

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

Denisar Writes How is Getting Along in Illinois. Work Plenty. Big Crops. Wages Good.

CAMERON, ILL., December 16, 1899.

I left home September 28th, bound for Illinois via the P. R. R. to Chicago, and there, over the C. B. & Q., landed in Cameron at six o'clock, p. m., September 29. The country from Chicago to Cameron is very level—some places I can see 25 miles in any direction. There are no mountains, nor rocks to farm over here. The places the land is a little high, but not so bad as some farm land in Pennsylvania. I commenced to work for my uncle L. C. Mellott, October 2nd at \$30.00 per month. Corn and wheat are the main crops here—wheat raise from 2000 to 20,000 bushels of corn. When they get a bushel of corn here, mean shelled corn—or seven-five pounds of ears at crib-time, or seventy pounds of it becomes thoroughly dry. I commenced to pick corn the 9th of October and finished the 9th of December. We had 5 bushels—an average of 51 bushels per acre. It seems odd to take a team to the field to pick corn; but, after the first days, I could crib from 50 to 75 bushels a day. We had fine weather for work and got our corn all in, but got the day we finished. There was about two inches of snow on the ground, and the temperature four degrees below zero. There are lots of cattle and hogs here—from 40 to 200 head of hogs on every farm. Farmers do not all feed cattle, some of them feed as many as a hundred head at one time. Cattle sell as high as 7 1/2 cents a pound—the highest price for years. Hogs are worth four and a quarter. Corn brings from 25 cents and oats, 22. I expect to commence work in a grain store December 26; and if I do the work, will have a steady income of \$30.00 a month, board and things included.

I expect to stay in Illinois, as it is much better and work is plentiful than in Pennsylvania. I receive the "News" regularly every week, and it is like getting home.

C. O. DENISAR.

RAILROAD PENSIONERS.

It is officially announced that the plan of pensioning aged employees by the Pennsylvania railroad will be put into effect on January 1, 1900. There will be employees retired and pensioned from that date. Thereafter all officers and employees not 70 years of age will be retired and pensioned on the first day of the month following their attainment of that age. The plan provides an age limit for the retirement of new men, no new men to be taken into the service who is over 25 years of age. The pensions paid equal 1 per cent for each year of continuous service of the average salary for the last ten years. If an employee has been in the service of the company for 40 years and had received an average for the last years \$40 per month in regular wages, his pension allowance would be 40 per cent of \$40, or \$16 per month.

The plan also provides for the retirement of all officers and employees between the ages of 65 and 70 years who, having been 30 years in the service of the company, are physically disqualified. A very simple treatment proved very unfortunate to a savings bank in a rural district recently. An editor, in writing the constitution in his paper, the president is a very tall man and the cashier is short. He had less than an hour the depositors were asking, "How much—how much?"—At the constitution.

THE HOME IN THE MOUNTAIN.

[The following sentences were penned by one who lives alone in a home in one of the mountains of this county. While the author has not enjoyed the advantages of education, and the thoughts are not expressed according to the strict rules of grammar and rhetoric, there is about as much truth expressed as we sometimes find in a more pretentious article.—Editor.]

What pleasure it is to dwell in this mountain home—all alone! What joy to think of in the coming years when we shall have left our pleasant mountain home below.

We'll dwell with God and the angels high—up in the sky.

We'll have joy for ever and ever with angels 'round that blessed throne—on high.

We'll have nothing to do but to sing praises and psalms unto our God, who doeth all things well.

What joy to think on, as we pass along the pathway of life—joy to think how happy we shall be, when we get home above, and have left this toilsome world and are with the saints of the Lord—never to part—never to sever. We'll have pleasure for ever and ever. Joy and peace and pleasure. No fighting nor quarreling in that home of the Lord.

All will be peace and quietness in that home above where our dear Jesus dwells today. What joy it will be to think there will be peace and love and harmony forever?

In that home on high, it will not be like it is on earth. If we wish to enjoy all these blessings we must exercise more love and not so much hatred to each other.

Some persons think they can be Christians and serve the devil half the time—just so they have their names on the church book here on earth. I fear such will fail to find their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life in heaven, unless they serve the Lord more perfectly and forsake the devil.

"If ye hate one another on earth ye cannot be my disciples, saith the Lord."

We must love one another as our Heavenly father loves us, or we cannot enter the kingdom of God. Now, my friends, in conclusion, turn from your iniquitous ways and live a righteous life and be saved in heaven.

If not, you will be cast down to hell, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched—there to burn forever in that dreadful hell prepared for the devil and his angels. But, if you repent, you shall be saved and you will be forgiven of your wickedness. You must strive daily and love one another devotedly, and there will be hope for you in the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. But if you hate your brother there is no hope for you in Christ, for he that says he loves God and hates his brother is a liar; and no liar will inherit the kingdom of God. If he loves his brother whom he has seen, how can he love God whom he has not seen? He says, Little children love one another; be kind and affectionate one toward another. Kind words never die.

Be humble. He that would borrow, turn him not away empty, but give him such things as he needeth and God will reward you in the end. Be kind to the poor, feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Try to be faithful to the end and God will bless you. If your fellow-man, God will hold you responsible for your misdoings and you will be brought to judgment for your dishonesty; for it is not right to defraud one another. Be kind and good, and try to live together in peace and harmony, as we haven't many years in this life to live together. Let us all do the best we can in this world, and God will reward us in the next!

People who say that the winters are getting milder are wrong. When the records are consulted it is found that the variations in the past were about the same as now. The winter of 1854-5 was remarkably mild and that of 1855-6 very severe. In the last year of the last century pinks and other flowers blossomed in February in many places and peach trees were in full bloom in March. We have had very severe winters during the present decade, but it looks as if the last winter of the century is to be a mild one.

It is generally the girl that one thinks will die an old maid who marries the best.

IT TURNED OUT WRONG.

A Married Man's Experiment That Didn't Have the Desired Effect.

While a certain citizen was waiting in a certain barber-shop for his turn to be shaved, he picked up a news-paper, and the first thing that caught his eye was this:

"No matter how busy a man may be, he should find time every day to tell his wife that he loves her."

The paper fell from his hand as he fell to musing upon the golden past. Once more he was a young man, living on hope and six dollars a week, with a wife and two children to cheer him on his way. Those were bright and happy days, because they were full of love. He used to talk to his wife a great deal about love in that halcyon time, but he didn't do it now.

He couldn't tell how or when or why he had dropped the practice, but he had to confess to himself that he had.

Just then the barber shouted: "Next!" and the citizen roused up with a start, and got into the chair.

The barber said it was a nice day, but the citizen was so lost in thought that he heeded him not, and made no reply.

The towel went under his chin, and the lather went on his face, and the sable man who bent over him intimated that it looked very much like rain, but he was so deep in thought that this remark was also wasted.

The citizen was thinking of the happy hours when love's young dream was his, and he was going without everything in this world he could, to save money to buy furniture. And from that he began trying to remember the last time he told his wife he loved her, but he couldn't do it to save his life. It was too far back. He had been married a long time.

At this he felt ashamed of himself, and determined that he would do better in the future—yes, very much. So he blurted out:

"I'll do it! I will—I will!" "What's that sir?" said the barber, stopping suddenly, with his razor in the air.

The citizen blushed through the lather, and said it didn't matter. He had been pondering that newspaper item so deeply that he had forgotten where he was.

When he started for home it was with the firm resolve that he would turn over a new leaf, and make his wife's heart bound with joy. He would tell her that she was dear to him, and see the roses bloom in her cheeks once more.

The thought was delightful, and made him feel as fine as if he had money in every pocket.

When the citizen reached home, however, the wrong planet must have been having too much influence in the sky, for his wife had but just a moment before come out of the kitchen, after having had a dreadful time with the hired girl, about something that hadn't been done to suit her.

The citizen was too much occupied with his new idea to notice her excitement, however, and so he walked up to her side, stooped to kiss her, and tenderly said:

"My dear, I love you." "Simon Henry!" exclaimed the astonished woman. Have you lost your senses?"

"No, no, my dear. I—I—" "Don't you dare to dear me! You've been drinking again. That's what you've been up to. As though I didn't have trouble enough already, that you must—"

"You're mistaken, my love, I—"

"Not another word!" exclaimed the angry woman, with snapping eyes. You'd never act that way if you were sober, O dear me! dear me! You're a beast! That is what you are!"

The citizen tried to slip his arm around her waist, but she pushed him from her, and shouted:

"Keep away from me, or I'll hurt you! I won't let you make fun of me to my face!"

And the disappointed citizen went out into the gloaming and leaned against the cold iron fence to think some more.

He thought he would like to see the man who wrote that newspaper item—"Ram's Horn Brown," in Indianapolis News.

ENGLAND'S BIG CONTRACT.

As the war in the Transvaal goes on, it is becoming evident that England has a bigger contract on hand than she bargained for and that the people of this country knew little a few months ago about the land or strength of the Boers. Now that maps and history have been studied, it is seen that Great Britain has entered upon a task greater than any she has encountered or undertaken since the wars with Napoleon. It matters not what price she must pay in blood and treasure, England must go on, or receive a shock that will be felt throughout her vast dominions and lower her prestige among the nations. Self confidence at first made her underrate the work before her, just as we did in the Philippines and as did the leaders in our Civil War when the first call of 75,000 men was thought sufficient to restore the Union. Recent events show the Boer war is not a contest for the "Horse Guards," as was assumed in the beginning, but one which will test to the utmost the resources of the Empire. Even now it seems probable that England will have to put not less than 150,000 men into the African campaign—one of the largest armies she has ever employed at one time in the field or so far from home.

At this moment, with English reverses of a most serious kind reported, the situation, political and topographically, is decidedly in favor of the Boers. With a possible confederation of all South Africa, and insurrection at every point, the war has assumed proportions similar to that which lost England her American colonies. It is true that she is richer now than in 1776, but her responsibilities are in proportion and the jealousies and power of her enemies are also greater, which may lead to a diversion of her energies to protect interests already established. Under the circumstances, English statesmen may as well admit the facts frankly and make ready to confront the worst which can be expected. England's standing army amounts to 230,000 men, supplemented by a volunteer force of 250,000 in a fair state of drill and discipline. A large portion of both these forces will be needed—the former to fight, the latter to hold what is taken and guard the base of supplies—for the military authorities estimate that the Boers have now at least 50,000 fighting men, while some place the actual armed force at 75,000. All are seasoned and hardy fighters, excellent shots, thoroughly acclimatized, provided with the best modern weapons and with a good, if not large, field artillery train, fully acquainted with the topography of the country in its aspects of offense and defence, and adepts in that kind of defensive warfare in which their strategy, so far admirably displayed, will find its most skillful outlet. They have immense stores of arms and munitions of war, as well as food resources, their country is one of the best in the world for defensive operations, and they will fight with the courage of despair. The Boers have staked everything on this issue, and the dogged tenacity of their race cannot be for a moment questioned. To conquer such a people under the conditions which will rule in the rear as the British attack pushes on, the fighting power in the front should be at least half as great again as that of the Boers, with enough force to hold the communications intact and do garrison work.

Such is the task England has undertaken as presented by the latest news and estimates and read in the light of recent defeats. She has put her hand to the plow and cannot look backward, for, as we have intimated, in case of final defeat her prestige would wane in every part of the world, it would add vigor to the hostility of other nations, endanger her colonial power and hurt her strength in ways innumerable. The fact that she must conquer is the best assurance she will in the end, but victory will be bought at a fearful price.

WHO BEATS THIS?

Peter Wright of Thompson township, has, during the season, killed the following: 154 squirrels, 35 rabbits, 28 pine martens, 16 hawks, 7 crows, 2 pheasants, 2 woodchucks, 1 red fox, 1 muskrat, and 1 opossum. If any other hunter in the county has made a better record, let him step to the front. The poultry raisers owe Mr. Wright a vote of thanks for his destruction of so many hawks.

SCHOOL REPORTS.

Akersville—G. I. Covatt. Third month ending December 18, 1899. Names of those attending every day—Belvia Akers, Irene Barton, Julia Conner, Ethel Jackson, Ada Ott, Earl Jackson, John Ott, Stanley Akers, Benson Akers, Be Hixson, Ira Duvall, Blaine Hixson, and Lum Duvall. Number enrolled 33. Per cent. of attendance 90.

AN UNSOUGHT PARDON.

Among the stories of that former governor of Texas familiarly known as Sam Houston is more than one amusing tale. There was a financial agent of the penitentiary who had warmly opposed the election of Governor Houston, but was particularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position. Consequently the governor was soon in receipt of a Petition in which the man's years of faithful service and special qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself. The governor sent for him and said gravely, "it appears from this petition that you have been in the penitentiary eight years."

"I have," was the reply.

"And during that time you have performed faithfully every duty that has come in your way to the best of your ability?"

"I have," answered the agent, his courage swiftly rising.

"Then, sir," said the governor, with the air of one conferring a priceless favor, "I pardon you out."

It's all well enough to bring gifts to the wedding, but what the bride most wants is presence of mind.

It is hard to convince some people that time is money. Those who have the least money often have the most time.

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 2 o'clock P. M. The third term on the Tuesday next following the second Monday of June, at 10 o'clock A. M. The fourth term on the first Monday of October, at 2 o'clock P. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. S. Mett. Swone. Associate Judges—Lemuel Kirk, Peter Morton. Probationary—Frank P. Lynch. District Attorney—George B. Daniels. Treasurer—Theo Sipes. Sheriff—Daniel Shotts. Deputy Sheriff—James Bame. Jury Commissioners—David Roitz, Samuel H. Hochensmith. Auditors—John S. Harris, D. H. Myers, A. J. Lamberson. Commissioners—L. W. Cunningham, Albert Plesinger, John Stantard. Clerk—S. W. Kirk. Coroner—Thomas Kirk. County Surveyor—John Lake. County Superintendent—Chas Chesnut. Attorneys—W. Scott Alexander, J. Nelson Sipes, Thomas F. Sloan, F. McN. Johnston, M. R. Shaffer, Geo. B. Daniels, John P. Sipes.

THE CORNER.

Mrs. Asa Harris had been on the sick list, but is better at present.

Charles Houck spent last week at his home in this place.

Miss Osa Mellott has returned to her home after a pleasant visit among her friends at Pleasant Ridge.

Mrs. Will Reed and son spent Sabbath with her mother.

Wetz Lake has moved from the Corner to Franklin county, and John Clevenger will move from Mercersburg to the Corner. He has rented the house owned by John Harr.

The young folks of our village, that attended Institute at McConnellsburg last week were Miss Abbie Mellott, Harry Shaw and Henry Carbaugh.

Our school is preparing for a local institute on Friday night.

M. Chick, after a pleasant visit with his cousin, Mrs. Anna Mellott, has returned to his home in Adams county.

Bruce Smith, of Franklin county, made a flying trip to the Corner on Monday.

Blanche Houck spent Saturday and Sunday at Laurel Ridge with her friend Daisy Shaw.

Mrs. John Harr is visiting her friends at Siloam.

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G. W. Reisner & Co.

Extend a Hearty Invitation TO EVERYBODY.

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

that Fulton county has ever had in it, and at prices as low as is consistent with perfect goods. The range on 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 keep the prices are all right, every time.