

Table with advertising rates: Per square of 8 lines 3 times, Per square each subsequent insertion, etc.

Church Notices.

Announcements for Sunday, July 30, 1911. HUSTONTOWN, U. B. CHARGE, E. H. Swank, pastor. Wells Valley—Preaching at 10:30. Mt. Tabor—Preaching 7:30 p. m. Cromwell—Preaching 7:45 p. m.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh cure.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

BRUSH CREEK.

Quite a hail storm passed through the upper end of the Valley last Friday night. The rain was needed badly.

The festival at George W. Schenck's last Saturday evening was quite a success.

A number of people from the Valley attended the picnic at Stephens' Chapel last Saturday.

Clayton Hixson and wife, of Amaranth, attended preaching at McKendree last Sunday morning and took dinner with Mrs. Irene Truax.

W. H. Walters is taking in the sights at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Lizze McKibbin is visiting relatives at Brezewood.

Ernest Hixson and family and Oliver Patterson and family spent the latter part of the week with relatives at McConnellsburg.

Mrs. O. A. Barton spent Sunday at E. W. Barton's.

Miss Vera Pee returned to her home last Friday, after having spent the past ten weeks at Everett attending the summer normal.

Miss Celia Barton is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. John B. Lucas, at Everett.

Crystal Springs Campmeeting will open August 15th. Preparations are being made to make this meeting one of the best ever held at this place.

Everybody is welcome. Good accommodations are provided for all. Don't forget the date! Don't forget to come and give your help to the good cause.

Read Elusive Isabel.

Franklin on New Stamps.

"Utility, art and harmony," according to Third Assistant Postmaster General Britt, will be combined in a new issue of postage stamps about to be authorized.

The head of President Washington will appear on the first six of the series, while the last five will bear the likeness of Benjamin Franklin.

All of the new stamps' denomination will be in Arabic and this, as well as the use of separate color or shade for each denomination, is expected to prevent the confusion of which two conventions of postal clerks have complained.

WEST DUBLIN.

Edwin S. Clevenger a clerk in the P. R. R. offices at Pittsburg is visiting in the family of his father Hiram Clevenger.

Calvin Benson and family of Trough Creek, Huntingdon county spent Sunday at Hiram Clevenger's.

Rev. McGarvey preached a good sermon at Fairview on Sunday afternoon from Philippians 3:16 last clause.

Raymond Roher of Dublin Mills has been at William Heefner's during harvest helping Mr. Heefner with his work.

Martin Mathias of Hustontown is building a wagon shed for Ross King.

Mrs. Bruce Price of Indianapolis is visiting William Heefner and family. Mrs. Price is a sister of Mr. Heefner.

Mrs. Bowen and Miss Cook of Pittsburg are visiting the family of Mrs. Bowen's father Hiram Clevenger.

Eyes Examined Free!

Dr. Rubin, of Harrisburg, graduate optician, who conducted an optical sale last December in McConnellsburg, will be back again Saturday, July 25th, for ONE WEEK ONLY, at Seylar's Drug Store. Persons who want their eyes examined, or need their glasses changed, can call on him at the Drug Store.

Dr. Rubin will have a special sale of \$5.00 glasses for reading and sewing, in a guaranteed frame, and including free examination of the eyes, for \$1.00, during his stay here.

BE SURE AND COME

How to Get Rid of a Job.

When you've got a job to do, do it now; if it's one you wish was through, do it now! If you're sure the job's your own, just tackle it alone; don't hem and haw and groan—do it now! Don't put off a bit of work, do it now! If you want to fill a place, and be useful to the race, just get up and take a brace, do it now! Don't linger by the way, do it now! You'll lose if you delay; or postpone until it's late, you hit up a faster gait—do it now!

A Peek Into His Pocket.

would show the box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve that E. S. Loper, a carpenter, of Marilla, N. Y., always carries. "I have never had a cut, wound, bruise, or sore it would not soon heal," he writes. Greatest healer of burns, boils, scalds, chapped hands and lips, fever sores, skin-eruptions, eczema, corns and piles. 25c. at Trout's drug store.

LOCUST GROVE.

Most of the farmers have their grain stored away, but threshing is held back on account of waiting for the oats.

There will be a Sunday school picnic at Jerusalem Church on the 5th of August. The Belle Grove Band will furnish the music. There will be addresses, singing, recitations &c., and a general good time. Let everybody take a day off and have a good time. It will begin at 9:30. Other Sunday schools are invited.

Hay is selling at \$25 per ton in this place.

The Lady and the Owl

The Lady's eyes were apprehensive as she gazed at the grotesque figures and masked faces. Two giant bats flapped their black wings near her face and a hideous hobgoblin leered at her menacingly. She shrank at the approach of a dozen red-and-black witches, and the white-clad ghosts gave her a decidedly shivery sensation. There was a monstrous black cat, a couple of gigantic owls and several spindle-legged brownies.

"I wish you had masked, Aunt Louise, it's lots of fun!" She smiled at the silver-spangled fairy.

"No, dear, the chaperon shouldn't mask. Are they all from the high school, Margery?"

"Yes, except Charlie Day's guest, his cousin. I've never met him. Aren't the bats and hobgoblins funny?"

"They were not funny to Miss Lyndon—to her they were horrible. She almost regretted consenting to act as hostess and chaperon to this crowd of boys and girls.

"If anything should happen!" she murmured nervously.

The guests were planning games with youthful enthusiasm.

"You must play, too, Miss Lyndon," they cried.

"No, no," she protested, "I would rather watch you."

A big owl came quickly to her side.

"It's all right, Miss Lyndon. See, here is the little girl now, with her prize—two prizes, in fact!" as a witch ran up with a toy cat in her arms, and a brave young Brownie in devoted attendance.

She joined in other games with girlish pleasure. The Big Owl helped her make a peanut-shell boat and sat beside her as the excited merry-makers watched over the tubs of water.

"Whose boats are those?" asked the Black Cat, pointing to two, that side by side bobbed merrily up and down over the mimic waves.

"Miss Lyndon's," cried several voices, and the Big Owl nodded approval as the smaller owl said quietly, "Miss Lyndon's and Cousin John's. You'll be life-long friends; that's the prophecy, Miss Lyndon."

Miss Lyndon laughed, almost happily.

"That's good," the Big Owl returned heartily. "I choose you for my partner in the Procession of Silence. Put on a warm wrap."

The procession was forming and the Big Owl waiting at the foot of the stairs.

"You mustn't speak," he cautioned; "we march three times around the house, and then to the barn to tell ghost stories."

They peeped in at the barn window; the maskers were huddled together in a "scary" group in the ghastly, greenish light of the burning sponges.

"I hope no one is really afraid," she whispered, "it is very exciting! I haven't joined in anything of the kind since—" She stopped suddenly, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"Since your last Halloween party," he supplied quietly.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "and that was ten years ago. I did a very dreadful thing that night, and I can never forget it. I have never been happy since."

"Do you care to tell me about it?" he asked gently.

She hardly heard the question—she seemed urged to speak by some hidden power.

"It was at that next house, further up the hill. My best friend lived there. She had an older brother, and he—I—well, we were very good friends, you know. We played games just as you boys and girls have done to-night. Bessie and I went down to the brook to see, in the water, the faces of the men we were to marry. Willie Bessie was kneeling, leaning over the edge, I gave her a quick push, screamed as loudly as I could, and ran."

She paused, shuddering. The Big Owl touched her shoulder softly.

"Don't try to tell any more. You must have been very young then, and—"

"I was only sixteen, but wait—you can't know how unforgettable it was! Bessie was hurt on the head by a sharp stone in the brook, and it eer that or the fright affected her mind. Her family went abroad—I was dreadfully sick after that, and—when I grew better no one ever mentioned Bessie Burton to me again!"

She covered her face, and sobbed unestrainedly.

The Big Owl took her hands away with gentle force.

"Don't cry! No one could blame you, I am sure."

The lights in the barn died out, and the laughing crowd rushed to the house.

The Big Owl led her to the barn door. "No fires, you see; and no little girl left alone to be afraid—not even you, Louise!"

She turned quickly, and he snatched the feathered mask from his face.

"It is I, Louise! You must not be afraid!"

"John," she gasped, white and trembling, "John Burton! Oh, tell me—Bessie—"

"Bessie is well, Louise, well in every way, and is coming to see you to-morrow. Can't you say you are glad to see me Louise?"—AGNES BOOTH.

An Unfortunate Vacancy.

Elizabeth, just six, had been going to kindergarten and enjoyed very much the little motion songs taught there. She was very enthusiastic at learning all the words, but one day she realized that try as she might she could not make her voice harmonize with those of the other children. Thoroughly disheartened, she ran home to her mother, and with a sigh said: "Oh, mamma, I don't know what I shall do. I'm so full of words, but so empty of tune!"

AT HOME WITH THE ANTS.

Industrious Insects Shelter Many Strange Lodgers.

One of the most remarkable things in the economy of the ant's nest is the number of extraneous animals which pick up a living therein. Some of these, as the aphides, are useful to the ants, supplying them with a sweet juice, while others, like certain blind beetles, seem to be pests. Others seem to be useless, and only tolerated by their hosts, who cannot get rid of them. Of the latter class appear to be the ant-loving crickets (Myrmecophila) found in ants' nests all over the globe.

An account of the life history of these ant-crickets is given by F. Schlimmer in a German zoological publication. They get their food by sucking the ants, robbing those returning to the nests with food, or the newly-fed larvae. Sometimes they are actually fed by the ants. There is probably some deception in this, for they have learned to imitate the ants' method of demanding food. The ant does it by raising the antennae, and the cricket imitates this by raising its forelegs. Probably the ant whose duty it is to feed the others when they raise their antennae is deceived by the raised forelegs of the cricket. These crickets lay their eggs and the young are reared in the ants' nests.

Disuse of the Sword.

Mahon in his "History of England" remarks that the use of the sword as part of a gentleman's attire now out of fashion, was a constant temptation to draw the sword on a sudden quarrel. He cites the duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chandler in 1765, resulting in the death of the latter, as an example. The same is doubtless true of groups of men or nations, where the army and navy are ready at hand, they may be used on a sudden impulse, and must be used now and then to prove their right to exist. The argument for simultaneous and proportional disarmament is not, therefore, the plea of extreme peace men, but a reasonable and commonsense view of the issue. Let each nation keep order in its own territory, and let the nations make a trust to keep international areas in good working order. Thus an international army and navy may supersede the present competitive armies and navies to the great advantage of all.—The People.

No Jack-Pot for Her.

"Among the gambling stories that the late Pat Sheedy used to tell in his art shop," said a New York reporter, "was one about a jackpot," says the Detroit Free Press.

"A beautiful young bride, the story ran, entered a corner grocery one morning and said:

"Have you got any jackpots, Mr. Sands?"

"No, ma'am," Sands answered, and he had a smile behind his hand. "I've got teapots and coffee pots, but Jackpots, I don't stock."

"Oh, dear!" said the bride. A frown wrinkled her smooth and beautiful brow. "I'm sorry! You see, Mr. Sands, my husband's mother used to cook for him, and nearly every night he talks in his sleep about a jackpot. So I thought I'd get one, for since he mentions it so often he must be used to it. Could you tell me, Mr. Sands, what they cook in jackpots?"

"Greens, ma'am," was the quick answer."

Preserving Spiders' Webs.

Naturalists employ an interesting method to preserve all kinds of spiders' webs. The webs are first sprayed with an atomizer with artist's shellac, and then, should they be of the ordinary geometric form, they are pressed carefully against a glass plate, the supporting strands being at the same time severed.

After the shellac has dried, the plates carrying the webs can be stored away in a cabinet.

Even dome-shaped webs may be preserved in their original form by spraying them with shellac and then allowing them to dry before removal from their supports. Many spiders' webs are very beautiful, and all are characteristic of the species to which they belong, so that, from a scientific standpoint, their permanent preservation is very desirable.

Treasury Profits.

The government profits slightly by the destruction of stamps which have been paid for, and the Treasury gets the benefit of bills which are lost and never found.

A larger source of irregular profits lies in the failure of bondholders to present their bonds for redemption. Unclaimed money in the Treasury due to bondholders amounted to nearly a million dollars in 1861, and the sum is much greater now. Of a loan which fell due in 1900 a sum in excess of \$22,000 remains unclaimed. Over a hundred thousand dollars are still unpaid of the five-per-cent. bonds which were due in 1904. In 1907 over a hundred million thirty-year four-per-cent. bonds came due on July 1st. Special inducements were offered to secure early redemption, yet at the end of that month thirteen million dollars still stood in the Treasury on that account, although interest had ceased.

How Flying-fish Fly.

Flying-fish must have been watched ever since the first mariners ventured upon the sea, and yet the question of the manner in which they perform their flights is apparently unsettled. Dr. Abel, an eminent Austrian authority, maintains that the initial impetus is due to screw-like movements of the tail fin, and that the wings are in no sense propelling organs, but act simply as parachutes. It is maintained by other observers that the flight of flying-fishes is due to incessant and extremely rapid movements of their wing-like fins. It has been suggested that there may be differences in the manner of flight of different species of fish, and that consequently there may be truth in both views.

The French Senator who has just denounced the American invasion of Europe did not refer to our helmsmen.

HIS CHILD LOVE WAITED YEARS

A poor country boy of fourteen fell in love with the thirteen-year-old daughter of his rich neighbor. His father tried to fall the love out of him with a blacksnake whip. The boy asked the girl to wait for him and ran away. For fourteen years she waited. Then he came back a rich man and married her. It happened in Missouri, but it was revealed recently at the entertainment of the Alumni Association of the Harlem Evening High School for Men at Terrace Garden, New York City.

Albert L. Walkup was born on a farm in Atchison Co., Mo., 31 years ago. The Walkups were poor. Their ground was wedged in among great ranches. But the parents managed to give the children a fair education. Albert, at fourteen, was a hardy boy, who rode a horse like a man and carried a gun across his saddle. One Sunday he rode to the Presbyterian Church at Pleasant View, fifteen miles.

Sitting in the church he saw an angel float up the aisle. At least he thought at first it was an angel, but closer scrutiny made him see a girl with big, blue gray eyes, light brown hair and an air of dignity that staggered the farm lad. After the service he found she was Emma Nauman, daughter of a rich ranchman.

With the courage of a boy accustomed to making his way when no one else would make it for him he set about getting acquainted. By fall he had made good progress and had visited the Nauman ranch with other boys. The contrast between delicate girl and rough youth was great, but they became excellent friends and when Christmas came he was invited to drive the Nauman girls to the country Christmas tree. He made the trip from his home on horseback in a blinding storm, took the party to the entertainment and placed a dollar-and-a-half ring on the tree for Emma. She laughed when she got it, but slipped it on her finger and wore it. (She has it now.)

Then the boy made the long trip home with a singing heart. But his father learned where he had been and horsewhipped him.

Until the following fall there were no more trips to Pleasant View, but the longing to see the girl got the better of him. He saddled his horse in the pasture, tore down three fences to get to the highway and rode to the ranch.

"I thought I was a man," he said last night, "and I'd made up my mind to run away and make my fortune. I asked Emma to come out to the porch and I told her what I felt. 'I'm going to make a man of myself that you can be proud of,' I said. 'Will you wait for me?'"

"'I'll wait,' she whispered. 'And, mind, you're to make a man of yourself. That's in the trade.' Then she ran in."

The next day I rolled my only two shirts in a red handkerchief, kissed mother goodby and heard her pray for me. That day I put twenty miles between me and home. The day after I went to work as a track builder. I said I was twenty years old—and I made good. When harvest time came I went up to Dakota and husked corn. Then I earned and saved \$30 cow punching and went to Iowa.

"After several months I heard from one of my brothers, who had come to New York and was a car conductor, and I came here. I got a job as porter in a store. But I didn't like indoor work, and with what I had saved I bought a cab and two horses. Autos were coming in and after a while I sold out and put \$200 into a store with another brother. I went to night school and was graduated.

"My first brother had studied law and was working for the United States Guarantee Company. I studied law and went with him. From that time we rolled up business on nothing but nerve. Till we were making ten thousand a year apiece. Some time after I went back to the farm on a visit. I called Emma up on the 'phone from father's place. She knew my voice at once.

"Have you?" she asked.

"No, I haven't," I answered "but I'm going to. Can you wait a little yet?"

"She said she would, but asked me to write, and from that time till two months ago we corresponded. Then I felt I'd at last made good and might go home and show myself. Of course I didn't expect to see a little girl in a white dress, but I hadn't looked for the beautiful woman who drove into town. She looked me right in the eyes and she said, 'Yes, you have made good.' We were married in the old church. It isn't much of a story, but it's a whole lot to us."

Mr. and Mrs. Walkup led the grand march at the Alumni Association entertainment that night.—New York World.

Iron-concrete Roads.

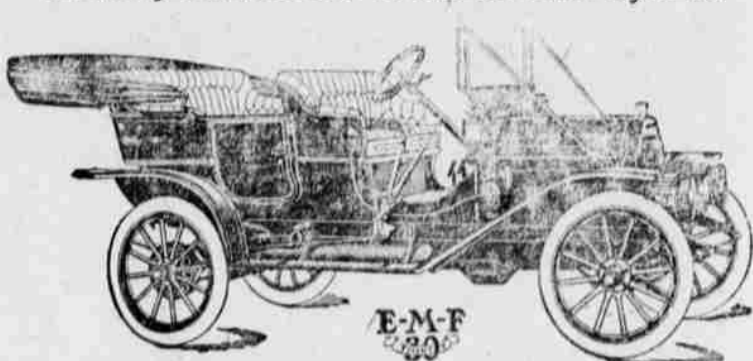
The increasing weight of wagons in recent years has aroused the ingenuity of road-builders. Among the different suggestions for improving the two principal requirements of the modern road—enduring strength and absence of dust.

Nothing but iron is fitted to resist the wear of the electric and other motor vans, and iron incorporated with cement is now used on the highways of France. "Ferro-cement" is a mixture of mortar (made of cement and sand) and iron shavings, known in the French market as "iron straw" (paille de fer). The iron so used is in fine, regular, yarn-like threads which, immediately after they are mixed in the liquid mass, contract a molecular alliance with the cement. When mixed the mass is absolutely homogeneous. The iron filings are made by a special machine, because ordinary filings—waste—being irregular in form, could not be regular and free from grease and dust.

This iron-cement ("ferro-cement") promises to be the preferred road of the age of the motor-wagon.

IN BUYING An Automobile

You want the best your money will get. No machine on the road to-day possesses so many attractions to the careful buyer as

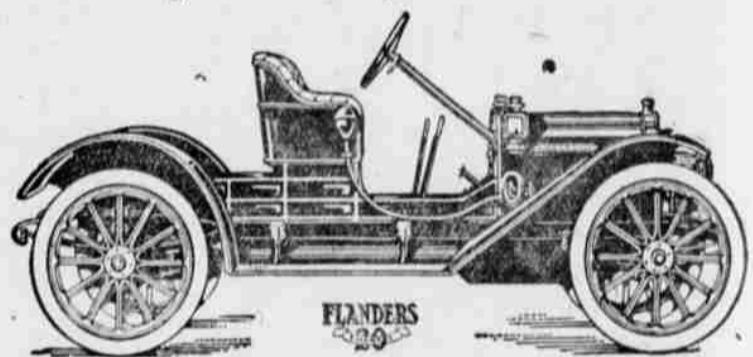


THE E. M. F.

For size, speed, appearance, durability, ease of control, hill-climbing and sand ploughing, this

AT \$1000,

is the greatest bargain on the market.



The Flanders at \$700,

is a smaller machine but none the less desirable. Don't tie yourself up until you have carefully examined these machines.

THE EVERETT CARRIAGE AND AUTO COMPANY, Agents for Fulton County. Everett, Pa.

A Strong Foundation

There is no question as to the safety of your money if deposited with the

FULTON COUNTY BANK

Our conservative and business like methods are known to all. Considerate treatment is assured all depositors. Start an account with us to-day and protect the wife and children.

We Pay 3 Per Cent. on time deposits if left six months.

A Customer of a Bank

looks for safety—liberal terms—courteous treatment and facilities for the proper handling of his business. All of these are found in this conservatively conducted bank, and judging from the new accounts opened daily, the fact is widely recognized and appreciated. If you are not already one of our customers you are invited to become one of the new ones.

The First National Bank

Operates under the strict Banking Laws of the United States Government. Pays 3 Per Cent. Compound Interest.

TWO CARLOADS.

Two Carloads of Buggies at one time, is just what strong for a Fulton county dealer, but that is seems pretty

W. R. EVANS, Hustontown, Pa.,

has just received. In this lot are 5 different grades and styles, of Buggies and Runabouts including the Milfordburg. He has on hand a large stock of

Hand Made Buggy Harness.

The Prices? Don't mention it. If the prices were not below the lowest, he would not be selling by the carload.

Advertisement for Family Favorite Oil and Lamp Oil. Text: Second only to sun light. The clearest, steadiest and best artificial light known. Get Family Favorite Oil at your dealer's—out of the original barrel direct from our refineries. Family Favorite will not smoke, sputter or flicker; will not char wick or "frost" chimney. Costs no more than inferior tank-wagon oil.