

FULTON COUNTY NEWS

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B. W. PECK, Editor and Proprietor

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Senator Vest's Tribute To a Dog.

The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or his daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money a man has he may lose. It flies away from him when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw stones of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the sore and wounds that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and hopeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

Might Have Drowned.

Billy Wilds is the man who twice a day visits the Water Company's reservoir to measure the flow of water and to refill the hypo plant with disinfectant. Part of his work is to hold a 3-gallon bucket under the intake pipe and count the seconds required to fill it. He does it either by hanging the bucket on the end of a long pole, or by stepping over the rim of the reservoir and standing on the pipe. Tuesday evening he choose the latter way. The reservoir is frozen over solid with the exception of a narrow space at the pipe. Billy slipped off the pipe, through this space and fell down the slanting wall under the ice. By good fortune he threw one leg out over the ice as he was going down and saved his life by keeping one leg out over the ice until he wiggled to the pipe, got a death grip on it and pulled himself out. He says it was the "closest call" he ever had.

Local Institute.

The fourth local institute of Dublin township was held at Fort Littleton last Friday evening. The questions discussed were: Memory work, how much and to what grades given? What plans do you use for beginners? How do you overcome monotony? The teachers present were: Clara Byers, Esther Welch, Lillian Stinson, Jennie Cromer, Ira Peck, of Dublin; Jno. Kelso, of Todd, and Prof. E. E. Kell, of Huntingdon county.—Lillian Stinson, Sec'y.

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NO REASON FOR IT.

When McConnellsburg Citizens Show a Way.

There can be no reason why any reader of this who suffers the tortures of an aching back, the annoyance of urinary disorders, the pains and dangers of kidney ills will fail to heed the words of a neighbor who has found relief. Read what a McConnellsburg citizen says; John P. Conrad, deputy post master, Main St., McConnellsburg says; "I had terrible pains across my back and I didn't sleep well at night. I was very nervous, and when I got up in the morning I was more tired than when I went to bed. Finally I read of Doan's Kidney Pills. I gave them a trial. They helped me immediately. Before long my back was free from pain."

LASTING RELIEF.

On December 10, 1913, Mr. Conrad said: "I haven't needed any remedy for backache or kidney trouble since Doan's Kidney Pills cured me."

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

Advertisement.

WELLS TANNERY.

We are glad to report that our friend H. L. Wishart expects to return very soon from the Lewistown hospital where he has been taking treatment during the past three weeks for the gunshot wound which he received while hunting deer.

Minnie Swope, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Swope, of this place, and John Klutz, of Baker's Summit, were married last Wednesday at the home of the bride by the pastor, Rev. Weise, of Three Springs. The time is here when people cannot always do as they please. The bride and groom planned to leave after the noon feast; but some friends pocketed a wheel of the automobile in order that the calthumpian band might call on them. Next morning the wheel was in place. Their many friends wish them joy and blessings all along the way.

John Truax visited friends in Brush Creek Valley Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Viola Weiser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ford, died on Monday in the Roaring Spring hospital. She and her husband were taken there several weeks ago for treatment for typhoid fever. Mr. Weiser was able to return home with the body of his wife. Mrs. Weiser was 22 years of age. She leaves three small children. Funeral Thursday in Shermans Valley, conducted by Dr. James Dalling.

Miss Clara Hixson, of Crystal Springs, is staying in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Baumgardner.

The stork brought a little daughter to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Amick.

Owing to the serious illness of Dr. R. B. Campbell, Dr. McClain, of Hustontown, has been attending our sick.

SALUVIA

Winter here! Snow 6 to 8 inches—over 12 inches on mountains. Thermometer zero to 6 degrees below along creeks Tuesday a. m. Fine sleighing and sledding.

John J. McDonald is moving his family and household goods to his farm this week.

James Truax and family have moved to the old Thomas Runyan place to haul lumber to Hancock, Md., for Spangler & Harris, this week.

Charlie and Maggie—son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Emory Sipes—have been very sick with pneumonia. We gladly note that, they seem a little better at this writing.

Mrs. Randolph Fegley has been very much afflicted for some time, with little hopes of full recovery.

Joseph E. Mellott, of Major, is quite ill, and has been for some time.

Palmer Strait, after having taken unto himself a wife, has leased the Bert Hann house, and started house keeping.

C. W. Schooley has had erected a fine wagon-shed. H. L. Sipes was the boss carpenter.

Rather cold these days for the

bridge builders on the Lincoln Highway.

We are awfully glad that Uncle John Hann don't have to live alone now. Ephraim Moore and family have moved in with him.

BRUSH CREEK.

The lumbermen of our vicinity are very busy now making use of the 8 inches of snow that fell last week.

John McKibbin who had been visiting relatives in our valley, left last week for his home in Washington.

James McKee left Sunday for a visit with relatives in Indiana.

Mrs. Lizzie McKibbin is visiting relatives near Amaranth.

Clad Bequeath of Gapsville spent Saturday night with friends near Crystal Springs.

Marshall Lynch and Bruce Barton were calling on friends at Gapsville Saturday evening.

Clara and Howard Whitfield spent part of last week with their sister, Mrs. George Wigfield near Ashcom.

Church Notices.

Bethany Church Sunday School near Big Cove Tannery will hold its annual Christmas entertainment Sunday evening, December 20th at 7 o'clock. If the weather should prove to be unfavorable, the service will be held Monday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Preaching, December 20th, at Siloam at 10:15 a. m., and at Asbury at 2:30 p. m.—E. J. Croft, pastor.

Elder H. H. Loefferts, of Leesburg, Va., will preach at Needmore, Saturday afternoon, December 26th, at 3 o'clock, and at Army J. Peck's Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and Sunday evening.

The meeting of the men of the Lutheran church for last Sunday will be held next Sunday from 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.

Evangelist Dr. J. R. Dalling began services in Wells Tannery December 13th, to continue two weeks.

The Presbyterian Sunday school will hold their annual Christmas exercises on Christmas eve at 6:30 o'clock. The Reformed Sunday school will hold theirs on Christmas evening at 6 o'clock. Union Prayer and Praise service in the Presbyterian church Christmas morning at 8 o'clock.

Preaching services in the Presbyterian church next Sunday in the morning, and in the Reformed church in the evening.

SCORE ONE FOR THE TAILOR

Legal Light Thought He Had Knight of the Shears in a Corner, but He Hadn't.

Here is a story that was told by Congressman Isaac Sherwood of Ohio the other day when the topic switched to the turning of the traditional worm.

Recently a man omitted to hand his tailor a few chunks of silver in exchange for good togs, and after waiting a reasonable length of time the tailor party sued for the amount of the bill.

Thus it was that he found himself on the witness stand one day with the insistent lawyer for defendant trying to establish the point that his client had three months in which to pay for the goods, and that that time had scarcely elapsed.

"Now, sir, Mr. Tailor Man," mercifully continued the lawyer, "had I bought those clothes instead of my client, would you have summoned me into court at this early stage?"

"No, sir," was the prompt rejoinder of the witness.

"Good!" smiled the lawyer, with a satisfied air. "And why not, please?"

"Because," came the answer of the tailor, "in your case it would have been a cash transaction."

SELFISH.

"Bliggins says he can't write on a typewriter because the noise disturbs him."

"Yes. If there is any noise going on Bliggins wants to make it himself."

IN ENGLAND.

"How are we going to bridge the gaps in modernizing our government?"

"In a very unusual way in bridge work—you must knock out the peers."

COULDN'T HAPPEN.

Johnny—Pa, is it wrong to steal from a trust?"

Pa—Don't let the question bother you, my son. It's impossible.

IS WORLD'S LONGEST TUNNEL

That of the Catskill Aqueduct in New York is the Record in Earth's Borings.

The two tunnel headings of the new Catskill aqueduct, which is to give New York its water supply were joined together by boring a short time ago.

That operation opens the longest stretch of continuous tunnel in the world. The clear length from end to end of this portion of the great conduit is 18 miles, or 6 miles longer than the Simplon, the holder of the former record for tunnel length.

As a result of the last blast there is an unobstructed opening for the free flow of water from one end of the Catskill aqueduct to the other, a distance of 110 miles, and the danger of a water famine, such as threatened New York city a few years ago, is now definitely removed. In an emergency Catskill water could be delivered to New York now at very short notice.

Now that the waterway opening is cleared, the work remaining is the completion of the tunnel linings and the installation of the regulating works at the shafts. Thus the aqueduct has developed in a few years from an irregular black line on a sheet of tracing paper to a hundred-mile tube of concrete and steel.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS



Tom—Jack is engaged to Miss Oldgirl.

Tess—But she's considerably older than he is.

Tom—Yes, but he doesn't know it.

SCIENTIFIC BURGLARY.

The microphone is now used by burglars for picking combination locks. On turning the lock a slight sound is made when the proper number comes opposite the working point, and this can even be heard by a sensitive ear. However, it is imperceptible to most persons, but by using a microphone it is an easy matter to hear the sounds. A suitable form of flat telephone receiver is employed, and it is applied against the safe next the lock. A pair of rubber ear tubes are used with the telephone. In this way the sounds are heard which allow of opening the lock.—Scientific American.

SURPRISED.

"This matrimonial rumor is very extraordinary!" exclaimed Miss Cayenne.

"Why, there are a great many of them."

"Yes. But this one seems to be true."

AS EVERYBODY KNOWS.

"How are you modern women on the skirt question?" asked the ancient shade.

"Divided!" bawled the young potent spirit informatively.—Judge.

SENSE OF HUMOR DEFINED.

Willie—Paw, what is a sense of humor?"

Paw—A sense of humor is the ability to laugh at your own jokes, my son.

MOST IMPORTANT.

Clerk (country hotel)—First train 3:00 a. m., sir—milk train!

Guest—Um—what time is the first milk punch train?"

SAD CASE.

"Your family does not seem to eat much meat, Mrs. Jones."

"No; you see, we are all more or less valetudinarians."

AND MORE.

"I hear the guests were loud in their praises of the wine party."

"So loud that the police ran the whole party in."

HIS REMEDY.

"What did the doctor do to relieve your pain, Mrs. Malaprop?"

"Sure, and he gave me an epidemic interjection."

STRICT SECLUSION.

"You say the prince is staying here very quietly?"

"Oh, yes. Even his wash goes to the laundry incog."

AGAINST THE CLINGING STYLE

Writer, Possibly for Personal Reasons, Denounces Proposed Change in Men's Clothing.

This is—well, let's say amusing—this dictate of fashion that men must wear in 1914 clinging garments—isn't it? Because some of us must either adopt pads or endure the mockery of the masses while parading in the guise of human scarecrows or Punch and Judy shows—if clinging duds do master masculinity. And some of us will lose one large subject of conversation and laughter, for we won't any longer be able to criticize the garments of our sisters, wives and affinities. If any one consideration can do more than another to prevent the general adoption of tight styles for men this loss of critical opportunity is likely to be the thing, isn't it? It never will do to give ladies an opportunity to turn the batteries of laughter on the masculine half of humanity, will it? Of course a compromise may be arranged—but compromises seldom wear well, do they?—Detroit Free Press.

SATISFIED IN SECOND PLACE

Husband of Famous Novelist Jokes at What World Would Call His Nonentity.

"Humphry Ward, the husband of the well-known novelist, likes to joke about his nonentity."

The speaker was a New York magazine editor.

"Humphry Ward, they tell me," the editor went on, "once entered his wife's study while she was out, and glanced over the manuscript upon her writing desk."

"He read the sentence, 'She swept the room with a bright, fresh glance,' and, taking up a pencil, he wrote on the margin of the page, 'If she would only sweep the room with a bright, fresh broom!'"

"Reading on, he came to, 'She touched a button and a footman appeared.' His marginal note to this was 'Alas, she will never touch a button!'"

"And now he came upon the sentence, 'She decided to mend her ways.' And again he wrote, 'Hopeless. She'll never mend anything.'"

THE UNMANICURED HAND.

W. Cameron Forbes, ex-governor of the Philippines, said apropos of some Filipino story:

"That story is an exaggeration and possibly a falsehood. It is like the stories we used to hear about the poverty and slovenliness of the itinerant actor."

"Betterton Booth, an itinerant Hamlet—so one of these stories runs—was invited, in the house of a prosperous friend, to have a drink. He accepted the invitation, naturally."

"Say when," said his host, pouring the whisky slowly forth.

"And Betterton, as he measured a certain height on his glass with his thumb, said:

"'Not much, my dear boy. Not very much. Just to the black of the thumbnail.'"

GLOOMY DOUBT.

"You and your wife never argue?"

"Never," replied Mr. Meekton.

"What an ideal state."

"Perhaps it isn't so ideal. I sometimes fancy Henrietta hasn't enough respect for my opinions to bother about arguing with me."

CONTRADICTION.

"The gray mare is the better horse in that race."

"I don't see how that is possible when she is such an old nag."

TRYING TO AGREE.

"You looked very foolish when you proposed to me."

"Well, Henrietta," replied Mr. Meekton, "maybe I was."

UNCERTAIN.

"Do you prefer any particular kind of wine, or don't you like the subject to be mentioned?"

"Well, Mumm's the word."

ITS METHOD.

"Should a proposal of marriage be whispered?"

"I should think it ought to be made in ringing tones."

AT THE STATION.

"Is there a motor around here I can take, porter?"

"Bettah not try it, sah. De police am lookin' out fo' the Auto Jacks."

PRACTICAL.

"Ah, my suburban life is truly a sunny lot!"

"Then why don't you plant a few trees on it?"

OF COURSE.

"Are you a mind reader?"

"I don't have to be. It is no trouble at all to get my wife to tell me what she thinks of me."

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.

GEO. A. HARRIS, REAL ESTATE, McConnellsburg, Pa.



Chase the Chill From the Breakfast Room

START the Perfection Heater going five minutes before the breakfast hour; by the time the family gets down the whole room is warm and cozy. The food tastes better—everybody feels better. It's a bully morning send off for the whole family.



The Perfection is an ever-ready comfort. It is light—you carry it wherever extra heat is needed—sewing-room or cellar, bedroom or parlor. It burns kerosene—easy to handle and inexpensive—and costs nothing when not in use. It is smokeless and odorless. At hardware and furniture stores everywhere. Look for the Triangle Trade-Mark.

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