

**FULTON COUNTY NEWS**  
 Published Every Thursday.  
**B. W. PISK, Editor and Proprietor**  
**McCONNELLSBURG, PA.**  
**DECEMBER 23, 1915**  
 Published Weekly. \$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

NOT THE ONLY ONE.  
 There Are Other McConnellsburg People Similarly Situated.  
 Can there be any stronger proof offered than the evidence of McConnellsburg residents? After you have read the following, quietly answer the question.

John P. Conrad, deputy postmaster, 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. Doan's Kidney Pills soon freed my back from pain."  
 Over four years later, Mr. Conrad said: "I haven't needed any medicine for backache or kidney trouble since I used 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. Conrad has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Advertisement.  
**Program of The C. L. S. C. For January**  
**FIRST WEEK.**  
 1. Roll call. Quotations from Story of the week in Independent.  
 2. Our treatment of the Indians; Fair or Unfair; Mrs. Stevens pro, Mrs. Hull, con.  
 3. Social Life before and after the Revolution—Mrs. Peterman.  
 4. Three minutes sketch, William Cullen Bryant—Miss Harriet Sloan.  
 5. Review of chapter XXVI—Prof. Smith.  
 6. Review, by question, of chapters XXVII and XXVIII conducted by Miss Sophie Hohman.

**SECOND WEEK.**  
 1. Roll Call. Favorite quotations.  
 2. Story of the Week in Independent—Mrs. Luring.  
 3. Paper. Has America a Caste Spirit?—Mrs. McKibbin.  
 4. Reading. "A Man's a Man for a That" by Robert Burns.—Miss Mary Pittman.  
 5. General discussion of Chapter I.  
 6. Sketch of Roberts and Beirut College.—Rev. Yearick.  
 7. Review of Chapter II.—Mrs. Greathead.

**THIRD WEEK.**  
 1. Roll Call. Story of the Week  
 2. Talk. Our national resources and populations.—Mr. Peterman.  
 3. Rousing Reform.—Mrs. Luring.  
 4. Review of Chapter III.—Mrs. Grove.  
 5. Review of Chapter IV.—Mrs. Henry.  
 6. Medical Inspection in Public Schools.—Mrs. Mosser.

**FOURTH WEEK.**  
 1. Roll Call. Favorite quotations.  
 2. Story of the Week.—Mrs. Stevens.  
 3. Religion in Business.—Rev. Peterman.  
 4. Review of Chapter V.—Prof. Smith.  
 5. Review of Chapter VI.—Mrs. Bartholomew  
 6. Influence of Foreign Missions on China.—Miss Minnie Reisaner.

**Local Institute.**  
 The fourth local institute of Thompson township was held at Independence school last Friday evening.  
 Questions were: 1. Supplementary work; value of and how given? 2. Civil Government; how taught? 3. How can we better our attendance?  
 Teachers present were: H. W. Wink, Denver Evans, Floyd Hart, Thomas Truax, Levi Garland, Harvey Sharpe, Etta Waltz, Gertrude Galvin, Rose Keiser, Peter Fisher, Alice Brewer and M. A. John Yasarik. Also present, etc.

Shade Pittman and Dennis Everts, two of Thompson townships best rate citizens, spent a few hours in town Monday.

**The Old, Old Subscriber.**  
 How dear to my heart are the old things in general, When fond recollection presents them to view; Old pewter, old linen, old friends and old china, Old books and old songs are far better than new. And old shoes for comfort (We need new ones badly) The old cornob pipe I shall always hold dear,— But the old, old subscriber, I mention him gladly, Ever faithful and true, he renews by the year. The old, old subscriber, the dear old subscriber. The faithful old friend who renews every year.  
 Old wine and old sweethearts, the older the better; The old folks at home—what is home without them? The old swimming hole—it must not be forgotten— The jewel of Memory's whole diadem; Old times and old customs, and e'en the old dances (We'll have to admit we cannot turkey trot) But the old institutions, if one must take chances, The old, old subscriber's the best of the lot. The old, old subscriber, the dear old subscriber, The paid up subscriber's the best of the lot.

**NEW GRENADA.**  
 Union revival meetings are in progress at the Bethel church in charge of Rev. Speese, of Mad densville, assisted by Rev. Hill of Mount Union.  
 Last Monday morning the Death Angel came into the home of Roswell Staines and claimed their little 15 months old daughter Lena Belle who had been delicate all her life. Funeral services conducted by Rev. Speese were held in the Bethel church, and interment was made in the cemetery at that place.  
 Mrs. Jacob Crider, who had been very ill, is improving.  
 Mrs. Jacob Black is home from a visit among relatives in Shade Gap.  
 Daniel Everhart and son Arthur and Richard Alloway of Six Mile Run are among the Nimrods at Frank Thomas deer hunting.  
 Frank Thomas has erected a new stable on his lot, which adds a little more to our village.  
 Dr. Campbell is kept busy looking after the sick people in this community.  
 Mrs. A. D. Keith is on the sick list.  
 Dallas Keith and wife of Altoona are spending a week with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Keith.  
 John Galbraith lost a horse last week.

Our old reporter for the NEWS L. Cunningham, is expected to be back in Fulton County for his Christmas dinner.  
**SIDELING HILL.**  
 Born Dec 11th to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibelbiss, a daughter. Mrs. Nora Akers and son Ben son recently visited at Everett and Bedford.  
 Reuben J. Layton and wife and Mrs. Cassie Winter visited at the home of Albert Deneen near to Needmore a few days ago.  
 James Truax, of Gem, spent part of last week with his parents, Mr. Job Truax and wife near Needmore.  
 Mrs. Riley Garland and two sons of Hagerstown, Md., Harry Lewis of Chicago, and Charles Lewis of Artemas, spent several days of last week with their brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hess.  
 Sheriff-elect Job L. Garland and Mr. Amos Plessinger autoed to the County seat recently in the latter's Ford.  
 Mrs. Charles Lynch of Everett visited in Whips Cove last week.  
 William Fegley, of Pleasant Ridge, bought two March pigs from Baltzer Deshong last April, took pretty good care of them until the 19th of November, when he butchered them. The smaller dressed 367, and the larger, 385. Mr. Fegley never had them in a pen, but allowed them to run at large about the premises.  
 Fred G. Kimmell, of near Stoyestown, Somerset county, has invented a reciprocating plow which promises to revolutionize farming. In place of being dragged through the ground with a constant drawbar pull, the new plow is driven backward and forward by a piston rod of the steam engine.

Judge Johnson, who presided over the courts in Huntingdon during the illness of Judge Woods sentenced seven persons for selling intoxicants illegally. Each of the miscreants was given 3 months in jail and a fine of \$500. This makes 12 persons Judge Johnson sentenced for like offence in this judicial district the past month.

**PAT'S LATE SUPPER.**  
 Pat had just arrived from the Emerald Isle, and he was feeling very hungry, as he had not eaten anything since four o'clock last evening, and it was now eight o'clock in the morning. So he went into a restaurant close by and asked the waiter how much would he charge him for a breakfast.  
 "One shilling," replied the waiter.  
 "Well, how much will ye charge me for my dinner?" said Pat.  
 "One shilling and sixpence," replied the waiter.  
 "Well, what will ye charge me for my supper, then?"  
 "Sixpence," was the reply.  
 "Then, if ye please, will ye give me my supper?" said Pat.—Pearson's Weekly.

**Even the Toy Banks Do It.**  
 "James," said Mrs. Firstflat that night at the dinner table, "I want to talk to you about Bobby. He's at his lessons now, so he can't interrupt us."  
 "Well, what about Bobby?" asked Mr. Firstflat as he carved the sturgeon.  
 "Why, he does such odd things with the little toy savings bank I bought him. Why, do you know, he is keeping money in it that belongs to a club!"  
 "He is, is he?"—Puck.

**REFORMED.**  
 The One—Did it do any good to prosecute Littleton, the coal dealer, for using fraudulent scales?  
 The Other—Yes. I hear that he's mended his weights.  
 The Reason. He leads a lousy life, that's true, and loafers till he's asleep; but he works for a merchant who has never advertised.  
 Ocular Proof. Finnegan—Ye asked Mulligan phwat he thought av the Orangemen, did yet An' did he tell ye?  
 O'Brien (pointing to a black eye)—No, he showed me—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**Properly Crushed.**  
 "Well," sneered her husband, "suppose you get the ballot. What will be the first thing you do?"  
 "Order a voting costume, of course!" was her triumphant retort.—Puck.



**THE CENSOR.**  
 Mayor Baker of Cleveland, in defense of a political movement that had been attacked, said the other day:  
 "It's an honest movement and a straightforward movement, and they who attack it are as censorious as the Seabright old maid."  
 "A Seabright old maid was talking to a sunburnt college boy on the beach. A pretty girl passed and the old maid said:  
 "There goes Minnie Summers. You took her to the hop last evening, didn't you?"  
 "Yes," said the college boy; and he added politely, "As I was taking leave of Miss Summers after the hop, it dawned upon me—  
 "It dawned!" said the old maid. "You kept her out till dawn! That's what these new dances lead up to!"  
**HEARD AT BULLETIN BOARD.**  
 "Them Rooshins can lick the Ostriches any day in the week."  
 "I'll bet the Germans'll be in Berlin before the new year."  
 "John, dear, has war really been declared or is it merely another of those horrid newspaper stories?"  
 "If the Germans capture London, do I think the Irish will lean toward the Orangemen? They will, with a club in their hand, and they'll lean heavy like."  
 "Move on, please! Keep the sidewalk clear."—Philadelphia Ledger.  
**ONE THING SHE FORGOT.**  
 "I had a twelve-page letter from Maud today. All about the gay times she's having at the seashore."  
 "I'll bet she didn't forget anything."  
 "Yes, she did. She forgot to put enough postage on the envelope."  
**AVALANCHES ON ORDER.**  
 By means of electric mines placed deep in the congelated neves mantling the crests of the Swiss Alps, avalanches are being manufactured to order for the benefit of moving picture photographers and others who find the sport attractive enough to pay the prices charged. The mines are connected by cable with a magnet in the valley, and when all is ready a push of the control lever fulminates a large quantity of gunpowder up on the side of the mountain and down comes the artificial avalanche with all the terrifying rush and roar of a natural landslide.  
**AGGRESSIVE ART.**  
 "I rather like the old-fashioned novelist who sometimes paused to allude in a deferential way to the 'gentle reader.'"  
 "Yes," replied Mr. Penwinkle; "but it's a dangerous practice. It's likely to make readers critical. What you want to do is to give the reader so much 'pep' and 'ginger' and so many 'punches' and 'knockouts' that he won't have enough courage or energy left to form an opinion."  
**THE REASON.**  
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**LITTLE BIT HUMOROUS**

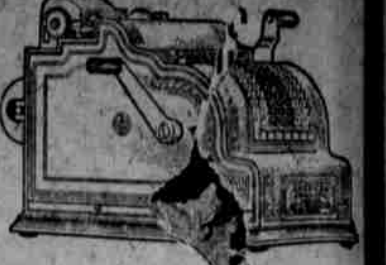
**No Cause for Alarm.**  
 "According to the latest estimates," growled the pessimist, "our population is increasing so rapidly that the land will soon be inadequate for the support of the people."  
 "Oh, don't let a little thing like that push you off the aqua pura chariot. Our medical colleges can easily double their output if the country gets over-crowded."  
**Of Course.**  
 "I suppose you read the statement made by a college president the other day that automobiles are demoralizing more students than alcohol?"  
 "Yes, I read it, but I don't agree with him."  
 "Why not?"  
 "For the simple reason that alcohol is within reach of the average student, while an automobile is not."  
**The Reason.**  
 His fiancée—Papa will make his settlement the same day we are married, the 19th.  
 The Count—Come, dear, let us get married on the 17th.  
 His fiancée—Is that the anniversary of some great historic event in your family?  
 The Count—No; but I have a note due on the 18th.—Puck.

**Stimulating the Memory.**  
 Wife—Why are you strapping up my trunk? I'm not going away till tomorrow.  
 Hub—So you'll have time to gather up all the things you've forgotten. You never find those things, you know, until after your trunk is locked and strapped.



**BETTER FIT.**  
 Reggie De Sapp—Weally now, don't you think I'd make a good fullback?  
 Football Captain—A straight front would be more in your line, my boy.  
**Poor Business Men.**  
 In days of old, when knights were bold, they had some knocky fights, but they were chump; they never sold the moving-picture rights.  
**Very Thoughtful.**  
 Kummie—Is your wife saving?  
 Backe—Very; when she sees any loose tobacco under my writing table she sweeps it up carefully in a dust pan and puts it back in the tobacco jar.  
**The Pity of It.**  
 Mr. Gabb—Freshmen at the University of Pennsylvania are forbidden to smoke cigarettes.  
 Fond Mother—Oh, dear me! Now Oswald won't get a bit of exercise.  
**A Symphony of Color.**  
 Maid—Which wig shall I have ready for madam to wear tonight at the garden party?  
 Madam—The green one, certainly!—Fliegende Blaetter (Munich).

**Familiar Sounds.**  
 "Say, did you ever hear the famous rebel yell?"  
 "Ever hear it? Don't our baby give it every night when we want him to go to sleep?"  
**Naturally.**  
 "Things were getting too warm for me in that section of the country."  
 "What was the reason?"  
 "I was burning up too many of the roads."  
**Perhaps He Would.**  
 "I led my class in Greek three successive years."  
 "That's fine. But wouldn't you much rather have carried the ball sixty-five yards for a touchdown, just once?"  
**Mean Luck.**  
 "I got a rum deal at the restaurant lunch counter yesterday."  
 "What was the rum deal?"  
 "Wasn't any in the mince pie."  
**No Bears.**  
 "Language is a queer thing. You speak of our forbears."  
 "Yes."  
 "And yet you insist that we are descended from monkeys."  
**To Be Expected.**  
 "The aviators have put another old saying out of commission."  
 "What's that?"  
 "The one about a bomb from a clear sky."



**American Adding Machine**  
 AND  
**Listing Machine**  
 (eight column capacity)

**Price \$88.00**  
 F. O. B. Maywood, Ill.  
 Sold on one year's credit or 3 per cent. discount for cash.

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**American Can Company**  
 Chicago, Ill.  
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**Proof Against Puncture**

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 Unequaled for severe service on rough and rugged roads, hard pavements and other places where tire troubles cannot be tolerated. Ride as easy as an ordinary pneumatic—air space and pressure being the same.  
 Used in U. S. Government and European War Service. Our output is limited, but we make the following low special introductory prices:

Tires	Tubes	Tires	Tubes
30x3 1/2 \$8.00	\$2.20	36x3 1/2 \$17.45	\$4.90
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Two or more 10 per cent. discount—non-skids 10 per cent. additional. All sizes—any type. Remit by draft, money order or certified personal check; acceptance of order optional with consignee.  
 Descriptive folder and complete price list mailed on request.

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