

ADVERTISING RATES. Per square of 8 lines 3 times \$1.50. Per square each subsequent insertion .50. All advertisements inserted for less than three months charged by the square.

Patronize Your Home Merchants.

The trouble from an exchange is worth thinking about: "Who sympathized with you when your little girl was sick the other day? Was it your home merchant or was it Sears, Roebuck & Co.?"

Dreadful Attack of Whooping Cough.

Mrs. Ellen Harrison, of 300 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo., writes as follows: "Our two children had a severe attack of whooping cough, one of them in the paroxysm of coughing would often faint and bleed at the nose."

Egotism of Genius.

A writer in the London Standard declares the idea that genius is usually modest to be a popular delusion. On the contrary, he alleges egotism to be the very essence of true genius and quotes many amusing examples.

Disraeli, then a mere youth, wrote to his sister that he had heard Macaulay, Sheil, and Grant speak, "but between ourselves I could floor them all."

It was President Grant who, being told that a certain senator, an admitted genius, who was very hostile to him, did not believe the Bible, expressed his estimate of the senator's egotism by rejoicing: "Why should he? He didn't write it, you know."

Chronic Bronchitis Cured.

"For ten years I had chronic bronchitis so bad that at times I could not speak above a whisper," writes Mr. Joseph Coffman, of Montmorenci, Ind. "I tried all remedies available, but with no success."

In the palm of the hand there are 2500 pores to the square inch. If these pores were united end to end they would measure five miles.

THE CHRISTIAN DRUMMER BOY.

BY DR. W. L. R.

During the American war, I was surgeon in the United States army, and after the battle of Gettysburg there were many hundreds of wounded soldiers in my hospital, among whom were twenty eight who had been wounded so severely that they required my services at once.

I then asked him if he would allow me to give him a little brandy. Again he looked me in the face, saying, "Doctor, when I was about five years old my mother knelt by my side, and said 'Charley, I am praying to Jesus that you may never know the taste of strong drink; your papa died a drunkard and went down drunk and d's grave, and I promised God, that if it was His will that you should grow up that you should warn young men against the bitter cup. I am now seventeen years old, but I have never tasted anything stronger than tea or coffee, and as I am, in all probability about to go into the presence of my God would you send me there with brandy on my stomach?"

The look that boy gave me, I shall never forget. At that time I hated Jesus, but I respected that boy's loyalty to his Savior, and when I saw how he loved and trusted Him to the last, there was something that touched my heart and I did for that boy what I have never done for any other soldier—I asked him if he wanted to see his chaplain. "Oh, yes, sir," was the answer.

When Chaplain R—came he at once knew the boy from having often met him at the tent prayer meetings, and taking his hand, said: "Well Charley, I am sorry to see you in this sad condition."

"Oh, I am all right sir," he answered. "The Doctor offered me chloroform, but I declined it; then he wished to give me brandy, which I declined, and now, if my Savior calls me, I can go to him in my right mind."

"You may not die, Charley," said the Chaplain, "but if the Lord should call you away is there anything I can do for you after you are gone?"

"Chaplain please put your hand under my pillow and take my little Bible; in it you will find my mother's address; please send it to her and write a letter and tell her since that day I left home I never let a day pass without reading a portion of God's word, and praying that God would bless my dear mother, no matter whether on the march, on the battlefield or in the hospital."

Turning toward me, he said: "Now Doctor, I am ready, and I promise you that I will not even groan while you take off my arm and leg if you do not offer me chloroform." I promised, but had not the courage to take the knife in my hand to perform the operation without first going into the next room and taking a little stimulant myself to perform my duty.

While cutting through the flesh Charley Coulson never groaned; but when I took the saw to separate the bones the lad took the corner of his pillow in his mouth, and all I could hear him utter was, "Oh Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now." He kept his promise and never groaned. That night I could not sleep, for which ever way I turned I saw those soft blue eyes and when I closed mine the words—"Blessed Jesus, stand by me now" kept ringing in my ears.

Five days after I had amputated that dear boy's arm and leg he sent for me, and it was on that day I heard the first gospel sermon. "Doctor," he said, "my time has come, I do not expect to see another sun rise but, thank God, I am ready to go, and before I die I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a Jew, you do not believe in Jesus; will you please stand here and see me die trusting my Savior to the last moment of my life?"

Instead of being \$100,000, he says, they aggregate about \$50,000, and in this total is included not only the bills of the physicians but also those of the nurses, the telegraph companies and the undertaker. No opposition to the payment is apparent, and if there be serious objection it is said Senator Hanna will pay the bills out of his own pocket.

These words went deep into my heart. I could not understand how when I was causing him the most intense pain he could forget all about himself and think of nothing but his Savior and my unconverted soul. All I could say to him was, "Well, my dear boy, you will soon be all right." With these words I left him, and twelve minutes later, he fell asleep "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Hundreds of soldiers died in my hospital during the war, but I only followed one to the grave, and that one was Charlie Coulson the Drummer Boy, and I rode three miles to see him buried. I had him dressed in a new uniform and placed in an officer's

coffin with a United States flag over it.

That boy's dying words made a deep impression upon me. I was rich at that time so far as money was concerned, but I would have given every penny I possessed if I could have felt toward Christ as Charley did, but that feeling cannot be bought with money. Alas, I soon forgot all about my christian soldier's little sermon, but I could not forget the boy himself. I now know that at that time I was under deep conviction of sin but I fought against Christ with all the hatred of an orthodox Jew for nearly ten years, until finally the dear boy's prayer was answered and God converted my soul.

About eighteen months after my conversion I attended a prayer meeting one evening in the city of Brooklyn. It was one of these meetings when christians testify to the loving kindness of their Savior. After several of them had spoken, an elderly lady arose and said: "Dear friends, this may be the last time that it is my privilege to testify for Christ. My family physician told me yesterday that my right lung is very nearly gone and my left one is very much affected, so at the best I have but a short time to be with you, but what is left of me belongs to Jesus. Oh! it is a great joy to know that I shall meet my boy in Heaven. My son was not only a soldier for his country, but also a soldier for Christ. He was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and fell into the hands of a Jewish doctor, who amputated his arm and leg, but he died five days after the operation. The Chaplain of the regiment wrote me a letter and sent me my boy's Bible. In that letter I was informed that my Charlie, in his dying hour, sent for the Jewish doctor and said to him, 'Doctor, before I die I wish to tell you that five days ago, while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul.'"

When I heard this lady's testimony, I could sit still no longer. I left my seat, crossed the room, and taking her hand, said, "God bless you my dear sister, your boy's prayer has been heard and answered. I am the Jewish doctor for whom Charlie prayed, and his Savior is now my Savior."

Saved Many a Time.

Don't neglect coughs and colds even if it is spring. Such cases often result seriously at this season just because people are careless. A dose of One Minute Cough Cure will remove all danger. Absolutely safe. Acts at once. Sure cure for coughs, colds, croup, grip, bronchitis, and other throat and lung troubles.

Reports that the bills of President McKinley's physicians who attended him in his fatal illness at Buffalo aggregate \$100,000, were emphatically denied last Tuesday by a prominent member of Congress who was also an intimate friend of the late President, and who has seen the schedule of all the bills.

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Wants To Help Others.

"I had stomach trouble all my life," says Edw. Mehler, proprietor of the Union Bottling Works, Erie, Pa., "and tried all kinds of remedies, went to several doctors and spent considerable money trying to get a moment's peace. Finally I read of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and have been taking it to my great satisfaction. I never found its equal for stomach trouble and gladly recommend it in hope that I may help other sufferers." Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures all stomach troubles. You don't have to diet. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat.

New Spring Goods! Men's Shirts, 2 Collars and 1 pair of Cuffs, the fifty-cent kind, for .25c. The best axe in the world, Rob't Mann .85c. Good Breast Strap Harness .87.00. Good Collar and Hames Harness .8.00. Hitching Straps .20c. Fair Leather Riding Bridles .60c. Collar Pads .25c. Shafts, ready to put on buggy .81.75. Good Buckle Shoe .1.00. Good Tie Shoe .1.00. Trunks, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches, from .1.50 up. Window Shades .7c. Lace Curtains .39c. Carpets and Straw Mattings .12c up. Men's and Boys' Overalls. We are closing out a lot of Gum Shoes and Boots Cheap. Satchels and Traveling Bags. Sugar in 100 pound bags—Cheap.

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; 4 and three-eighth inches in thickness. Sash 11 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.

The Washing Problem SOLVED By the NOVELTY UPRIGHT DOUBLE REFLEX WASHER. The only perfect washer. Unlike all others. Guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or Money Refunded. A. J. SCHETROMPF, Buck Valley, Pa. General Agent for M. C. RANDLEMAN & SONS, Des Moines, Iowa.

Read and Reflect. CHRISTMAS is almost here and you want all you can get for your money. Our prices are our inducements. Dry Goods. All the New Shades in Cloth, Cassimere, &c. Fine effects in Shirt Waist goods, Flannels, Ginghams, Muslin, India Linen, White Goods, and Linings of every description. Notions. Kid Gloves, Corsets, Hosiery, Mittens, Laces, Braids, Embroideries, Buttons, Spool Silk, Cotton, Velling, Handkerchiefs, and Fascinators. Ad endless variety of Christmas Gifts. Millinery. The latest creations constantly on hands. Can match you a perfect outfit in a day's notice. You can save money. Take time and see. T. J. WIENER, Hancock, - - Maryland. FULTON COUNTY NEWS is the People's Paper. \$1.00 a Year in Advance.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. LAWYERS. M. R. SHAFFNER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Square, McConnellsburg, Pa. R. M. DOWNES, FIRST CLASS TONSORIAL ARTIST, McCONNELLSBURG, PA. ISAAC N. WATSON, Tonsorial Artist. BARTON HOUSE, EDWIN BUSHONG, PROP., HANCOCK, MD.

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