THE WEEKLY BULLETIN

VOL. II. NO. 3. FLORIN, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1901. 50 CENTS A YEAR

NEWS TOLD IN BRIEF,

Local Happenings as Reported by Our Many Reporters.

All the news, 50 cents a year.

The Florin Hotel will be sold on Saturday.

Ed Booth was off duty four days last week.

Norman Menaugh spent Sunday at Middletown.

John S. Widman is home from Alliance, Nebraska.

J. M. Raymond visited friends at Maytown on Sunday.

Miss Ida Easton of Lancaster was home on Sunday.

H. L. Stoll and family were at Lancaster last Thursday.

The BULLETIN would be a good Xmas present to a friend.

A. L. Yeliets and wife were at Manheim on Wednesday.

David Wolgemuth was at Elizabethtown last Wednesday.

Miss Stella Ishler is spending some time at Elizabethtown.

Ephraim Balmer of Lancaster, was in town last Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Brandt of Salunga, was in town visiting friends.

John Hambright left for Lebanon Valley college on Monday.

Harry Lutz and wife of Harrisburg, were in town over Sunday.

Mrs. Fraley of Harrisburg, visited Mrs. Henry Baer, on Saturday

John Mumma and family of Salunga, were in the village on Sunday.

C. A. Wiley and Frank Mitchel attended the institute at York on Friday.

A. C. Grubb, of Ohio, spent several days the guest of George C. Martin.

John Menaugh of Philadelphia, was home with his family over Sunday.

George Dierolf of Ephrata, was the guest of J. S. Carmany last Thursday.

Al. Haines moved from the Cutter property to the Jacob Seitz property.

[illegible]in Houck and wife of Co[illegible] visited Harry Stoll and B. church on Thanksgiving evening.

Miss Miriam Baer of Harrisburg is spending the week with her grandparents, Henry P. Baer and wife.

Fred Snyder witnessed the F. & M.-Gettysburg foot ball game at Lancaster on Thanksgiving afternoon.

Frances Arndt and wife of this place and Jesse Heisey and wife of near town, visited relatives at Lawn on Sunday.

Christ Charles, who is attending college at Lancaster, will hereafter board in the city instead of coming home daily.

[illegible] well have g[illegible] near Bainbridge, moved into the south side of the new double house in the east end of town.

The spelling bee and entertainment at the Donegal school on Saturday evening, proved to be a grand success.

S. S. Gingrich wishes to express his thanks to Senator J. A. Stober for a copy of the 1901 edition of the Laws of Pennsylvania.

Presiding Elder D. D. Lowery, of Harrisburg, held a quarterly conference meeting in the United Brethren church last evening.

J. Y. Kline and his force of masons finished the mason work on the new building which is being erected near the Farmers' creamery.

75 first-class apple trees for Fall planting. Smith's Cider, York Imperial and Smokehonse. Will be sold at wholesale prices. Inquire at this office.

A certain resident of this place went to Highspire recently aud had the misfortune of losing his hat. That's why a new cap adorns his head of late.

Any one desirous of purchasing a fine, up-to-date dwelling in Mt. Joy, should lose no time in calling on A. S. Flowers. Read the ad. in another column.

We call the attention of our readers to the new advertisements of L. B. Herr, W. C. Sapp and John Baer's Sons, at Lancaster. Read them for holiday bargains.

Henry B. Musser of this place, was last Saturday informed of the death of his son's wife, Mrs. Amos Musser, in Franklin county, caused [illegible] attack of [illegible]

MOUNT JOY ITEMS.

The News of our Neighboring Borough in a Condensed Form.

Charles Ricksecker is confined to his home with a spell of sickness

The funeral of Irvin Kraybill on Monday was very largely attended.

J. F. Fenstermacher was appointed Mercantile Appraiser for 1902.

Borough Council held its regular monthly meeting on Monday evening.

The boilers at the cotton mills were cleaned last Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Owens will offer a large lot of household goods at public sale next Monday.

Sheriff McMichael of Lancaster, made a business trip from this place to the country on Monday.

Benjamin Connelly jr. has improved to such an extent that he visited Amos Baker near Maytown on Sunday.

Emanuel Greiner bought the property of the estate of J. L. Ammay, deceased, at public sale, for $1,275.00.

A surprise party was held at the residence of Amos Shelly on the Manheim road east of town last Thursday in honor of Miss Ellen B. Nissley.

Services will be held in the Union U. B. church on Sunday morning conducted by Rev. Martin Groff, of Safe Harbor. Prayer meeting the same evening at the residence of Mrs. Mary Eby.

Lookout For a Borough.

The latest and largest addition to the village of Florin was made last week and to Henry B. Nissley lies all the credit. Mr. Nissley resides in the eastern end of town and owns the large tract of land between Green alley eastward 670 feet to the property of Christian Shatz. This entire tract of land was surveyed and divided off into thirty-two lots, the majority of which are 200 feet deep and 40 feet wide. The land is laid off very conveniently and extends Square street w[illegible] is forty feet wide, several hundr[illegible]

By the laying out of [illegible]ts, one new street and two alle[illegible]pened. [illegible]en alley i[illegible]treet,

General News.

Isaac Herr, attorney for John S. Heisey, has issued an execution for $350 against John H. Heisey, of Mt. Joy township.

Mrs. Lillie E. Nissley, of Lobata, sent President Roosevelt a turkey for Thanksgiving that weighed thirty-two pounds dressed.

Tuesday noon while playing with his schoolmates, Frank Spicker, a Mastersonville lad, fell and fractured the small bone of his right leg.

A monster spelling bee will be held in the Manheim opera house on Saturday evening. Twenty-five valuable prizes will be given the successful contestants.

The machinery for the new industry at the Farmers' Creamery, is being erected under the supervision of Mr. Roltheuser. The waste milk of creameries will be used in the manufacture of sugar.

John Lindsay, a well known resident of Maytown, died last Tuesday at the County Hospital, death resulting from a cancerous affection of the neck. The remains were interred at Maytown on Thursday.

George Gould while engaged in taking out clay at Lenhart's brick yard near Maytown, on Wednesday, way injured by the bank caving in on top of him. Dr. G. A. Harter attended him. No bones were broken.

An East Donegal man undertook to pick up a stray kitten while he was at work about his barn last week, but the kitten proved to be of the wrong breed of cats and now his clothes are buried in the garden in the hope that thus the perfume may be taken out.

Death of Irvin Kraybill.

Irvin Kraybill died at his home in Harrisburg on Friday morning, of typhoid fever. Deceased was a son of B. W. Kraybill, deceased, late of Mt. Joy borough, and is survived by a widow, daughter of Lewis Seeman and two children. Mr. Kraybill was a printer and for a number of years was foreman of McFarland's printing office at Harrisburg. The body was brought to Mount Joy on Monday forenoon. The funeral was held on Monday at 1.30 p. m., with services in the Trinity Evangelical Lutheran church and interment in the Mount Joy cemetery.

A Good Cough Medicine.

I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an exellent medicine. I have been suffer- [illegible] from a severe cough for the last two [illegible] and it has [illegible]

He Ran Away With an Auto

First Machine in Carson County Tempted Piute Bill

WHILE the talk had stuck to horses the ex-sheriff of Carson county had enjoyed the society of the party of visitors whose liquid hospitality he had been invited to share. When it took an up-to-date turn and switched to automobiles he began to be bored. The conversation wandered among the intricacies of explosion chambers, motors, gears, and the like, and although the ex-sheriff's glass was filled and emptied with the rest, a tired, faraway expression crept over his face and he spat at more frequent intervals into the sawdust box beneath the bar.

"The only machine of that kind that ever come through here," he reflectively said at length, "stirred things up considerable."

Whereupon the entire company, having expressed its interest by the usual invitation, the sheriff removed the superfluous moisture from his sweeping mustache with the back of his hand and told how the first automobile came into Carson county.

"'Twas a couple o' years ago last spring. A couple of fellers came through goin' to Chicago, at least thet was their intention when they struck this camp. The boys was naturally interested in the machine they had, rather big, clumsly lookin' rig at that, but it sure could throw dust. Some of the boys wanted t' race it first off with th' fastest horses in camp, but after the machine did the snake dance all the way around th' speediest broncho in th' bunch, the gang natcher'lly wanted t' be put on how it was done. Well, the chaps, bein' good natured, showed 'em where t' pull a handle t' set her goin', how t' let her out or check her in, 'n what an easy mouth she had.

"It panned out that t'was a dern fool trick t' put th' gang on, cause next mornin' when th' two fellers got up bright 'n early fer a long day's run; no machine! Mike, that keeps th' hotel, and a few of th' early birds was standin' lookin' at th' broken lock on th' door of th' little shack where it had been put over night. A couple o' wide

range, because you'll see there was no tellin' when lead might be comin' over th' bank in chunks. The game was sure treed, an' the boys went at him kinder careful, havin' him cinched as they tho't. We gets into th' bushes an' covers th' road an' th' ford with our guns. Horny Bill and Dave Smith sneaks down stream a little ways from th' bank 'n lays quiet. Then everybody waits awhile, cussin' a bit an' sweatin' like th' devil.

"Of a suddint up pops a Winchester over th' bank. He lets fly six times up th' road, hit er miss, an' by good luck it was miss. Then he dodges down.

"'Pinte Bill!' we all yells as we sees his ugly jaw just over th' bank. So it was, the skunk. In a minute th' machine begins t' chug 'n gurgle down there. 'Twas queer if he was startin up, fer th' creek was full high an' rushin' at a gait over. But Bill an' Dave from behind a tree down th' shore lets out a whoop an' begins shootin'. Then we jumps out t' see th' fun. The fool was sittin' in th' seat with a lariat round his waist, one end tied t' th wagon body, an' steerin' her straight into deep water.

"Of course, th' dern thing didn't float but she was so heavy she run right down inter th' water an' disappeared under, runnin' along th' botton. Bill he stays on top an' it pulls him along like a fish on a line. Funny? Lord, how we did howl! We was laughin' so hard an' most of us was so unsartin' handed from th' booze that not a man could shoot straight enough t' pop th floater. So there was th' machine getting away safe an' sound downstream an' takin' Piute with it.

"Then Horny Bill steps out down th bank an' th' gang quit shootin' t' see what was goin' t' happen next. Piute was quite a little ways from shore by this time an' pullin' away fast. Horny whips out his rope. He wasn't no slouch with it neither, an' though 'twas a long distance throw he lands th' noose square over Piute's head 'n shoulders. Pi tries t' fight it off, but 'twas no go.

"What with th' machine an' th' creek pullin' one way an' Horny an' Bill t'other t'was a tight squeeze fer ol' Pi an' no mistake. Th' air tires on th' machine, though, kinder lifted her a little off th' bottom, I suppose, an' th' steady pull swings her head in t' shore. Then they pulls Pi in, black in th' face an' dead gone from th' squeezin an' bein' under water off 'n on for several minutes. Then comes th' machine climbin' slow up th' bank after Pi, all by itself an' sorter 'shamed like. The paint was most all off her from th' sand an' rock in the creek, an' th' shirt an' th' hide was most all off of Pi 'count of th' two ropes. Th' machine had barely 'nough spokes left t' hold 'er up.

"Well, say! Th' gang just lay down an' rolled over with joy an' gasped fer breath t' see th' pair of them. When they got through they was so weak [illegible] couldn't hev strung Pi up ef [illegible]anted to. But they didn't. [illegible] on Pi an' then [illegible] of it than [illegible]chin'

His wife hastened into the hall to meet him.

"What is it, dear?" she cried as he came springing up the stairs, two steps at a time.

"Come inside, dear, and I'll tell you, although I feel like taking the whole world into my confidence."

"Oh, what is it, Paul? Have you sold the water-colors?"

"Better than that, my dear. I have sold the oil that I did last summer! And what do you suppose I received for it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Fifty dollars?"

"Pouf! I received every cent of $500! Now I can face the world."

And the twain went dancing around the room like crazy marionettes. Five hundred dollars! Prosperity! Plutocratic wealth! Th[illegible]p of joy bubbling over!

What Jane Said.

"Jane, did you say that George had no strength of character?"

"Do you mean George Strickland?"

"Yes, I mean George Strickland, the man I am going to marry."

"Well, you see, dear, I had just heard that George proposed to you, and what I said was that he was very easily suited."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Professional Twister.

"Dr. Bingham's badly used up by his last case, eh?"

"I should say. He pronounced the patient dead and sent for the undertaker, when she came to life."

"He ought to be glad of it."

"Not at all. Having pronounced the girl dead, he considered her recovery a reflection on his kill."—Denver Times.

The Nearest to It Yet.

Blair—There goes Smith's widow. See how bad she looks? Poor Smith has been dead two months now and his widow does nothing else but weep from morning till night! That's what I call devotion!

Syre—Devotion? Why, man, that's what I would call perpetual emotion. —Judge.

Only Natural.

Subbubs—I suppose you would scoff if I told you that a man who used to live in our town, but afterward moved to Colorado, had come back to our town in search of his health.

Citiman—No; that's reasonable. I suppose that's where he lost it.—Philadelphia Press.

A Family Affair.

De Note (at the theater)—That orchestra that plays between the acts is excrutiating. It's enough to drive folks out.

Lobblounger—The leader is a brother of the man who has the saloon next door.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Height of Improvidence.

Mrs. Lakeside—Mrs. Breezy has applied for a divorce, and yet she tells me that she has no plans for marrying again, and no one in particular picked out.

Mrs. Packingham—Dear me! How very imprudent!—Town Topics.

[illegible]sar's Courtship.

[illegible]ed Caesar [illegible]—