

FULTON COUNTY NEWS

Published Every Thursday.

B. W. PRUG, Editor and Proprietor
McCONNELLSBURG, PA.

DECEMBER 3, 1914

Published Weekly. \$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice at McConnellsburg Pa., as second-class mail matter.

WARFORDSBURG, R. R. I.

Mr. Gilbert C. Mellott and family are visiting in the home of Gilbert's parents, Ex-Commissioner and Mrs. S. D. Mellott.

There is an unusual interest among farmers along the route South west of Pleasant Grove church in the burning of lime. At least a dozen farmers are hauling stone preparatory to burning lime for next spring's cornplanting.

Roy Barton, and Mr. and Mrs. Andy Clark, Bedford county, spent a few days last week visiting friends in this section.

Mrs. William Truax, who had been very poorly, is improving.

Our neighbor Job Truax had to butcher his hogs last week. They only weighed on an average about three hundred pounds. Job would like to have made them weigh five hundred, but corn got scarce, and they did not seem to do well on hay.

While Jacob Plessinger is in his 96th year, he does not believe in wasting his time, and is frequently seen wielding an axe on the woodpile with all the vigor of a boy.

Mrs. Ette Chaney and three small children, of Flintstone, Md. are visiting Mrs. Chaney's father, Mr. William Truax, of this place. Mr. Truax has been very sick for some time.

Our efficient mail carrier on Warfordsburg R. D. 1, discovered on Thanksgiving day when Uncle Sam grants all good carriers a reprieve, that his larder was getting low and his corn scarce, and he concluded to butcher a couple of little pigs which he had been keeping for a time of need. When they were dressed he found that the sixteen-month-old "pig" cleaned 497 pounds, and the eleven-month-old "pig" cleaned 311 pounds. Sammy now has meat to entertain his friends for some time. Who can beat it?

END.

The teachers of the Valley schools are at County Institute this week. May it be a profitable time for them.

Miss Laura Edwards visited relatives in Juniata from Thursday evening until Monday morning and is attending County Institute in Huntingdon this week.

Warren Anderson and family attended the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. Keith, of Pittsburgh, who was buried on Sunday at Broad Top City.

B. R. Alexander who is employed in Canada, is home for a short time.

Mrs. Cheslu Mills and children are visiting relatives at Breezewood.

Harvey Cisney and family, of Plumville, who have been visiting the parental home, left for home on Wednesday.

Reed Edwards visited relatives in Saxton on Friday and Saturday and attended the evangelistic services, and on Sunday spent the day with his sister at Defiance.

Edith and Pauline Anderson are spending Institute week with their parents at Kearney.

Mrs. L. Keith, of Trough Creek Valley, is visiting relatives in the Valley.

Mrs. Jane Weaverling and children, of Kearney, are visiting her brother Isaac Mellott for a short time.

Mrs. L. Early is visiting her mother Mrs. Rebecca Orth at Ft. Littleton.

Rev. Weise and V. D. Schenck, dined with the latter's brother, J. M. Schenck, on Saturday.

No Doubt About That.

"I wouldn't say she is pretty," said the Simple Mug, as the light-haired woman of doubtful age handed her money to the conductor, "but she is passing fare."

Daily Thought.

There is nothing good or evil save in the will.—Epictetus.

FORCE OF EXAMPLE

Somehow, Mrs. Blunt's Object Lesson Didn't Work as It Should Have Done.

By KEY CAMMACK.

Turning from a disgusted contemplation of the rubbish heap gracing the incipient lawn of the newly constructed cottage, Mrs. Blunt rapped again, more loudly. Well, Mrs. Mahoney," she said crisply to the angular slattern who at last opened the door, "as you have paid no attention to the two letters from the Newtown Village Improvement society, I have been delegated—"

"But, Mrs. Blunt, ma'am—"

"Unfortunately, Mrs. Mahoney, I know only too well what excuses you will make!" Mrs. Blunt's capable, well-gloved hand commanded silence. "We have had them from a host of others! Please allow me to finish. Since you have not sufficient pride in your village to remove this disgraceful rubbish heap, I have been delegated by the society to remove it myself!" Her jaw snapped decisively. "Please don't interrupt. The officers of the Improvement society are determined to prove to all residents the sincerity of their struggle to regenerate this shameless town. We—"

"But, Mrs. Blunt, ma'am," pleaded Mrs. Mahoney, twisting her apron distressfully.

"Permit me!" broke in Mrs. Blunt icily. "Since letters have failed, we are determined to teach through example. The upkeep of the village should be your pride as well as mine, Mrs. Mahoney—her reproving eye fixed the rusty, three-legged stove and reprobate shoe drunkenly crowning the conglomerate heap—"and I hope, after proving to you that I am not ashamed to be seen personally removing this—this eyesore and offense—you will follow my example."

"But, Mrs. Blunt, ma'am—my husband—"

"It is too late for promises. If your husband had really meant to do anything, he would have answered our letters. I shall be back at eleven with a cart, and I hope—I earnestly hope, Mrs. Mahoney—that my example may inspire in you a little of that village pride and community of interest for which we are working." With her head superlatively high—for, though responsible for this radical suggestion, she felt it necessary to counterbalance the extreme humility of its performance—Mrs. Blunt gathered her tailored skirt about her, and moved in stately fashion to the street. Every line of her retreating figure carried rebuke to the open-mouthed, touse-headed Irishwoman, and bade her reflect upon the sublimity of the example about to be set.

Promptly at eleven she returned, more practically clad; behind her a pipe-sucking Hibernian upon a creaking cart. Back of the cotton lace curtains of the sacred parlor Mrs. Mahoney, her red arms glistening with soapy water, peered curiously. Her patiently placating mood of the morning was gone, for, turning away, she hugged her roughened elbows and laughed. She would have watched longer, but a speedily resolved upon expedition, after Mrs. Blunt's early call, had put her behind with her washing.

Her defection was more than made up by the attendance of a small boy, whose shrill whistle changed into a rude "Hi, Tubby, here's a sight for ye—come on over!" to which a second juvenile savage responded speedily.

Mrs. Blunt found her awkward handling of the unaccustomed spade the target of a jeering criticism for which she had not bargained. Her famous eye, promptly focused upon the offenders, failed to quench. Instead, they grinned derisively, kicked pebbles in unfeigned joy, spun upon their calloused heels and snickered. With tightened lips and a fine color she applied herself to her wretched task, almost wishing that the ladies of Newtown had continued to pass its shameful purlieus with averted eyes. Once the eyes had actually been turned upon their flaunting raggedness, action had been imperative. For the first time the enthusiastic supporter of progress found its yoke heavy!

Stopping for a moment to wipe her perspiring face, she glanced toward the smugly curtained house. The example had been in full working order for full twenty minutes. Was it possible that it could fail?

Where Americans Fell Down.

Twenty thousand Germans sang "Die Wacht am Rhine" to the accompaniment of 20 bands. The Americans who started were all right until they got to "geschwertgeklirr."—Chicago Tribune.

Why It Failed.

Visitor—"Why did your little paper fail?" Bogville Editor—"Why, Mrs. Chinn, the village gossip, had the news spread through the town before I could set up my type."

Was Mrs. Mahoney so ethically, so civically dead as to allow her to complete her sorry work alone? It seemed she was. But if Mrs. Mahoney were dead, then she—Mrs. Blunt—should be a modern Gabriel. She would finish her task—oh, yes—but she would not leave without sounding such a blast as would effectually wake her to repentance and performance.

So resolving, Mrs. Blunt thrust a moist handkerchief within her blouse and valiantly grasped the relinquished spade.

For twenty minutes more she demonstrated her magnificent heroism, and provided a Roman holiday for an increasing number of small boys. Having in the first false enthusiasm refused the driver's assistance, that Hibernian had taken himself to a leafy couch on the farther roadside, and she was, by now, too outraged to summon that permissible alleviation. Grimly she wondered how the two vice-presidents, the secretary and the treasurer were faring. The knowledge of their comradeship sustained the president.

At last only the drunken stove remained. To cope with it single handed was impossible. Grateful for her defeat, she called the idly recumbent one. Together they hoisted the rusty iron to the cart. But even as she sighed her satisfaction with a gusty Cromwellian piety, a perfidious leg, abandoning its pretense of stove allegiance, thudded upon her tender foot.

Robbed of even the least pale reflex of satisfaction in achievement, feeling only the sense of outrage and the need to voice it, she waved the cart away, turned from the defrauded urchins and marched to the house.

This time the door stood open, disclosing Mrs. Mahoney idly rocking in the further room. The quiet and peace of the scene did not enter into the bosom of Mrs. Blunt. She thrust an inimical foot across the threshold. Not even the sight of Mrs. Mahoney, suddenly alert, advancing with a glass upon a tray, placated her.

"I'm so glad ye shtopped in—ye must be rale tired. Have a glass of shrub wine—do now!" encouraged her would-be hostess.

Mrs. Blunt waved her away. She was silent for a plethora of words.

"Just as ye please," agreed Mrs. Mahoney kindly, "but I wish ye'd try it." Then, remembering, she stepped aside, disclosing to Mrs. Blunt an unmitigated gilt frame enclosing a ferocious crayon portrait propped against a chair, in the ecstatic contemplation of which Mrs. Mahoney had been engaged. "It's a beauty—ain't it? The frame, I mean," she murmured confidentially, swaying from side to side, the tray on one flat hip, her eye roving contentedly over the admired ecorchasion. "I've been wanting it this long time—an' after ye'd been here this mornin' I jus' ran over to Brown's with the two dollars Mike left me to have the yard cleaned up with. It sets the head off fine—don't ye tink?"

But Mrs. Blunt was not there to be appealed to. Gabriel had vanished, limping, and Mrs. Mahoney, turning comfortably, slept again.—New York Press.

QUICK HOME BUILDING.

To most families the thought of moving day with its confusion and discomforts, is anything but pleasant. Not so to the native of Porto Rico, where many families insist upon having a new home once a year and set aside an hour or so at the end of each summer to gather material and construct a new winter residence. Four men can build a Porto Rican bark house in about 50 minutes, spending half the time to gather the material. Its four corner posts are cut from the trunk of a fallen cocoa palm, a light frame of saplings is built about them, and the whole structure is covered with flat pieces of the dried bark of a royal palm, bound together with strips of banana and cocoa fiber.

IT CERTAINLY DOES.

Bacon—I see the annual rain and snow fall of the United States is estimated to weigh six trillion tons. Egbert—And sometimes after shoveling off your walk it feels like more than that, doesn't it?

HIS BAROMETER.

Odkins—How can you tell that this is going to be a strenuous winter?

Bodkins—That's easy! By the size of my salary.—Judge.

"Me and Another Gentleman."

A little boy, spending the summer in the country, dictated this letter to his father: "Dear pa, you ought to be here with us. It's fine here. We went out on the lake yesterday. Me an' another gentleman oared the boat."

Genuine Pity.

"Mr. and Mrs. Whiffer never have any arguments." "How does that happen?" "Mr. Whiffer won't argue." "The poor woman!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

TESTED AND PROVEN.

There is a Heap of Solace in Being Able to Depend Upon a Well-Earned Reputation.

For months McConnellsburg readers have seen the constant expression of praise for Doan's Kidney Pills, and read about the good work they have done in this locality. What other remedy ever produced such convincing proof of merit.

W. A. McKinnie, N. Carlisle St., Greencastle, Pa., says: "I am only too glad to allow you to use my name recommending Doan's Kidney Pills. I am a strong friend of this remedy. I take Doan's Kidney Pills twice a year and they keep my kidneys normal and tone up my system. There are no words too good for me to say for Doan's Kidney Pills."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. McKinnie had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Advertisement.

DUBLIN MILLS.

The "little folks" are glad it is Institute week.

Rain is badly needed in this vicinity.

Miss Lillian Miller is visiting relatives in Bellwood.

The banquet was well attended at the I. O. O. F. Hall at Three Springs last Saturday evening.

Dan Fix and wife helped their son James, butcher Friday at Dane.

Jesse Miller and son Harold sawed wood for A. F. Cutshall last week one day.

Mrs. Brint Miller spent Thanks giving with Mrs. Jesse Miller.

Allen Cutshall and wife attended the banquet at Three Springs Saturday night.

Minnie Fix is employed at J. R. Wible's near Dane.

Protracting meetings are being held at Cromwell and Oak Grove churches.

KNOBVILLE.

Mr. William Snyder who has been employed in Altoona for some time, came home last week.

The stork visited in the home of Harvey Wagner and left a fine baby girl.

Miss Oda Gutschall left Monday for Woodvale where she will spend the week with friends and relatives of that place.

Mrs. D. H. Fore and Stella Re-

g spent last Sunday in the home of the latter's mother Mrs. George Regl.

Miss Janet Gobin and brother Clarence spent Sunday with their sister Mrs. Hunter Fraker at Ft. Littleton.

Harvey Wible lost two fine heifers last week.

Removing a Cork.

To take a cork out of a bottle when there is neither a corkscrew nor a knife at hand, stick two safety pins together diagonally through the cork, opposite to each other. By pulling on the upper part of the two pins you can remove the cork easily.

We Should Worry.

If the country is being flooded with counterfeit \$50 notes ordinary citizens do not know it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, Lost, Found, Etc.

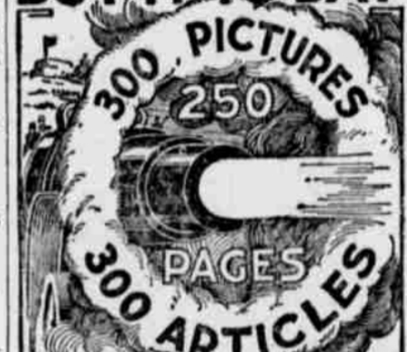
RATES—One cent per word for each insertion. No advertisement accepted for less than 15 cents. Cash must accompany order.

FOR SALE:—Pair of good mules; or, will trade for good horse, or, will sell a horse and keep mules. Have too many.

GEO. N. SIPES, Hustontown.

LOST.—Robe, dark green on one side and black on the other; at Sideling Hill church—or between there and home. Am anxious to know who found it.—Silas Mellott, Needmore, Pa. 1t

BUY IT TO-DAY



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Auction at Andover Saturday, December 5.

Chance For Bargains.

N. M. Laidig will sell at public auction at his store at Andover beginning at 10 o'clock, Saturday, December 5th. 3 new Iron Bedsteads and Springs, 12 sets of Gold Decorated Chinaware, 12 sets of Roger Bro. Silver Knives and Forks, 12 sets of Table Spoons, and 12 sets of Teaspoons, Shoes, Arctics, Rubbers, Notions, &c., &c.

Come early and make the best day's work of your life.

Institute Week

A. F. LITTLE'S BIG REDUCTION For Institute Week.

A special reduction in all Millinery Goods during INSTITUTE WEEK.

We also have 200 or more collars of 25 different styles reduced from 15, 20 and 25c, now selling for 10c. each.

Yes, we have a fine lot of belts, belt buckles, hosiery, combs, barretts, bracelets and jewelry boxes, and all of these articles will be on sale Institute week at 10 cents each.

Everybody is Welcome.

L. W. FUNK

DEALER IN

High Grade Plain Pianos, Player Pianos, Organs, Victrolas, Records, and Professional Tuner, McConnellsburg,

Nothing adds more to the refinements of home than good music. To have good music you must have a good instrument. There are good bad and indifferent instruments, and to the unskilled eye they look much alike. The unprincipled dealer is likely to make you pay a first-class price for a fourth-class instrument. I have lived in this county since my birth, I am a taxpayer and in a position to make good any business transactions. Buy your piano, organ, or victrola from me and if it is not all right you can come back at me.

There are families in every part of this county that have purchased instruments from me. Ask them about me.

Perhaps you want to trade your organ for a Piano, or Player Piano; or your Plain Piano, for a Player. See me. Let's talk it over.

L. W. FUNK.

Special Bargains In Real Estate

100 Acre Farm in Union township, Fulton County, Pa. Good frame house and bank barn and other buildings, plenty of fruit and fine water. This farm lays in sight of school, church, store and post-office, right along public highway.

175 Acres in Licking Creek township, new barn, fair house, considerable meadow land and in fair state of cultivation. One mile from school and church.

300 Acre Farm in Fulton County, Pa. One of the finest in the County nearly all in grass, five miles from railroad and near lime. Fine brick house and large barn and other buildings. Right along main highway. About 75 acres of excellent timber.

110 acre farm in Whips Cove, near Locust Grove, Pa., on State Road from Hancock to Everett. Well watered and land in good condition. Good eight room house, bank barn and all necessary outbuildings. This farm will be sold reasonable and on easy terms.

Write for prices and particulars. We have many other properties for sale and will be glad to show them to you.

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