

A MECHANICAL MARVEL.

What Sixty Miles an Hour Means to the Locomotive.

It all sounds simple in the recital. The wonder of the thing comes into view only when one reflects on the speed and nicety with which cumbrous parts are made to do their duty.

Sixty miles an hour is the merest commonplace to the mind of the up to date railroad man, but it means other things besides those described that are wonderful to the outsider.

Your friends may not know much but they always know what they would do if they were in your place.

The world did not come to an end, nor did the stars fall as predicted. Life is full of disappointments.

The difference between a standard encyclopedia and a walking encyclopedia is, that you can shut the standard up.

In going up the ladder of fame you have to be careful not to be knocked off by the other men who are coming down.

If you want up-to-date wedding invitations come to the NEWS office. The best material and latest styles of type.

It is a delicious comfort to be absolutely sure of what you like in literature and absolutely indifferent to what other people like.

Philanthropist—a man who squeezes the last cent out of the people under him in order to make religious and charitable donations.

This is the season of the year when it is customary to speak of the turkey as the national bird. We carefully refrain from doing so.

Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken? asked Tommy.

I should spank whoever did it, said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son.

Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle, said Tommy, coz papa's broken it.

It is a fact that every baby is the sweetest baby in the world. You were once considered the sweetest thing in the world, although you may not look it now.

"Now stop crying, Tottie," said a Brooklyn mother to her little girl, who had been quarreling with her brother.

"I'm sure Bennie will take back all the mean things he said," "Yes, he'll take 'em back," was the sobbing reply, "so's he'll just have 'em ready to use over again."

The great detective paused. The horseless carriage containing the murderer passed here just twenty minutes ago, he said. The other man looked astonished.

But I see no wheel tracks, he cried. No, said the great detective, calmly, but if you'll sniff a little you'll get the odor of the kerosene.

VERY DIFFERENT INDEED.

Thanksgiving day always found Mr. Tawker in a reminiscent mood, and this particular Thanksgiving day was no exception to the rule.

"Ah! this is very different from the old time Thanksgiving days," he sighed; "really, it's enough to disgust a man with life. Why even the turkeys are smaller than they used to be when I was a boy down in Indiana! We had turkeys then; why, one of 'em would have filled the middle of this table!"

"But, Neezer, dear," his wife said—his name was Ebenezer, and she called him Neezer for short—"your father's family was larger, too. A 17 pound turkey would be too much for two people."

"Ah, it's very well for you to apologize; you haven't the same standards of comparison—things naturally grow smaller in Delaware. Luckily, I don't complain. Will you have some breast?" He laid down the carving knife with a resigned air.

"Of course we hain't. What should we do with a hoe in a third flat? Isn't the knife sharp?"

"I can manage it; exercise is good for the appetite. However, divorces have ensued from slighter causes."

She tried to smile. "Yes, I remember hearing my Uncle Tom say that dull knives caused sharp words. But I'm sure the turkey is tender. Your mother said—"

"Oh, Neezer, your mother sent it for a surprise!"

Mr. Tawker gave a laugh like that of an amateur actor, "I—er—guessed that the turkey was from mother, and—ah—wanted to tease you a little. Yes, the turkey's all right, if I had a knife such as my father had. I'll see the man that sold you this knife to-morrow; he'd cheat his grandmother, and I'll tell him so! What is it now?"

"Eat your turkey, Sarah. How can a man enjoy his dinner, with you talking all the while? Yes, this is like old times—a real Indiana turkey and a sharp knife to carve it with. Now, if only Sam Thompson was here, with his old fiddle. He used to come over on holidays and play 'The Suanee River' until you didn't want to go to Heaven unless Sam was there, too. Great guns, what's that?"

"It's the people in the flat below. They expected company for dinner, and now I suppose they are having a little music."

"You call that music, do you? Humph! some city musicians that know too much to play tunes."

"Why, that's the 'The Suanee River' now, dear. Where are you going?"

"For the police. If a man can't have a quiet dinner at home without that—that squawking, it is time!"

He answered a knock at the door. It was the little boy from the flat below, saying: "Please, Mr. Tawker, pa says won't you and Mrs. Tawker come down. Your old friend, Sam Thompson, from Indiana, is there with his fiddle, playing 'The Suanee River' like he used to, and he knew you'd enjoy it."

"Isn't there lots of kinds of doctors?" asked the disciple of cheerypathy; "there are allopaths and homeopaths, osteopaths and—"

"Yes," answered the dyspeptic gloomily, "all paths lead but to the grave."

Lady—"You ought to be ashamed to admit that you can't find anything to do when the papers says they want thousands of farm hands out west." Sandy Pikes—"Farm hands? Why, I ain't got farm hands, lady. I see got city hands."

Mrs. Anna Carl, of Hancock, widow of Mr. D. A. Carl, received from Camp No. 18 P. O. S. of A. \$275. This benefit is given to all widows of deceased members.

MEN TO DO ROUGH WORK.

Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in an address before the Franklin County Teachers' Institute, the other day, took occasion to say that "an estimated value of an uneducated man for forty years has been made at \$18,000; that of forty years of educated labor at \$40,000. The farmer who keeps his boy at home to plow to save paying a plowman robs his boy of \$9 each day."

While out hunting for deer about fifteen miles from Lewisburg, Tuesday, Frank Blair, of Mifflinburg, was shot by his companion and will probably die of the effects. While Blair was walking through some brush his companion saw the brush shake, and, taking him for a deer, he fired a load of buckshot, the most of which lodged in his liver.

Farmer Jones (to a tramp whom he finds in his hayfield)—"What you been sleepin' on out here all night?" Weary Walter—"Hay!" Farmer Jones—"I ast you what you been sleepin' on."

Hunters must not forget that it is unlawful for any person to hunt with gun, dog or net upon the grounds or lands of another without first obtaining permission from the owner. The fine is not less than \$3 and not exceeding \$100. It may save trouble by first obtaining permission to hunt.

The maddest man in Platt county, Neb., lives at Humphrey. He attended a social, and during the evening the ladies inaugurated a hugging bee, the proceeds to go to the Sunday school. Prices were graded according to the person hugged. For instance, for hugging a young, inexperienced girl the bidder had to give 10 cents, married women brought 15 cents and widows a quarter. Well, the man was blindfolded and, giving up 15 cents, he said he would take a married woman.

After he had hugged 15 cents' worth the bandage was removed from his eyes, and lo and behold he had been hugging his own wife! Then he kicked and wanted his 15 cents back.

Never eat soft bread for breakfast if there is a crust of hard biscuit in the house. New bread that often looks fluffy and light is like so much lead when it reaches the stomach. And that is why half the world is so stupid and cross in the morning. If fresh bread must be eaten, put it in the oven or on a toasting griddle before serving, and give the family the benefit of the carbon and the teeth something to do.

It is not too early to announce your spring sale in our sale register. It will prevent others from appropriating your date.

The First Train.

Sixty-two years ago last Thursday [November 16, 1899] says the Shippensburg Chronicle, the first train from Harrisburg to Chambersburg crossed the Cumberland Valley bridge at Bridgeport. The train left Harrisburg at 10.00 a. m., arriving in Chambersburg at 3.00 p. m. The party left Chambersburg at 10.00 p. m. and arrived in Harrisburg at 6.00 the following morning—eight hours in going fifty-two miles. The same distance can now be covered in less than one hour.

Citizens in the neighborhood of Snow Shoe, Centre county, are earnestly considering the advisability of organizing vigilance committees. Cattle and other live stock have been stolen in such numbers that the owners have come to the conclusion that an example must be made of some of the thieves.

While out hunting for deer about fifteen miles from Lewisburg, Tuesday, Frank Blair, of Mifflinburg, was shot by his companion and will probably die of the effects. While Blair was walking through some brush his companion saw the brush shake, and, taking him for a deer, he fired a load of buckshot, the most of which lodged in his liver.

Farmer Jones (to a tramp whom he finds in his hayfield)—"What you been sleepin' on out here all night?" Weary Walter—"Hay!" Farmer Jones—"I ast you what you been sleepin' on."

Hunters must not forget that it is unlawful for any person to hunt with gun, dog or net upon the grounds or lands of another without first obtaining permission from the owner. The fine is not less than \$3 and not exceeding \$100. It may save trouble by first obtaining permission to hunt.

The American women have the smallest hands in the world. Gloves made in France for the American market are smaller and narrower than any other in the world, and the fingers are made more slender, as American women will discover who have to buy a pair of gloves in any provincial city in Europe. Probably no American woman with a hand, which excites no remark here, has traveled long abroad without discovering that it is only large shops in big cities which keep gloves small enough for her, and a lady with a hand just below the American average, living in one of the largest cities in eastern Europe, recently found herself forced to send to New York regularly for her gloves. It is idleness that makes the hands small, work enlarges them. We do not want to be understood to say that the American women are the laziest in the world.

THE 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 COUNTY OFFICERS. President Judge—Hon. S. McC. Swope. Associate Judges—Lemuel Kirk, Peter Morton.

PROTHONOTARY &c.—Frank P. Lynch. District Attorney—George B. Daniels. Treasurer—Theo. Slipes.

CORONER—Thomas Kirk. COUNTY SURVEYOR—Jonas Lake. COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT—Clem Chesnut.

ATTORNEYS—W. Scott Alexander, J. Nelson Sims, Thomas F. Sims, F. McKe, Johnston, M. R. Shaffer, Geo. B. Daniels, John P. Slipes.

FOR SALE. D. EDWARD FORE offers his Store and Property for sale. Possession given at once to the buyer of property and goods. I offer my line of goods for sale at the lowest cash price.

READY-MADE CLOTHING. A larger stock than you will find anywhere else in town. We know the prices are all right, every time.

FALL AND WINTER. REISNERS'. We are now prepared to show our Friends the Largest and Best Selected Stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE. FULTON COUNTY, (a claim that is being extensively made.) Satisfy yourself about that matter. We will show you the LARGEST LINE OF Ladies' Wraps. Ladies' Skirts to show you from 20 cents to \$2.00. Dress Goods in Stacks. Ladies' and Men's Neckwear. A Word about SHOES. Ready-made Clothing. A larger stock than you will find anywhere else in town. We know the prices are all right, every time.

LAUGHTER'S LEARNED TO COOK. ed to have old fashioned things, like hominy and greens; ed to have just common soup, made out of pork and beans, w the bouillon, consommé and things made from a book, at an feu and Julienne, since my laughter's learned to cook. ed to have a piece of beef—just ordinary meat— old pig's feet, spareribs, too, and other things to eat, now it's fillet, and ragout, and eg of mutton braised, venison au gratin, and sheep's and Hollandaise, a la Versailles—a la this and is that, we bread a la Dieppoise—it's enough to kill a cat! ile I suffer deeply I invariably ook were delighted 'cause my daughter's learned to cook. ve a lot of salad things, with dressing mayonnaise, s of oysters, Blue Points, fricassée—a dozen ways, ange roly poly, float, and peach hering, alas, I to wreck a stomach that is anor of plated brass! ed old things have passed away, u silent, sad retreat. lots of highfaluting things, but othing much to eat, hile I never say a word and al-ways a pleasant look, I've had dyspepsia since my daughter learned to cook. SS MARY WAS KISSED. s Mary Edwards, of Ash- as a bean, says the Char- bserver, and her father, an enthusiastic sports- ms a shotgun. While im- tly waiting for the season n, he would get out the gun evening, handle it with af- and discourse on its mer- til his wife and especially e daughter were weary of bject of guns. s Mary, who has a loving a sparkling eye and a keen of humor, rather liked her Mr. Arthur Wildman, but m somewhat arm's length bation, as it were. called last week, and the e people chatted in the par- chile the old folks made eives comfortable in the room. a going to kiss you," said ldman to Miss Mary, "you dare," said the young "I'll certainly make you it." t I really am going to," r. Wildman. you do I'll go tell papa," ss Mary, with a twinkle eye and without the slight- mpt to get out of the way. g her nonchalance for a a's consent, he grabbed and her. She promptly whack- on the cheek with her hand en, leaving the room and g across the hall, said to ther, with the sweetest of smiles: "Papa, I've been Mr. Wildman about your un and he asks if you won't t to him." rdnly, with great pleas- said Mr. Edwards, delight- ave some one take an inter- his new pet. ing up the gun he walked spectant pleasure into the Widman was waiting, that doubting the girl's pur- m the man with the gun n the door Mr. Wildman's , accompanied by Mr. an himself, went out of the w without even taking the tion to arise the sash. Edwards looked around at ighter dumbfounded. She ed all she could no longer Holding her heart in her she said: "Father, you be careful how you go at with that gun. Really, if I know you well, I should be sure several times you to shoot me with it. You be more careful. How am to get married if you run us off like that? Take the old gun away." Wildman is still missing. ed set a hen, but the hen ate; she sits. We can set h eggs and she sits with tion, hope and parental eance. That you may act when you mean to e please measure your sen- this sentence: "The ates is a country upon sun never sets, and on other country ever

