

SOWING.

on thy seed of corn and wait awhile. The snow falling and the ice spray gleam in its hiding place. Hear the wind scream the wild tempest sweep o'er mile and mile. Watch the rain-cloud's vial. Above it, and the fitful beam of light thwart the field until a green shoot up to greet thy smile. God's miracle is wrought above more. From death—from loss, most wondrous gain: the field glitters with its golden stars. The same land where late the norm and rain in the bare, brown earth. Thy sowing e'er, but to wait and pray lest faith should wane!

NICE TRIP WEST.

Commissioner Plessinger Visits Former Fulton County People in Illinois.

FIRST TRIP ON A RAILROAD.

and Aaron Hill, Barton and Ollie, and John and Jackson Morgret, and Maude Winters and Others.

County Commissioner Albert Plessinger, of Whips Cove, returned home a few days ago from a trip where he had been visiting friends. He was accompanied on the trip by Master Elmer Hill, Moses Hill, of Blue Mound, Elmer has his home on the farm of his grandfather, Mr. Abram Plessinger, of Whips Cove. Moses is a son of the late Morgan Plessinger, and was married to Rachel, daughter of the late Plessinger. She died four years ago, and the son was brought to make his home with his grandfather. His father, Moses Hill, has been suffering some time with a paralysis of the lower limbs, and was his desire to see his father. Mr. Albert Plessinger made the trip.

The Buccaneers.

The original "buccaniers" were a wild and picturesque gang. To the waist they were generally clothed in a sunburned and weather-beaten skin, and they wore pantaloons of a coarse linen, dyed and stiffened with the blood of bulls and pigs and held up by a belt of rawhide, stuck full of deadly knives. Their apparel terminated in pigskin boots and no stockings, and they carried a long barreled firelock, loaded with ounce balls of lead.

That Which All Can Give.

The boys from our Sunday schools who are away in Cuba or the Philippines should not be forgotten as the holiday season draws near. But there is a difficulty confronting their friends at home. Hand-painting shaving-mugs and embroidered silk handkerchiefs are hardly suited to camp life. In fact most of the conventional Christmas gifts would be worse than useless.

Her Weakness.

He—This shoe doesn't fit. Try a bigger one.

She (severely)—No, sir; bring me the same size a little larger.

THE AUTUMN FAIRY.

BY LAURA M. ARD.

She is not as sweet or coquettish as her younger sister, Spring, who swings her dainty blossom-wreaths to the love-notes of the birds and coyly whispers love to violets.

She does not possess the gentle grace of blushing, rose-sweet Summer, yet she has her own peculiar, witching charms, a melancholy sweetness, subtle and indefinable as the fragrant breath of lilies.

Grape-crowned, she sits in pensive loveliness; a tinge of sunset resting on her brow, while into her spacious lap, she gathers the golden wealth of the dying year.

She shakes the dew-jewels from her hair and dips her magic wand in dyes of brilliant hue, scattering her autumn splendor in riotous profusion.

She turns the russet corn to burnished gold and silvers the crimson fringe of sumac with the wild cotton's silken tufts. With rosy-tipped fingers, she paints the Virginia creeper's graceful tendrils and waves the scarlet banners of maple.

Reveling in wild, riotous carnivals of color, amid the amber and gold of the chestnut, the flaming red of the gum-tree, the lemon of the hickory, she drapes her forest-halls in Oriental scarfs and hangs her gorgeous tapestry upon the hills.

Her rustling garments stir the rich plumes of golden-rod that bead incessantly to star-like asters, fringing her sylvan paths.

Into the laps of lichen-covered rocks she shakes the brown nuts and spreads her dainty king-cups over the table of the woods. Shy rabbits and cunning squirrels come skipping to the feast and bear away the viands to their homes in hollow trees.

Dryads wrap their limbs in the gray bark of trees and listen, from amid the bubbling sap, to the farewell songs of homeward flying birds, whose liquid notes mingle with the mournful rustle of dead leaves.

Through veils of purple, dreamy haze, come melancholy breezes freighted with the odor of ripened fruit. From out the leafy glades, where twilight dwells at noonday, float the recriminating notes of katy-dids and the low, sweet call of the hermit-thrush comes from neighboring thickets.

Through curtains of gold, the frolicking sunbeams fall nestling among the velvet linings of empty burrs peep into the opal tinted crypts of cotton pods or touch with gilded fingers, the delicate bloom of the grape.

But the fairy-wand soon loses its magic power and one by one her transient glories fade. Low winds blow over the dying flowers, murmuring a sad requiem, and fortelling the approach of keen, piercing blasts.

Then over the dainty, starry asters and bending golden-rod; over the tender ferns, and mosses, velvety and green, the Autumn Fairy softly throws a russet mantle, and the woods, stripped of its splendid festoons, stands bare and desolate, as a royal banquet hall, robbed of its princely garnishings and deserted by its guests.

How is your old friend Jones getting along?

He has been coining money up to last Wednesday. Why did he stop then? He was arrested. What for? Coining money.

Even a legal light can be turned down.

The dentist's business should be a howling success. It's a question whether the good die young or the young die good.

No, Maude, dear, a razor is not all that is required to raise a whisker.

Hoax—"What do you think of the Boers?" Joax—"They are unspeakable."

Before a girl throws herself at a man she must be sure that he is a good catch.

A man will go off and get loaded, but a gun has to be loaded before it goes off.

A man talks of your mistakes usually to hide his own.

It is bad to acquire the habit of folding one's arms. Occasionally people don't find out as much as one is afraid they will.

DEATH OF AN AGED AND WELL-KNOWN STOCK DEALER.

Daniel Augustine, one of the most prominent citizens of Somerset county and a former well known cattle dealer of this county, died at his late residence in Petersburg, Wednesday, October 17, at the advanced age of 82 years.

He was born on July 4, 1817, being a son of Peter Augustine, Sr., one of the pioneer settlers of Somerset county, and from whom Petersburg took its name. Daniel Augustine, like his father and grandfather, was endowed with excellent business capacity and at one time was the owner of fifty-two fine farms, many of them located in Somerset county.

Several of his farms were located in the Cumberland Valley and still others in western states. He began his business career as keeper of the old "Augustine stand," one mile east of Petersburg, where he conducted one of the best and most popular hotels along the old National pike, in the palmy days of that great thoroughfare.

In addition to looking after the business of his hotel Mr. Augustine dealt in horses and stock and made an occasional turn in real estate, so that when he retired from the hotel and removed to Petersburg it was said that he had accumulated not less than \$50,000.

At Petersburg he engaged in the mercantile business for a short time, but soon abandoned it in order that he could devote his entire attention to stock dealing and real estate. He erected a handsome brick residence at Petersburg, which he occupied up until the time of his death. Mr. Augustine dealt more extensively in live stock than any other citizen of Somerset county and was uniformly successful. He made several distributions of his estate among his children, but was still a rich man at the time of his death.

Mr. Augustine was an active worker in the Methodist Episcopal church since early manhood and in his death the congregation at Petersburg sustained the loss of one of its most generous members.

He is survived by four children, two sons, Ross and Jasper of Uniontown, and two daughters, Miss Amanda, at home and Laura, wife of Colonel Anderson, a practicing attorney of Washington, D. C. Ross Augustine is well known here, having visited in McConeburg recently.

You Will Never Be Sorry.

- 1. For living a pure life. 2. For doing your level best. 3. For being kind to the poor. 4. For hearing both sides before judging. 5. For harboring clean thoughts. 6. For standing by right principles. 7. For asking pardon when in error. 8. For square dealing in business. 9. For giving an unfortunate person a lift. 10. For doing all you can to make others happy.

TERMS OF COURT.

The first term of the Courts of Fulton county in the year shall commence on the Tuesday following the second Monday of January, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The second term commences on the third Monday of March, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The third term on the first Monday of July, following the second Monday of June, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The fourth term on the first Monday of October, at 10 o'clock P. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. S. McC. Swope, Associate Judges—Lemuel Kirk, Peter Morlon, Probationary, A. G.—Frank P. Lynch, District Attorney—George B. Daniels, Treasurer—Theo. Sipes, Sheriff—Daniel Sheets, Deputy Sheriff—James Ramey, Jury Commissioners—David Ritz, Samuel H. Fendley-Smith, Auditors—John S. Harris, D. H. Myers, A. J. Lumberman, Commissioners—L. W. Cunningham, Albert Plessinger, John Stunkard, Clerk—G. W. Kirk, County Surveyor—John Lake, County Superintendent—Clem Chesnut, Assessor—W. Scott Alexander, J. Nelson Sipes, Thomas E. Sloan, P. McN. Johnston, M. R. Shaffer, Geo. L. Daniels, John E. Sipes.

FOR SALE.

D. EDWARD FORE offers his Store and Property for sale. Possession given at once to the buyer of property and goods. Lotter my line of goods for sale at the lowest cash prices. Knit felt hats, all kinds, suits with cover, at \$2.50; others at \$2.00. Shoes at the lowest prices without regarding to advance of 10 to 50 per cent. in manufacturers price. All goods sold for cash at a reduction of 5 to 10 per cent. I WILL NOT BE UNDERPAID and will allow you 25 cents per dozen more for eggs. In trade, that any business man also dried fruit of all kinds. Pure bought in season. You will find my stock consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Hardware, Queensware, Tobacco, Cigars and general line of goods, complete. Prices low for cash. Remember I will not be underpaid.

D. EDWARD FORE, Globeville, Pa.

A QUESTION OF TALK.

Students of human nature will find much material for deep study in the case now under consideration in a Trenton Court, where a favorable decree has been recommended in the suit of Mrs. Carrie Smith for separation from her husband, Wm. Smith, of Jersey City.

Divorces unfortunately are hardly less common in New Jersey than in most other parts of the Union, but they seldom happen with such peculiar surroundings. In this instance it appears the wife-plaintiff is a woman of great beauty and accomplishments, but a deaf-mute. On the other hand, the husband has the average outfit. He wedded his better half on account of her personal charms and presumably booked himself for a long career of domestic happiness since there is an alleged general belief among married men that nothing is more conducive to harmony in a household than silence in a wife.

But the circumstances following the marriage and that have culminated in the application for divorce give the rudest kind of a shock to this silent theory. Instead of being happy under such supposed ideal conditions the husband not only tired of the unbroken peace that reigned at his fireside, but even sought relaxation in the society of another woman endowed with the average tongue equipment of the sex. Such a marked preference for female talk in an individual who had special opportunities of enjoying all the comfort claimed to exist in exemption from woman's talk, seems to thoroughly disprove the idea that conversational power in a wife is an unmixt evil, and to prove that unobtainable happiness is not too desirable in married life.

Blessed are they who seem to borrow their neighbors' paper, says an exchange, but come to the sanctum and laying down the price of a year's subscription on the desk, say, "Put me down on your list. I like the paper very much." Yes verily, they are happier, their family is happier and such as they, are entitled to a front seat next to the band.

PROGRAM OF WELLS VALLEY S. S. ASSOCIATION.

WELLS VALLEY S. S. CONVENTION composed of all the schools of Wells township, to be held at the Bethel Church, New Grenada, Nov. 22, 1909. All Ministers laboring in the district and Superintendents of the different schools are expected. All other S. S. Workers and Members are cordially invited.

Music will be furnished for the occasion by the New Grenada Choir.

9:30 A. M. Devotional Service, W. H. Spangler.

9:45 Greeting, C. H. McClain.

9:55 Response, Miss Alice Wisnart.

10:05 Minutes of last Convention.

10:15 Receive Reports of different schools in the Valley.

10:25 Thanksgiving Sermon, Rev. Dressler.

2:00 P. M. Devotional Services, Rev. W. J. Sheaffer.

2:15 How does a Model S. S. pupil use the S. S. Lesson Helps? Mrs. E. A. Horton, Z. P. Horton.

2:25 Open Parliament, Hon. S. P. Wichart.

2:35 Query Box.

2:50 Appointment of Committees.

2:55 Adjournment.

6:30 P. M. Song Service, New Grenada Choir.

6:45 Worship, Rev. E. P. Roberts.

Music.

7:00 Mr. J. C. Bracey will read a paper—General S. S. Work.

7:10 The Home Department Work of the S. S., Thomas Ramsey, James Louder.

7:25 General Discussion.

8:30 Closing Exercise.

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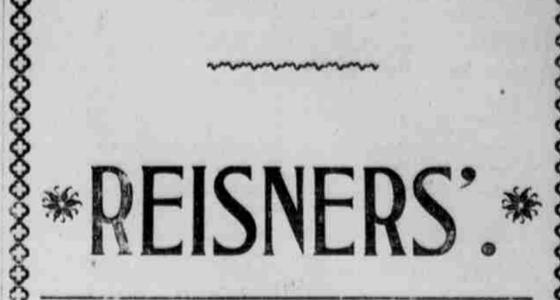
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FALL AND WINTER.



We are now prepared to show our Friends the Largest and Best Selected Stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE IN FULTON COUNTY, (a claim that is being extensively made.) Satisfy yourself about that matter. We will show you the

LARGEST LINE OF Ladies' Wraps

that Fulton county has ever had in it, and at prices as low as is consistent with perfect goods. The range in Plush capes \$2.50 to \$13.00. Cloth capes as low as \$1.25. See them. Jackets, \$4.00 up. We have the prettiest line of

Ladies' Skirts

to show you from 20 cents to \$2.00.

Dress Goods in Stacks.

A good Wool Suiting for 19 cents, well worth 25 cents.

Ladies' and Men's Neckwear,

—Lots of new, nice things.

A matter of interest to all is good warm UNDERWEAR, for cold weather. We have it.

We have a case of 32 dozen of MEN'S SHIRTS and DRAWERS, at 40 cents apiece, that lots of people won't be slow to ask 50 cents for. They are perfect in make and fit, and in every way acceptable. Of course we have lots cheaper, and several lines of Underwear at 50c., 75c. and \$1.00, and up; Ladies' from 20c. to \$1.00. Children's 10c. and up.



A Word about SHOES

We have two lines of Ladies' and Children's Shoes that we will stand against anything anywhere, price considered, for fit, and wear, and appearance. A general line, including Men's, Boys', Ladies' and Misses', that will stand against any line, we don't care who produces them, or their price.

We are selling a very fair Children's Shoe, 8-12 at 65c. A first-rate Oil Grain Shoe for women at 98c. Men's Boots as low as \$1.50. A very good one.

Ready-made Clothing. A larger stock than you will find anywhere else in town. We know the prices are all right, every time.