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Restrictions of French Girl Life.

"The program of what a French girl may or may not do is drawn up very precisely," declares Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc), in The Ladies Home Journal for July. "Unless she is poor and has to earn her own living she never goes out alone. The company of a friend of her own age would not be sufficient to chaperon her. It is an established rule that novel reading is a rare exception. She is entirely subject to her parents' will in the matter of reading. And if she asks to see anything at the theatre except a classical masterpiece, or an opera, they will tell her that such a thing is not considered proper, feeling sure of her silent submission. After she is fifteen years old she is generally allowed to be in the drawing room on her mother's reception days, but must keep to the modest and secondary place assigned her, pouring the tea and presenting it, courtesying to her elders, answering when spoken to—in short, undergoing her apprenticeship. She has but few jewels, and under no pretext any diamonds. Custom does not permit her to wear costly things; nor does it give her the right, in general, to have a money allowance worth speaking of for her personal use. She receives a trifling sum for charity, her books and gloves. A young girl never takes the lead in conversation, but always allows the married lady the precedence, and she finds it quite natural to occupy the background."

It Dazzles the World.

No discovery in medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Its severest tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pleurisy and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored to perfect health. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and Whooping Cough it is the quickest, surest cure in the world. It is sold by W. S. Dickson, who guarantees satisfaction or refund money. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Evolution of the Apple.

Apples are new in the economy of the world's use and taste. At the beginning of the last century few varieties were known; and we can go back in history to a time when all apples were little, sour and puckery—crab apples and nothing else. The crab apple was and is in its wildness nothing but a rosebush. Away back in time the wild rose, with its pretty blossoms that turn to little red balls, apple flavored, and the thorny crab had the same grandmother.

Special Excursions to Buffalo for Pan-American Exposition.

The Cumberland Valley Railroad in connection with the Pennsylvania R. R. has arranged for a series of special seven day excursions to Buffalo, N. Y. and return during the continuance of the Pan American Exposition. Tickets to be sold for C. V. R. R. train No. 4 leaving Mercersburg at 8 A. M. on July 9, 18, 23, 31, Aug. 6, 15, 21, 27, Sept. 5, 11, 17, and 26, 1901 arriving at Buffalo 7.40 P. M. Rate from Mercersburg, \$10.00 for the round trip, with correspondingly low rates from other stations. Tickets to be of Iron-clad signature form, requiring stamp and signature of Joint Agent at Buffalo to validate them for return passage, and will be good only in day coaches. For detailed information inquire of local ticket agents.

A Wild Duck's Battle With a Hawk.

A green-winged teal is the heroine of Earnest Seton-Thompson's new story in The Ladies Home Journal for July. After her brood was hatched she started to take them across a pond. "This was a mistake," Mr. Seton-Thompson writes. "For it exposed them to enemies. A great marsh hawk saw them, and he came swooping along sure of getting one in each claw. 'Run for the rushes!' called out the Mother Greenwinging, and run they all did pattering over the surface as fast as their tired little legs could go. 'Run! run!' cried the mother, but the hawk was close at hand now. In spite of all their running he would be on to them in an other second. They were too young to dive; there seemed no escape when just as he pounced the bright little mother gave a great splash with all her strength, and, using both feet and wings, dashed the water all over the hawk. He was astonished. He sprang back into the air to shake himself dry. The mother urged the little one to 'Keep on!' and keep on they did. But down came the hawk again; again to be repelled with a shower of spray. Three times did she drench him. Now all the downings were safe in the friendly rushes, the angry hawk made a lunge at the mother, but she could dive, and giving a good-by splash she easily disappeared."

White Man Turned Yellow.

Great consternation was felt by the friends of M. A. Hogarty of Lexington, Ky. when they saw he was turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was Yellow Jaundice. He was treated by the best doctors, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful Stomach and Liver remedy, and he writes: "After taking two bottles I was wholly cured." A trial proves its matchless merit for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 50c. Sold by W. S. Dickson, Druggist.

The young girl who is traveling by herself should seek information from the train people rather than from her companions on the train. No girl in traveling should make confidants of strangers of either sex, disclose her family affairs, or make acquaintances on the road. She may, however, show kind attention to a mother traveling with little children, amuse a wearied little one, and politely thank any one who does her an unobtrusive kindness.—Margaret E. Sangster, in The Ladies' Home Journal for July.

"I wish to truthfully state to you and the readers of these few lines that your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is without question, the best and only cure for dyspepsia that I have ever come in contact with and I have used many other preparations." John Beam, West Middlesex, Pa. No preparation equals Kodol Dyspepsia Cure as it contains all the natural digestants. It will digest all kinds of food and can't help but do you good. Trout's drug store.

Biting the nails is an exceedingly dangerous practice, as the biter never knows when to stop, and at any moment is liable to bite into "the quick" and cause blood poisoning. Even when the utmost care is taken of the teeth a poisonous secretion is apt to collect on them, and the entrance of a minute portion of this into the circulation may prove as certainly fatal as the pus on the surgeon's scalpel.

You can never cure dyspepsia by dieting. What your body needs is plenty of good food properly digested. Then if your stomach will not digest it, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will. It contains all of the natural digestants hence must digest every class of food and so prepare it that nature can use it in nourishing the body and replacing the wasted tissues, thus giving life, health, strength, ambition, pure blood and good healthy appetite. Trout's drug store.

Eli Fox, who died in Easton and who was the possessor of considerable means, in his will left \$1000 to the Pennsylvania college at Gettysburg and \$500 to the Tressler orphans' home at Loysville Perry county.

ON THE HOMEWARD TRACK.

It was a nice morning in May. The boy who was walking briskly on the railway track looked up at the blue sky and sniffed the fresh air with keen satisfaction. He was a boy of perhaps 17, tall for his age and well put together. He was comfortably dressed, and over his shoulders swung a canvass bag of the telescope variety. The track was laid on an embankment and extended onward in an almost straight line as far as the eye could reach. The boy could look across the level fields on either side and note the clumps of trees here and there, with the farm houses nestling near and the great woods and far off hills behind. It was a pleasant prospect, and the pleasure of viewing it seemed reflected on the boy's face.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by a figure on the track ahead. It was the figure of a man, and the man was sitting on a tie with his feet dangling down the embankment. The man arose as the boy drew near. He was a young man with a bright face and very bright eyes. His eyes sparkled as the boy neared him.

"A fair morning, young sir," he said. "Yes," assented the boy. He looked the stranger over. He was tall and slender, his clothes were fine, though dusty, and he bore a valise that showed the effects of much travel.

He fell into step with the boy, as they trudged along side by side.

"Rather dull for a solitary stroller," said the stranger. "Not dull for me," said the boy. "I'm on my way home."

"That does make a difference," said the stranger. He looked the boy over. "Been away long?"

"Six months," replied the boy. "Been at work in a Chicago store. It's my first vacation."

"Then I don't wonder the prospect is alluring," said the stranger. "Usually, though the first home coming is attended with some little pomp and ceremony. May I ask why you travel on the ties instead of in a private car?"

The boy laughed. "Well," he said, "it's partly for the exercise and partly to save the money. You can't get much exercise, you know, running an elevator at \$6 a week. And you can't save much either. So I save a little more and get the exercise, too, by walking the fifteen miles from the junction."

"So it's the coming home that makes the walking pleasant," said the stranger. And he softly sighed.

"May I ask where you are going?" inquired the boy.

"You may ask, but I can't tell you," replied the stranger. "I'm a vagabond, a wanderer, a first cousin to the tramp. Last night I was an actor, to-day I'm a tie counter. To-morrow? Oh, well, something will turn up to-morrow."

"And have you no home?"

"None that I've any right to claim. I'm the black sheep of the family, my boy, and black sheep are not popular with the white ones. I've a very respectable brother, and a very grand sister-in-law, and a mother whose heart I have wrung and whose faith I have abused. There would be no fattened calf for this prodigal."

Then his bitter tone suddenly changed.

"Not a very agreeable companion for a pleasant morning walk, am I?" he laughed.

"I think you are wrong about your home," said the boy. "It doesn't seem as if my mother could help but be glad to see me, no matter how I came nor what I had done. Does't your mother write to you?"

"She doesn't know where I am," said the stranger a little slowly. "I've changed my name and I'm a strolling actor. At least I was. Our company was broken up last night; our manager deserted us, and our baggage was seized. All I possess is what I have on and the Richelieu costume that I wore last night; rather a slight capital to face the world with at my age. Oh, I'm a failure, all right."

"It's Richelieu, isn't it," queried the boy, "who said there is no such word as fail?" "Eh?" cried the stranger. "But that's only a pretty sentiment in a play."

"I think it's true, though," said the boy. "I'm going to believe it's true, anyway. I went to Chicago to do great things, and I tramped the streets for ten days, tired and hungry, looking for work, but I didn't give it up. And when I found a job it was only \$2 a week. But I stuck to it, and I've been climbing little by little ever since. And I don't mean to stop." He paused. "I guess one thing that kept up my courage was the thought that my mother was praying for me and that there was a good home with its doors always open waiting for me if the worst came to the worst."

They trudged along in silence. "I'm only a boy," said the lad presently, "and you're a man, but I honestly think if I were you I'd go home and see my mother and take a rest and talk things over and start in fresh."

But the stranger did not reply.

Then came a sudden diversion. "See this!" he cried. A rail had been taken up and was lying on the ends of the ties, the freshly drawn spikes beside it. The stranger's face paled.

"Train wreckers!" he gasped, and his bright eyes searched the bush covered sides of the embankment.

"Hark!" cried the boy. "The express is coming!"

There was a fringe of trees along the track where it curved slightly two miles or more away, and above the farthest tree tops a puff of steam suddenly arose.

"It must be flagged!" cried the boy, and he looked about him wildly.

"Here," shouted the stranger, as he tore open the tattered valise. "Flaunt the cardinal's red robe at them."

The boy seized the garment. "Halt!" cried the ringing voice from below.

Three men had emerged from the bushes and were climbing the embankment. Something glittered in the hands of the foremost.

"Halt!" he cried again. "Run!" shrieked the stranger. The boy started up the track at full speed toward the approaching train, the red robe flaring out behind him.

The man with the revolver came up almost abreast of the boy as the latter sped by.

"Halt!" the man cried once more and leveled the revolver at the flying lad.

But the stroller, with a despairing glance about him, had caught up one of the spikes and suddenly flung it with all his force at the desperado. His aim was sure. The flying iron caught the ruffian squarely on the side of the head and tumbled him down the embankment to the very bottom.

At the instant he was struck the revolver went off, but the bullet flew wild, and the boy sped on. The other desperadoes, climbing behind their leader, saw his sudden overthrow and hesitated. Then they turned and scrambled down after the bounding form of the injured man and disappeared in the bushes.

The stroller watched their flight with great satisfaction. Then he turned and looked up the track. Far ahead he could see the boy wildly waving the red robe, and still farther ahead was the steam crowned black dot that he knew was the coming locomotive. Then he heard the shrill shriek of the faraway whistle and knew that the engineer had seen the signal and was applying the brakes. In a moment the train had rushed by the boy, but its impetus was rapidly slackening, and the huge mass of glistening iron, groaning and panting, came to a dead stop a hundred yards from the lifted rail.

Then the boy came dashing up with his hands outstretched.

"Have they hurt you?" he cried.

"I'm all right," said the stroller as he grasped the lad's hand.

"But say, my boy, you're a plucky one. You never flinched when that ruffian held the gun on you. You're good stuff." And he grasped the boy's hand again.

"I thought sure he'd nail me," said the lad. "What made him miss?"

"I tossed him an inshoot with a railway spike over the ear," said the stroller grimly. "I guess I

haven't forgotten all my boyhood cunning. He's down there in the bushes with a broken head."

And then the engineer came running up followed by the conductor and the train crew, with a group of passengers trailing in the rear.

The trouble was soon explained and everybody insisted on shak-hands with the stroller and the boy, although the former stoutly declared that the lad was the only hero of the affair. And the train hands went down the embankment and brought up the wounded wrecker, whose comrades had deserted him and fled. And the battered ruffian was securely caged in the baggage car, and when this was done everybody stood about again discussing the incident and praising the boy and his companion.

And presently one of the passengers, a tall and dignified gentleman with a little sprinkling of gray in his close cut mustache, came up behind the stroller and gently touched him on the shoulder. As the stroller turned the tall man caught his hand in a firm grip and drew him a little way from the crowd.

"Jim!" he said.

"Why, George!"

There was a moment's silence as the two men looked in each other's eyes.

Then a dull red surged across the stroller's face, and he tried to draw away his hand. But the tall man held him fast.

"You're coming home, Jim!" he gently said.

As the stroller hesitated and half turned away his eyes caught the glance of the boy, and the boy smiled back at him and nodded. It seemed like an answer to the brother's question.

"Yes," said the stroller gently, "I'm coming home."

"Our mother is waiting for you," said the tall man as he put his hand affectionately on the stroller's shoulder. And then they moved a little farther away and stood hand in hand in earnest conversation. And when the boy looked their way again the stroller was beckoning to him. He came forward, and the tall man took his hand.

"My boy," he said, in a grave and kindly way, "my brother here has favorably impressed me, not only with your courage, but also with your worthy ambition to rise in the world. I mean to help you if you will let me. Finish your vacation, and when you return to Chicago come at once to my office. I am quite sure I can find a place that will suit you for the present and at the same time give you an opportunity to prove your worth and your fitness for better things. Here is my card."

A little later, when the train steamed away, the passengers at the windows and on the platforms cheered the lad by the track side, and on the very last platform of the private car, the two brothers, side by side, waved him adieu. Then, when the train had quite faded in the distance, he turned his happy face toward home.

"I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health and my life. I was treated in vain by doctors for lung trouble following la grippe. I took One Minute Cough Cure and recovered my health." Mr. E. H. Wise, Madison, Ga. Trout's drug store.

Corn, with its 24 to 32 rows under cultivation, was once but a coarse grass, hiding each seed it produced under a husk, as wheat and oats now do. Brought out to the light and sun, with a chance to get at enough plant food, it has worked its way up to eight rows of seeds, covering these with one husk. The farmer and nature together have added the extra 10 and 24 rows.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price 5c and 10c. Large size contains 24 doses small size 12. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. Trout's drug store.

Hot Weather Goods

-AT-

J. K. JOHNSTON'S.

Table listing various goods and prices: Shirts (Madras, Silk, Fronts, and Bedford Cord, 48c; White Silk Front—the dollar kind at 75c); Collars AND Ties (Lay-down Rubber Collars, 10c; Nice line of String Ties at 9c); Underwear (Ladies' Gauze Underwear, 25, 15, and 10c; Men's Gauze Underwear, 50 and 25c; Children's Gauze Underwear, 25 and 5c); Straw Hats (Men's and Boy's Straw Hats 50, 25 and 10c); Fly-Nets (Buggy Fly Nets, Black Leather, 3-Ribbed, 45 lashes, \$1.45; 4-Ribbed, 60 lashes, \$2.25; Heavy Tan Colored Team Nets, 5 ribs to the head with Breast Strap, \$2.25); MISCELLANEOUS (Danglers and Ear Nets, Buggy Whips, 50, 25, and 10c; Lap Robes \$1.50, 1.35, 1.20, 75 and 50c; Men's Summer Coats and Linen Dusters; A full line of Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Tobaccos, Cigars, &c).

J. K. Johnston, McConnellsburg, Pa.

PHILIP F. BLACK,

Manufacturer of Sash, Doors, Newel Posts, Hand Rails, Stairs, Banisters, Turned Porch Columns, Posts, &c. McConnellsburg, Pa.

Doors 2 : 8 x 6 : 8; 2 : 6 x 6 : 6; 1 and three-eighths inches in thickness. Sash 12 x 20; 12 x 24; 12 x 28; 12 x 30; 12 x 32; 12 x 34; 12 x 36—inch and a quarter thick—always on hand. Sash—four lights to window—from 45 cents to 70. These sash are all primed and ready for the glass. Both the doors and the sash are made from best white and yellow pines.

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. 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 Mercersburg.



"All Are Not Hunters That Blow the Horn." All are not successful business men who advertise, but few men are successful who do not advertise. No business properly conducted and well advertised will fail. A poor advertisement in a poor medium will accomplish nothing. A good advertisement in a proper medium will accomplish wonders. This paper is the right medium. Any business man can prepare the right advertisement if he will simply state facts. Running expenses are often hard to catch up with.

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 7.35 A. M. respectively. Returning leave Buffalo at 8.00 P. M. and 8.30 A. M. connecting with trains 1 and 9 respectively.