. Nos. 4 and 10 reaching Buffalo at 8.00 P. M. and 7.85 A. M. respectively. Returning leave Buffalo at 8,00 P, M. and 8.30 A. M. connecting with trains 1 and 9 respectively.

An Ohio game constable shot and killed a man whom he claimseems to be many people of that ed was fishing illegally. The worst of the whole affair is that the poor fellow didn't have a sin-The snewballs are changing gle bite all the time he was break-

It is either a very wise man or The summer girl and the sea a very foolish one who undertakes serpent will arrive on schedule to predict just what a woman would do under any given circumstances.

> What a convenient arrangement it would be if each baby that is 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-

#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 Dress-

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

137" Look at this ad next week.

Respectfully,

THE **FULTON**



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.-May 27, 1901. |no. 2|no 4|no. 6|no. 8|no.10| 110

537 p. m.
Trains Nos. 8 and 110 run daily between Hagerstown and Harrisburg and No. 2 fifteen
minutes late on Sundays. These trains will
stop at intermediate stations on Sundays.

* Daily.

* Daily except Sunday.

no. 1 no. 3 no. 5 no. 7 no. 9

Daily except Sunday. On Sundays will leave Philadelphia at 4.30 SOUTHERN PENN'A R. R. TRAINS.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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