

PERSONAL AND LOCAL

Miss Mary Nedrow of Somerville is visiting her friend, Miss Ida Pfahler.

Mrs. John McHugh and sister, have returned to their home from a two weeks' visit with relatives at Connellville and Uniontown.

Miss Irene Collins has gone on a three weeks' visit with relatives and friends at Pittsburgh and Beaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse McCune are spending a few weeks visiting relatives in Braddock.

F. J. VanHorn, of Scalp Level, was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. W. C. Price, over Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Hoffman left Saturday for Bedford, to spend several weeks with her son, L. R. Hoffman.

Francis McKenzie, of Pocahontas, was a Sunday guest at the home of S. J. McKenzie.

Rev. D. W. Michael officiated at the funeral service of Ethel Bowers, aged 13 at Confluence on Tuesday.

Patriotic sermons are to be preached in the churches on Sunday, the Nation's Natal day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Mercier and little daughter, of Hyattsville, Md., are guests at the home of Mrs. Mercier's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Shipley.

Homer Collins, a student in medicine, at Richmond, Va., a son of G. W. Collins, is on his way to the Panama Exposition with a party of friends.

Miss Ida Dia is home from Tucker-ton, N. J. where she has been teaching Latin in the high school; she has been re-elected for another term.

Mrs. James Gordon and son, Harry have returned from Mance, where they had been visiting for the last week.

Miss Beatrice Truxal has gone to Pittsburgh where she will remain for several weeks visiting among friends.

Miss Margaret Duffy who had been visiting at Connellville and Dunbar for a few weeks has returned home.

Miss Mary McGrath has returned home after having spent several weeks visiting relatives in Pitts-burg.

Miss Rena Lauver and Miss Frances Livengood have been re-elected as members of the high school faculty in Meyersdale.

Rev. Fr. Reich, of Albany, Ga., arrived in this place on Wednesday to spend a month in his native town with his brothers, J. F. Reich and Phillip Reich.

Paul Hostetler, a young stenographer and typewriter had the honor to typewrite a speech for Captain Hobson, one that he had made at Atlantic City a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Haskins, who for the past few days were visiting at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. M. A. Rutter, have left their home in Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Horner who attended the marriage of their son, Prof. Foster G. Horner at Tamaqua, Pa., last Wednesday arrived home the following day.

Misses Martha Diest and Marie Crowe, two of Meyersdale's efficient grade teachers, have gone to Bellefonte for a six-weeks course at the academy there.

Mrs. Margaret McCullough and Mrs. Mollie McCartney spent several days here with their sister, Mrs. J. E. McCartney, leaving for their home in Farmington, Pa., on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Starner, of Lonaconing, spent a few days with their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Engle, near town, and attended the Chautauqua.

Prof. and Mrs. Foster G. Horner, who were recently married at Tamaqua, Pa., arrived here Saturday for a visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Horner.

Miss Dorothy Shultz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Shultz, who has been attending the Lakewood High school, in Cleveland, Ohio, returned home, Tuesday night, for the summer vacation.

The annual fair in Meyersdale will be held this year September, 21-24, two weeks earlier than last year. The Directors expect to secure an aeroplane as one of the attractions. It has been decided to abandon the farmers' parade.

Helen, the one-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Miller, of Pittsburgh, died recently, and was brought here for interment, in charge of Reich & Son. The little one's mother is a sister of Maurice Clark, of the Citizens' Bank.

Mahlon Saylor, one of our merchants on the SouthSide, believes in the Buick car - since Sunday, at least, when it put behind it 250 miles of roadway. The owner, his wife and daughter and Wm. Frazer enjoyed a ride from this place to McKeesport, Clairton, Pittsburgh, Allegheny and Ligonier. In the larger cities they visited the parks and places of interest and thus covered more mileage than had they attempted to merely reach the places mentioned. They arrived home at 11 p. m.

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Quarrel of Squire Bull and His Son Jonathan

An Old Time Fourth of July Allegory

By JAMES KIRKE PAULDING

JOHN BULL was a choleric old fellow who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill pond and which by reason of its being quite called Bullock Island. Bull was generally called Bullock Island. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutter and a notable weaver besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale and small beer and was, in fact, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades and good at each.

In addition to these he was a hearty fellow, a jolly companion and passably honest as the times went. But what tarnished all these qualities was an exceedingly quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other.

The truth is he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to take a part in it, so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head, a black eye or a bloody nose.

Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people, his neighbors—one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers that never get credit for what they are because they are always pretending to be what they are not. The squire was as tight a hand to deal with indoors as out, sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood when they happened to differ with him in certain matters.

One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son, Jonathan, who was familiarly called Brother Jonathan. He fell upon him and beat him soundly. After this he made the house so disagreeable to him that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine knot and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer.

Taking his gun and his ax, he put himself into a boat and paddled over the mill pond to some new lands to which the squire pretended to have some sort of claim. Jonathan intended to settle the lands. When he got over he found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood and inhabited only by wild beasts.

But being a lad of spirit, he took his ax on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood and, clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labors and handling his ax like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into thirteen good farms, and building himself a large house, which he partly finished, began to be quite snug.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy and besides was in great want of money on account of his having lately been made to pay heavy damages for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads—the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well to do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare. So he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something.

He made up I know not what claim against him and under different pretenses managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions, and had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions. But for all this in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large for his age and became a tall, stout, double jointed, broad footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance, but having a lively, shrewd look and giving the promise of great strength when he should get his growth.

He was rather an odd looking chap in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody who had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them and declared he was John's own boy, a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be bustling and saucy, but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone. He used to dress in homespun trousers and always wore a linsy woolsey coat, the sleeves of which were so short that his hand and wrist came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton. All of which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he outgrew his clothes.

While Jonathan was coming up in this way Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny put into them till at last one day when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a passion and threw the teakettle at the old man's head.

The choleric Bull was thereupon exceedingly enraged and, after calling the poor lad an unfeeling, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time, for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer. At last, however, Jonathan got him under and before he would let him up made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms and acknowledging the fee simple to be in Jonathan forever.

Takes The Slant Out of Hills

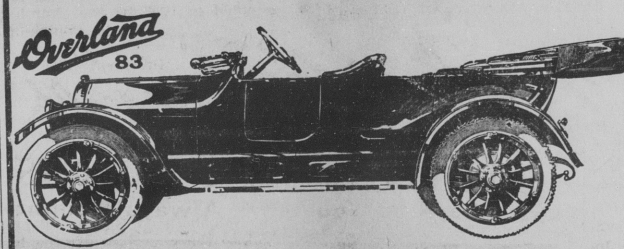


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WELLERSBURG. Miss Dorothy Shaffer spent Sunday and Monday at Mt. Savage. Homer Beal, Albert Sturtz, Roy Robinsonette and Misses Florence Sturtz Carrie Robinsonette and Edna Witt enjoyed Sunday at Narrows Park. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Witt were business visitors in Cumberland on Saturday. The base ball game between Wellersburg and Greenpoint, Sunday, ended in the seventh inning with a score of 8-2, in favor of the visitors. Harry Cassin, the short stop, met with an accident in the first inning and was unable to finish the game. Earl Witt was a business visitor in Cumberland, Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sturtz spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Engle, of Narrows Park. William Ellman, of Cumberland, spent Sunday evening with friends near town. Miss Ruth Preston, after spending several months with her sisters in Kentucky, has returned home. There will be a picnic and dance held at the grove, Saturday and Monday afternoons, and evenings, July 3rd and 5th in celebration of the 4th. On Monday evening Chaffeur Barnhart in driving a car around from Meyers avenue up Centre street ran into and knocked down a man by the name of Wagner who lives at Salisbury, while the latter was in the act of getting on a car. It is thought that the man was not badly hurt. Send us in the news; we'll appreciate it if it is news.

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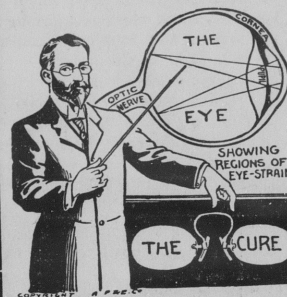
Are You The O'Reilly? My Little Dream Girl. I Want to Go to Tokio. When the Bells at Eve are Calling. Virginia Girl. I'm On My Way to Dublin Bay. There's a Little Spark of Love Still Burning. I Didn't Raise My Ford to be a Jitney. When You Wore a Tulip.

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making preparations to celebrate the Fourth in the good old way—with fire works etc.

Mrs. Wm. Beals of Coal Run spent Sunday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Lester F. Engle. The Knights of Pythias held their annual Memorial exercises at Salisbury last Sunday.

Music was furnished by the Boynton Band and the Salisbury orchestra. Everybody around this village is

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