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Church Notices.

Announcements for Sunday, Nov. 20, 1911. HUSTONTOWN, M. E. CHARGE. L. W. McGarvey, Pastor. Fairview Sunday school 9:30.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ss 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.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON Notary Public. 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.

School Reports.

Report of Locust Grove School for the second month ending November 14th, 1911. Number of pupils enrolled during the month. Male 10; Female 7; Percent of attendance during the month, Male 91; Female 95.

Oak Grove School, second month ending Nov. 15, 1911. Number on roll 24; average attendance for month 20; per cent of attendance, 94. Those who attended every day during month: Opal Plessinger, Reta Layton, Bessie Miller, Belle Mellott, Roy Plessinger, Rexie Dingley, Quintar Eunsley, Earl Morgret, Raymond Morris, Guy Morris, Steward Miller and Marshall Layton.—Ella F. Barton teacher.

FAMILY Lamp Oil. You want the oil that gives a full, white flame—never flickers—no soot—no odor. Triple refined from Pennsylvania Crude Oil, Family Favorite.

Local Institute.

The fourth educational meeting of Ayr township was held at Cito, Friday evening, November 11th. The meeting was called to order by the teacher, Miss John ston. Six teachers of the township were present; also, Miss Mason of Todd and Prof. Thomas of McConnellsburg.

The first local institute of Wells township was held at New Grenada, November 3rd. The meeting was called to order by the teacher Robert Alexander. The following questions were well discussed: 1. Primary Arithmetic 2. Discipline. 3. Cooperation. Teachers present were H. O. Wible, Helen Watkins, Roy Cutchall, Ray Hess, Hanceyngton county; Russel Gracey, Roy Straut, Ward Berkstreser, Robert Alexander, Eleanor Sipe, Roy Shafer and Roy Foreman, of this county. Mr. Thomas Ramsey, President of the School Board was also present. Joan Morton, Secretary.

A very interesting and profitable institute was held at Summer's School, last Friday evening. The meeting was called to order by the teacher, John W. Kelso, who appointed A. D. Peightel, chairman.

The following topics were thoroughly discussed and several good points were made: 1. Self reliance value of and how cultivated? 2. The daily program. 3. The value of an education. The following teachers were present: Zoe Mason, Sophia Hohman, Blanche O. Peck, Amos Peightel, Emory Thomas, John Kelso, and ex teachers, Lillian Fleming and Rhoda Kendall.

The meeting adjourned to meet at McGovern's school, Friday evening, December 1st. Every progressive teacher should attend every one of these meetings possible, as no teacher has reached such a degree of proficiency that he cannot be aided thereby.—Blanche O. Peck, Secretary.

A Father's Vengeance would have fallen on any one who attacked the son of Peter Bondy, of South Rockwood, Mich., but he was powerless before attacks of kidney trouble. "Doctors could not help him," he wrote, "so at last we gave him Electric Bitters and he improved wonderfully from taking six bottles. Its the best kidney medicine I ever saw." Backache, Tired feeling, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, warn of kidney trouble that may end in dropsy, diabetes or Bright's disease. Beware: Take Electric Bitters and be safe. Every bottle guaranteed. 50c at Trout's drug store.

Beware of Wormy Chestnuts. There has been an unusually large chestnut crop in most sections of this state this year, and recently there has been a greater number of diphtheria cases than usual in many localities. A Holidaysburg physician attributes this prevalence of diphtheria to the chestnut crop. He asserts that chestnuts, and particularly spoiled or wormy ones, contain the germs of bacteria, which produce diphtheria. "This," said the doctor, "sounds old fogysm, but the observation of half a million physicians will bear out my statements. I am glad that the pure food people have begun a crusade on wormy chestnuts, not only because one dislikes to purchase bad chestnuts, but it will be a big step toward stamping out the dreaded diphtheria."

KEELEY CURE. The cure that has been continuously successful for more than 25 years is worth investigating. For the drug or drink habit. Write for particulars. Only Keeley Institute in Western Penna. 4245 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Give Them a Chance.

At this season of the year with winter approaching and the holiday season not far off, the question of buying winter clothing and Christmas presents is uppermost in many minds. Can I buy what I want in my home community or must I send away for it? The merchants of the small towns are handicapped in their efforts to keep up a good line of stock, because the very persons, who should buy at home, send away and, without knowing any better, pay oftentimes a larger amount for an inferior article.

Surely, we are not interested in the growth of our own town, if we encourage buying out of town. You earn your money at home and loyalty to your home community asks you to spend all here you can to supply your wants. Not a business man in town but is willing to get what you want, if you will only give him an opportunity. He can please you better and at less expense than you can get it away.

City Department stores are maintained at an enormous expense, their daily advertising bills are incomparable to the home merchant's bills in a weekly paper. They pay more for each clerk and must of necessity charge more or give you an inferior article.

Read carefully the advertisements of our merchants in your home newspapers. The fact that they spend money to tell you what they have—and to tell you the price of their goods, is an evidence that they want your patronage. Then, common sense will tell you that they must treat you right or they could not hold your trade, and without customers they would have to go out of business.

We sometimes hear it said that our home merchants do not have the quantity of goods from which to select; or they do not have the quality you wish; or that they do not have the very latest styles. Now, that will not do. There is not a merchant in McConnellsburg, or in Fulton County for that matter, that will not order for you anything you want from a ten dollar suit to one that costs a thousand, and let you see it and be satisfied with it before you need pay a cent, and at price that will be as low as you can get it anywhere else. Give them a chance.

A CASE OF BACKSLIDE.

Here a Kicker—A Football Incident—and He was Never Seen Again. "Yes, I'm down on football as a game," said the old farmer, "but I'm not wishing the players any harm. They are all good fellers as far as I know."

"But why do you object to the game itself?" was asked. "Well, you see, I wanted a hoss three or four years ago. I found a feller in the city who had just what I wanted, but he was an honest man and he told me the hoss was a kicker. I believed I could cure him of that, and I made the kicker and took him home. He kicked a few boards off the stable and then quit, and for three long years he was like a lamb. You couldn't get him to kick if you pricked his hind legs with a pitchfork."

"So it was a good investment?" "A bully one, 'till one fall I drove into town with 'taters, or started to. I had to pass a field where there was a game of football going on. As soon as he heard the yelling I went the old hoss's head. A little nearer and he began to prance and snort. Jest as we got along the ball was given a high kick and that was the last of me and the wagon and the 'taters."

"How do you mean?" "Why, that was a football hoss. He went to running and kicking. Oh, Gosh, how he did run! Great Scotts, how he did kick. He kicked me off the wagon—he kicked himself out of the harness—he kicked the 'taters all over the county, and then he kicked himself out of sight, and I've never seen him since."—Joe Kerr.

Destructive Theology. At a chapel in Yorkshire the pulpit was occupied one Sabbath morning by a minister from a neighboring town. A few days later the preacher received a copy of the local weekly paper, and his attention was drawn to the following item: "The Rev. — supplied the pulpit at the Congregational church last Sunday, and the church will now be closed three weeks for repairs."—London News.

RILEY WAS FEELING OLD.

Warren G. Sayer Felt Older After the Meeting.

James Whitcomb Riley was going up the steps of the statehouse in Indianapolis one day when he met his friend, Warren G. Sayer. The two had been close friends for years. "Good morning, Mr. Riley," said Sayer in greeting.

"Why, hello Warren," Mr. Riley replied. "How are you?" "Never felt better in my life. You are looking well."

"I don't know," said the poet. "I sometimes feel the weight of years, for, you know, I am getting old."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" Mr. Sayer remarked with emphasis. "You don't look old. In fact, you don't look a bit older than when I first saw you."

"Perhaps that is true, but I feel age coming on. I was just thinking, as I came up these steps, about old Methusalem. I imagine I could see him driving along the road in his big wagon. He met an old friend who was sitting on a rail fence at the side of the road. 'Why, hello, 'Thuse!' says the friend. 'How are you?'"

"Oh, pretty fair for an old man," said the patriarch. "But I am getting along in years."

"Oh, boss, 'Thuse! You don't look old. How old are you, 'Thuse, anyway?"

"I'm nine hundred and sixty-nine," he answered.

"Well, well, I never should er thought it!" said the friend. "Why, 'Thuse, you don't look a day over nine hundred and sixty-eight!"—Harper's Magazine.

His Capacity.

Ross Slack, scribe of the Sons of Temperance, said in the course of a brilliant temperance address in Trenton:

"The trouble with drinking is that a man may so easily become a heavy drinker without realizing it. There's a lot of truth, you know, in the story about the bricklayer.

"A college settlement lady once accosted a gang of bricklayers as they lunched.

"Tell, my men," she said, "is it true that you bricklayers drink a great deal of beer?"

"The bricklayers looked at one another as they sat on the sidewalk, with their backs against a house wall, and pails and kettles between their legs. Finally one of them spoke up and said:

"I don't know as I can answer that question, madam. You see, it all depends. Some days one of us bricklayers'll drink anywhere from thirty-five to forty beers, while, on the other hand, some days we'll drink quite a lot."—Washington Star.

One on Cleveland.

When Grover Cleveland was practicing law at Buffalo, among his associates was a young lawyer who, though a bright fellow, was rather inclined to laziness. He was forever bothering Cleveland about points of law rather than look them up himself.

At last Cleveland became tired of it, and the next time the young man sauntered in, Cleveland knew what he wanted, and, getting up, pointed to his bookcase and said: "There are my books. You are welcome to them. You can read up your own case."

Kathleen's Reward

Part and parcel of Kathleen Howard's love for all humankind was a belief in its goodness. Regardless of disastrous results, her experiences with sundry women and men left upon her consciousness only an assurance that their ultimate intention had been fair enough.

One afternoon, about 5, Kathleen was pouring tea for Billy Rindge's mother. Mrs. Rindge was just back from town and her arms ached with the weight of her shopping, and her feet ached with the heat and too much walking, and her head ached.

More than all, her heart surged and filled and bubbled over with bitterness at the sight of Billy's best white pique suit, over which swept in graceful lines a perfect wonder of green and red paint. Billy had escaped Kathleen and everybody else interested, and invaded a painter's equipment in Kathleen's kitchen while the painter had his lunch out of doors under the trees. The trees were green, so reasoned Billy, and why not he? The roses were red, and so, with equal reasonableness, why not he? This was what Kathleen had made out of his answers to her remonstrances.

"You have no idea, Kathleen," Mrs. Rindge was saying, "what a care that child is. If I should have another one I think I should die. That suit is ruined, utterly, hopelessly ruined. Of course, I don't blame you, you mustn't think that, but really, isn't it enough to break anybody's heart to look at that suit?"

"I don't see how it could have been helped, Amy," Kathleen answered patiently. "Billy seems to know what he must do and what he can't do, and promises so sweetly and looks such a dear when he asks you things, that you don't know how to refuse him, and then, suddenly, the world topples over your head and you emerge to see Billy in some wretched pig-sty. But you must love him so, Amy! Think what a baby girl would be like if she and Billy's curls and Billy's eyes—"

"And Billy's love of mischief and Billy's guile and Billy's paint that won't come off," interrupted his mother. "Now we will go home, Kathleen, though I do hate to leave here, everything is so cool and restful."

But they did go at last and Kathleen watched them turn toward home with relief in her heart. Suddenly she bethought her of something and rushed madly out of the house after them.

"Oh, Amy!" she shrieked after the rapidly retreating figures, "did you get that ribbon for me and the lace at Mark's?"

"I'm so sorry—forgot it until—didn't have any time left—" came back the disjointed sentences, and Kathleen's courage failed her. Her dress for to-morrow night's dance was a dream, but it had no sash and she simply could not wear it unless she had some lace to finish the neck and sleeves.

A man on horseback met her before she reached her gateway. He noted her dejection. Maybe he thought she would accept a little cheering. Anyway, he stopped his horse and dropped at Kathleen's side in time to be asked within for a cup of tea and a cake. It was very cheerful in Kathleen's den. There were just a few chairs that were made to sit in and a broad, low couch and a fireplace. Before the fireplace Kathleen's favorite rug gave light to the otherwise dusky interior, a prayer rug, all amber and ruby and summer-sea blue. Dropping upon it and resting her head against a pile of pillows, Kathleen related her experiences for that one day.

"And she borrowed my pearl brooch to fasten her collar because she came away in such a hurry that she forgot to put one on, and now she has gone home and forgotten to give it to me," Kathleen ended. She looked tired and hurt.

"Treated you pretty roughly, didn't she?" sympathized the man who understood.

Somehow his hand found a resting place on Kathleen's shoulder; somehow his voice found an extra tender note.

"I don't know, but it may be my own vanity that's hurt," Kathleen said after a moment. "I wanted to look my best to-morrow night, as if clothes made the girl, and as if anybody would care more for me in a pink dress than he—they would in a blue one." She flushed at the little slip she had made.

Richard Prouty took immediate advantage. He had courted the coy young woman all summer, afraid to speak although impatient at delay. He told of his love and his loneliness in hurried words and, inspired by his own impetuosity, dropped his arm to the waist of the unresisting Kathleen and kissed her.

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NOT HARD TO PICK OUT A HAT HERE. We take great pleasure in showing these goods. COME EARLY. When once you see, you will be sure to buy. ANNA B. FREY.

TWO CARLOADS. Two Carloads of Buggies at one time, seems pretty strong for a Fulton county dealer, but that is just what W. R. EVANS, Hustontown, Pa., has just received. In this lot are 5 different grades and styles, of Buggies and Runabouts including the Millinburg. 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.

Electric Bitters. Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

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