

THE WEEKLY BULLETIN

VOL. II. NO. 5.

FLORIN, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1901.

50 CENTS A YEAR

MOUNT JOY ITEMS.

The News of our Neighboring Borough in a Condensed Form.

Phil Brown won an eighteen pound turkey on Saturday evening. H. G. Smoker, druggist, had a telephone placed in his drug store last week.

James Schlegelmilch attended the funeral of his brother in Kansas last week.

John Geib quit working at the cotton mill and is learning moulding at the Grey Iron.

Elmer Givens is repainting the hotel and residence of H. L. Moonhey on East Main street.

J. J. Nagle, who was born in this place, is a grower of fruits and nuts in Golden California.

Jerry Barto of Mount Joy township, cut an ugly gash in the palm of his hand with a hatchet.

The Silver Show Company will appear in the hall on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings.

Samuel B. Spera has been adjudged an involuntary bankrupt in the United States district court.

Mrs. Margaret Dillinger on Mt. Joy street, was suddenly taken ill last Wednesday and at present is very low.

A large pulley broke in the rattling room at the 'Grey' and fell to the floor, nearly falling upon Harrison Gillums.

A Gun Club is being organized in this place. Messrs. Gochnauer and Newcomer are at the head of the new organization.

Thirteen turkeys were disposed of at the supper in the hall on Friday and Saturday evenings, which was a financial success.

B. F. Gochnauer will erect a trap for capturing black birds at John Angle's butcher shop and will hold shooting match with them.

Dr. J. J. Newpher entertained the members of the Mount Joy Hall Association at the turkey supper in the hall on Friday evening.

The terra cotta drain pipes at the railroad cut at the New Haven street bridge, were washed out on Saturday night during the heavy showers.

A train was doing

Many Jurors Drawn.

On Saturday morning 264 jurors were drawn to serve in the January and February courts of 1902. Among those from this section are the following:

Grand Jurors, January 20—H. F. Will, West Donegal and Samuel Kreider, Rapho.

Quarter Sessions, January 20—John G. Reist, Benjamin E. Hiestand and F. A. Ricker, Mount Joy borough and Lewis Hartman, East Donegal.

Common Pleas, January 27—Aaron Taylor and H. R. Charles, East Donegal; Jacob L. Ebersole, Conoy; H. K. Dillinger, Rapho; William Heiman, Mount Joy township.

Common Pleas, February 3—H. S. Newcomer, J. M. Brandt and Daniel K. Shelly, Mount Joy Borough; John S. Bradley, Rapho; Harry Keener, Mount Joy township.

Common Pleas, February 10—Jacob M. Bishop and A. R. Forney, West Donegal and Charles E. Roath, East Donegal.

Our New Industry.

Although Florin does not have all the improvements the majority of the boroughs have, but it is without a doubt that we will have a manufacturing establishment before many a day. In these columns last week we made mention of H. B. Nissley selling lots for an industrial works. The building will be a two story frame structure and will be used for the manufacture of saw cutters and many other important household articles. The ground for the cellar is already vacated and work was begun on the foundation Monday. Two well known local business men are at the head of the concern which firm will be known as Shelly & Kline. They have our best wishes as to their success in the new venture.

Report of Breneman's School.

Following is the report of the third month. Number of pupils in school, males 20, females 16. Following are the names of those who have attended every day: John Gantz, Graybill Wolgemuth, Ervin Schwanger, Paris H. Demmy, Oliver H. Demmy, John Earhart, Henry H. Demmy, John Koser, Annie Sherer, Gertie Sherer, Lizzie Sherer, Mabel Kolp, Lizzie Kolp, Barbara Earhart, Esther Earhart, Gertrude Earhart.

The school is prospering and the patrons and friends of education are all invited to visit the school and come to our entertainment the evening be-

NEWS TOLD IN BRIEF.

Local Happenings as Reported by Our Many Reporters.

Christ Myers of Frazer is visiting in town.

The Racket store in this place is wearing a new front.

Elmer Schlegelmilch butchered two hogs on Monday.

John Stambaugh of Lancaster, was in town on Monday.

E. F. Heiner made a business trip to Middletown on Monday.

John Hossler and George Vogel were at Maytown on Wednesday.

Wm. Gantz and Wm. Abel of Marietta, were in the village on Monday.

Don't forget the entertainment at Breneman's school next Tuesday evening.

Elmer Kline discontinued working for B. H. Greider and is home with his parents.

Watches and clocks repaired promptly by Harry Peopple, Mount Joy, and all work guaranteed.

Butcher C. N. Mumma, of Mt. Joy, bought a 300 pound hog of Joseph Charles on Monday.

Communion services will be held in the United Brethren church on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

Abram Brubaker and sister Miss Annie, of near Kraybill's church, were at Lancaster last Friday.

A gang of repairmen of the Postal Telegraph Company are inspecting the lines in this vicinity.

George Vogel won two rabbits at the raffling at Harry Stoler's, in Mount Joy on Saturday evening.

Sheriff McMichael on Friday morning sold the personal property of T. N. Hostetter for \$988.50.

John Roth left on Monday for the farm of Martin Rutt jr., near Lobata, where he has secured employment.

The United Brethren Sunday school will hold its Christmas entertainment on Thursday evening December 26.

J. M. Keener has the contract for the wood-work of the new building in course of erection for Messrs. Shelly & Kline.

A. L. Yellets and wife and Mrs. Charles Severe attended the funeral of Rev. James Shorter, at Wrightsville last Thursday.

John Keener of Maytown, erected a new one in the Li-

General News.

The rabbit season of 1901 closed on Saturday.

County Superintendent Brecht visited the Rapho schools last week.

William B. Mingle cut two bad gashes in his hand at the Electric plant in Marietta on Monday.

The Maytown Grammar School will hold a spelling bee in the public school building, Maytown, this evening.

Samuel Shearer was appointed guardian of the four minor children of Clinton S. Shearer, late of Mount Joy township.

A trolley car jumped the track on the Marietta—Columbia line last Tuesday where by several persons were slightly injured.

The big mill of Jonas Gingrich in East Hempfield township, near East Petersburg, was partly destroyed by fire on Sunday night.

W. U. Hensel attorney for Fanny S. Sechrist has issued an execution for \$1,000 against Jonas E. Hostetter, of Mount Joy township.

A Christmas entertainment will be held in the band hall at Maytown, by the first and second primary schools on Saturday, December 21.

Constable Isaac M. Cover has preserved peace of Rapho township for a quarter of a century. He is almost six feet high and weighs 200 or more.

The Susquehanna river at Marietta, was higher than ever before within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, at this season of the year, on Monday afternoon.

D. M. Nissley will hold shooting and wheeling matches for a flock of fine turkeys and ducks near Vogel's hotel, Sporting Hill on Saturday afternoon, the 21st inst.

The Milton Grove Literary Society will have a Spelling Bee at the school house in town on Saturday evening, Dec 21. There will be five classes and seventeen prizes given out.

Miss Lizzie A. Stoner has sued John Erisman, of Sporting Hill, for \$1,000 damages. The parties are neighbors and the plaintiff alleges that Erisman, circulated reports affecting her reputation.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Moore, wife of John H. Moore, died at her home, at Moore's Mill, near Salunga, last Monday morning aged forty-seven years, death resulting from jaundice. The funeral was held on Thursday afternoon, with interment at Landisville at 1:30 o'clock.

A Christmas Entertainment.

The Garmmer school of this place will hold a grand Christmas entertainment on Tuesday evening under the direction of C. A. Wiley the teacher. The programme will consist of phonographic selections, dialogues and Christmas recitations interspersed with solos and music by the school. The proceeds are for the benefit of the school. No admission will be charged but all those who wish, can contribute to the silver collection which will be taken. Let the public attend and generously aid a good cause.

Meeting of Tobacco Growers.

A special meeting of the Lancaster

A Suspicious Circumstance.

Mrs. Hokorn (sympathetically)—Why, what in the world's the matter, Samantha?

Mrs. Hayrake (sobbingly)—Oh, dear! Hiram's driftin' away from me, an'—boo-hoo—I'm sure there's another woman in the case.

Mrs. Hokorn—Why, what put sich a silly idear in your head?

Mrs. Hayrake—He went to a barber's yesterday tew git his hair cut, instead uv lettin' me cut it, as he always done before.—Puck.

Then the Argument Ended.

Two young men were having a heated argument over a problem which needed a great deal of mental calculation.

"I tell you," said one, "that you are entirely wrong."

"But I am not," said the other.

"Didn't I go to school, stupid?" almost roared his opponent.

"Yes," was the calm reply; "and you came back stupid."—Tit-Bits.

Of the Earth Earthy.

Impecunious Lover—Be mine, dear Amanda, and you will be treated like an angel.

Wealthy Maiden—Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat and less to wear. No, thank you.—Tit-Bits.

Is It a Freak of Nature?

Jacob Hostetter, residing on Main street is the proud possessor of a cat which appears to be a freak of nature as it seems to be a cross bred between a domestic and wild. It has the walk and color about the head of a wild cat and has the distinction of sleeping on the trees near the house whenever a chance is offered otherways Mr. Hostetter claims it is a perfect pet and a good mouse catcher. It was presented to Mr. Hostetter by his son Andrew, who caught it one moonlight night on the mountains near Scranton, while returning home from a business trip. It was shipped direct to his father, as a token of good luck.

Our town was again visited by robbers last Friday night between one and two o'clock. The place entered was the residence of S. S. Gingrich, on Main street. An entrance was gained through the cellar door at the rear end of the house. After ransacking the place they carried off a lot of canned fruit and meat, Mr. Gingrich just having butchered the day previous.

A Good Cough Medicine.

I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great pleasure in recommending it.—W. C. Wockner. This is the opinion of one of our oldest and most respected residents and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited as was Mr. Wockner. This remedy is sold at J. S. Carmany's Florin, Pa.

Another Landslide.

Another big landslide occurred a short distance east of Bethnton on Sunday afternoon when about 100 tons of rock and ground blockaded the west track for nearly

gangs of repairmen be-

A Changed Career

By JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

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THE three girls sat and stared at one another in dismay.

The milkman had just driven away from the gate. The rattle of his wheels was still audible; and the eldest of the three, the one with the apron and the bunch of keys, faced the others with a countenance that was still pale from the conflict.

"To think of his impudence!" she cried. "Did I ever imagine that a milkman would dare to sit in his wagon and shout at us—absolutely shout—and ask if we were ever going to pay that bill?"

"Oh, it was awful!" moaned the girl with her elbows on the table and the pen in her clasped hands.

"But still, you know," said the curly-haired girl, with an air of conviction, "we really do owe him the money—and maybe he doesn't like to wait. You never can tell what milkmen think on those subjects. What did you tell him, Marian?"

"I told him we expected to have the money in a few days," said Marian, of the apron and keys. "And so we do, if—if any of Madge's stories sell."

A general groan went around the group, and Madge sat with a frown on her brow, biting the end of the pen-staff.

"And surely some of them must sell!" cried she of the curly locks, returning to her sewing. "They can't all miss!"

"And suppose they sell as 'The Derelict' did?" said Madge, in her most pessimistic tones. "That was accepted more than a year ago, you remember, to be paid for on publication—and it hasn't been published yet."

"I hate these old magazines that don't pay for a story till the author is dead from starvation," grumbled Kate, threading her needle with a jerk. "They'd feel nice if they had to bring out that story some day. 'By the Late Margaret Bertram'—but then just as likely as not they'd publish a lot of praise of the promising young author, whose career was cut short in the very beginning," and so on. But I'd rather have enough money to pay the milkman than to have columns of post-mortem praise."

"But, oh, Madge, that last story was so good!" cried Marian, the hopeful. "Somehow, I feel almost sure it will be accepted."

"I know it was a good story," replied Madge, half musing. "I felt as though my very life were going into that story. It seemed almost to write itself. There was strength in it, and courage, and inspiration. And yet—I think it will come back."

And even while the others protested came the postman's whistle, and there were four large envelopes for Miss Margaret Bertram, inclosing four rejected manuscripts; and among them was the story which had written itself.

The three shrinking girls sat and looked at one another, and seemed to hear again the loud taunts of the milkman, and the landlord's rudiments on tenants who allowed their rent to fall into arrears. They went to bed with disappointed

"Hurrah for the reign of the frivolous!" she cried. "The die is cast. I will never be serious again."

And so it came to pass that when the milkman drove up to make sarcastic remarks to them—ladies-as-they-call-themselves-what-don't-pay-their-bills, he found his bill paid and himself dismissed with a celerity that gave him much room for painful thought;

and the landlord's little-matter-of-rent was settled so graciously that he voluntarily put a new lock on the back door and mended the front steps. There was really no limit to the wonders worked by that check. It smoothed away more asperities and restored good-humored smiles to more frowning faces than any similar amount of money was ever able to do before. And it was made so easily, and it would be so easy to make more!

Then for some bewildering month Madge found herself going irresistibly along with the current. She wrote in the new style with a fatal facility, and her work found a market so readily that there was no time for thought. There were no longer any small, irritating debts to vex the souls of the young gentlewomen, and all three of them were able to have wraps as the cold weather came on. How long they had gone without!—and had pretended with airy laughter that they found the weather really oppressive when they were half frozen. Tradesmen who had been rude became respectful—such a promoter of courtesy is the reputation of being in easy circumstances.

And Madge had letters from this and that magazine, asking for her picture and a sketch of her life. Critics commented on the amusing character of her work, and even found in it a wonderful depth of philosophy and a surprising knowledge of human nature. She was invited to become a member of literary societies and press clubs. Young editors of new-fledged magazines besought her to furnish articles for the opening numbers—something bright and catchy—something in the style of 'Ma' Jane's Quiltin', or 'The Ghost Jim Saw.'"

"Oh, how my ambitions have all been wrecked!" she cried, piteously, one day. "I know I am capable of better work than this. I feel ashamed of all this notoriety. I have degenerated into a mere scribbler of comic sketches—a kind of clown, whose business it is to grin and prance and make funny speeches, to keep the people on the benches amused."

"Still, we paid the milkman," said Kate, succoringly, looking up from her work.

"And after awhile you will be able to go on with your real work," added Marian, hopefully.

"I wonder if I ever can?" she mused, wistfully. "I wonder if the world will let me do it? Somehow, I am afraid they will refuse to let me wash off the paint and be my real self."

One evening she was tempted out to some social function at the house of a friend and there she met a certain great editor. For once she felt that she wondered if she would ever be a writer—her—if he would take her work.

It appeared that she had written a story which had written itself.

The three shrinking girls sat and looked at one another, and seemed to hear again the loud taunts of the milkman, and the landlord's rudiments on tenants who allowed their rent to fall into arrears. They went to bed with disappointed