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FATE.

BRET HARTE.

The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare, The spray of the tempest is white in air;

The winds are out with the waves at play, And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim, The panther clings to the arching limb;

And the lion's whelps are abroad at play, And I shall not join in the chase to-day.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea, And the hunters came from the chase in glee;

And the town that was builded upon a rock Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

WHEN DARKNESS FALLS.

If this be sleep, Sit by me while I sleep; if it be death, No mortal power may stay the fading breath;

But stay thou by me, be it sleep or death.

If this be sleep, When I awake, I fain would see thee by.

Watch thou my bed with thine unsleeping eye, And take my hand in thine when I awake.

If this be death, Speed thou my soul upon thy steady prayer;

If this be death, I go I know not where Oh, stay thou by me, be it sleep or death!

SAYING GOOD-BY.

The Turk will solemnly cross his hands upon his breast and make a profound obeisance when he bids you farewell.

The genial Jap will take his slipper off as you depart and say with a smile: "You are going to leave my despicable house in your honorable journeying—I regard thee!"

In the Philippines the parting benediction is bestowed in the form of rubbing one's friend's face with one's hand.

The German "lebe woh!" is not particularly sympathetic in its sound, but it is less embarrassing to those it speaks than the Hindoo's performance, who, when you go from him, falls in the dust at your feet.

The Fiji Islanders cross two red feathers. The natives of New Guinea exchange chocolate. The Burmese bend low and say "Hib! Hib!"

The "auf wiedersehen" of the Austrians is the most feeling expression of farewell.

The Cuban would consider his good-by anything but a cordial one unless he was given a good cigar. The South Sea Islanders rattle each other's whale teeth necklaces.

The Sioux and Blackfeet will at parting dig their spears in the earth as a sign of confidence and mutual esteem. This is the origin of the term "burying the tomahawk."

In the islands in the straits of the Sound the natives at your going will stoop down and clasp your foot.

The Russian form of parting salutation is brief, consisting of a single word "prashchai," said to sound like a sneeze. The Otaheite Islander will twist the end of the departing guest's robe and then solemnly shake his own hands three times.

Cruelly Repressed.

"It's a shame; that's what it is!" exclaimed the boy, wrathfully. "I can't have any fun at all.

"What is the matter?" asked the sympathetic neighbor.

"Dad says he will lick me if he ever hears of me fighting with a boy smaller than I am, and I dashed fight with a bigger one.

A Lost Bit of "David Harum."

From the East Orange (N. J.) Gazette.

[Everybody is talking about David Harum, the shrewd old country banker and horse trader of Edward Noyes Westcott's story. Everybody is quoting his golden rule to "Do unto the other fellow what the other fellow'd like to do to you and do it fust." Everybody is agreeing with the sentiment that "a reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog; it keeps him broodin' over bein' a dog." But not everybody knows that the manuscript of "David Harum" was first submitted to a publisher who lives in East Orange; that for personal reasons this gentleman declined it; that in some way one of the chapters, entitled "When David Harum Visited East Orange," was lost. That such, however, are the facts, we have on the authority of one of our clergymen, who recovered the lost chapter and read it at a recent meeting of a prominent literary organization.]

"John," said David, on one of their evening rides, "did I ever tell ye about that pair of sorrel colts I sold to a fellow down in Jersey?"

"No," said John, "but I would like to hear it."

"Wall, it was some few years ago, I had as fine a pair of sorrel horses as I ever drew a line on. Gen'l Wolsey was up this way and I took him out for a drive with 'em. The gen'l, says he, 'David, did ye ever see the hoss show down t' New York?'

"No, I hain't," sez I.

"Wall, sez he, 'you'd ought to see it; it's just your line, and you'd like it tremendous. And what's more, sez the gen'l 'you oughter take down them hosses; you'd get a ribbon for 'em sure; and if you'd sell 'em,' sez he, kind of softly, you might make a hundred or two."

"Wall, sez I, 'I'd like to go.'

"I'll fix it up for ye," sez he.

"Wall, the gen'l got it all fixed up, and they had a big yaller building there, and I swan they had more hosses in it'n they be in all Freeland county; and the folks—wall prob'ly you bin there and I can't tell you anythin' 'bout it. But say, John, I heard more fool things said 'bout hosses in them four days than I ever heard afore in all my life, and I've heard a good deal too. The 'ain't no truer verse in the Scripture than that un 'what fools these mortals be!' An the 'ain't no more likely place for a human being to prove it than when he gets to drivin' a hoss. Why, those fellers when they wanted to make a hoss start, hit 'em a clip with a great long whip and the poor critters 'ud jump, and wonder what they'd ben doing. That ain't no way to start a hoss. Made me want to wipe the dust with their durned white pants, it did!"

"Wall, time came for me to drive the sorrels round the ring, The noise and all the stir made 'em stand right up, and I tell you I was proud. They were as quiet as kittens, though, and they moved off as much as to say, 'We aren't afraid of you, all you folks, but if we just had a road here we'd show you some hosses!"

"Wall, after I got through, a lot of fellows with long coats and plug hats come round praisin' the colts, and askin' 'fool questions. I noticed one feller 'lookin' at 'em kind 'o serious, and pretty soon Gen'l Wolsey come up and sez, 'See that han' sum feller with the black mustache?'

"Yes," sez I.

"Wall, sez the gen'l, 'his name's Brown; he knows more 'bout iron than any feller in the 'nited States, and he don't know it fer nothin' neither' sez he.

"All right," sez I, 'fetch him on.' "Pretty soon the feller come, and sez right out, 'I want a pair of hosses just like them, but I'm afraid they're too spirited. You know it's different drivin' hosses over in Jersey than 'tis up in the country, so many trolleys and bicycles and things.'

"Wall, says I, 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll meet you over in Jersey just as soon as I get out of these diggin's and I'll drive you all round your trolleys and things, and if them colts cut up the least bit, you'll be much obliged to me for a ride. If they are as nice as kittens, you pay me \$800 for 'em.'

"All right," says he, after thinking a minute, 'I'll do it.' "So we 'greed to meet at four o'clock Sat'day afternoon at the East Orange railroad station.

Early that morning I started for Jersey with the colts, an 'fore that feller got there I'd got them so used to trolleys and steam cars they'd hardly look at 'em, and when he cum I stood the colts right near the engine, and you'd ought to see his eyes stick out when them hosses never moved a muscle. Wall, we had a fine ride, and we ended up to his house; and it 'twas a dandy, I tell you! Then says he, 'Now, Mr. Harum, it's just our eating time, and you have got to stay and have some dinner; and what's more you've got to stay over Sunday with me, too.'

"Wall, I sez, 'you're the driver now,' for I kind o' liked the feller and thought I'd stay.

"Well, come next morning, he says. 'Now, Mr. Harum, I allas go to church, and I'd like fust rate to hev you go with me. We got a good minister and some good folks, and you'll like it.'

"Wall, he'd been so awful good to me I couldn't very well say no. I found out 'twas a Methodist church, and then I wished I had spunked up and stayed to home. But I was in for it, so I shut my teeth and vowed to grin and bear it.

"After all, 'twant so bad. The preacher looked most like a priest, and had on one of them choker vests you don't have to wear no-biled shirt with, and after a while he got to talking and I swan I liked him. He told 'em he was going to talk 'bout the greatest thing in the world. I supposed it was going to be the Methodist church or the Prohibition party, but 'twant no such thing. 'Twas just doing good and lovin' people. And he told these folks they wa'n't no religion 'cept lovin'; and I said to myself, ol' fellow, if you'd come up to Homeville, I'd go to church 100 per cent. more'n I do. (David's rule was to go to church every Thanksgiving day if he felt like it.) When we come out Brown asked the same question folks always ask up to Homeville: 'How'd you like the minister?'

"Wal, says I, 'he's sound all right, and he'd make as good a mile in the back pasture as he would 'fore all the folks of Freeland county fair.'

"Come evening, Brown sez he, 'Now, Mr. Harum, I don't alluz go to church evenin's but there's a friend of mine goin' to talk to a Presbyterian church down here, and I want to go.' He said he wasn't a minister, so I thought perhaps I could stand it. Wall, we got to a great big church, and they was an old feller playin' the all-firedest big organ I ever yet set eyes on. Pretty soon he struck that piece you sing, 'bout a feller sittin' one day by the org'n and not feelin' ex'actly right, jest joggin' long with a loose rein for quite a piece, and so on, an' then by strikin' right into his gait, and goin' on stronger and stronger, and finally finishing up with an A-men that carries 'em quarter way round the track 'fore he c'n pull up. Wall, they did some fine singin' and the minister prayed a little, and then he said he'd been asked to say something 'bout a bill in the legislature he didn't know anything about, and he wanted to int'duce a jedge that did know something 'bout it.

"Darn sensible minister," says I. Then the jedge got up. My, but he was a fine looker. Sixteen hand high, neck like a Norman and powerful in the shoulder. Wall, he didn't make no great splurge, but he talked an awful lot of common sense about the poor fellers he sent to jail, and how he'd like to fix it up so-se they would come out better instead of worse. Then says he, 'There is a lady here I wish would sing, 'Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?'

"Then the organ man played, and the lady got up, real pretty an' modest lookin' an' begun to sing. She hadn't mor'n got under the wire 'fore she began to make the women feel all roun' for their bank'chiefs, and I swan I got out my bandana 'fore she got through the fust verse. I couldn't help it.

"The boy of my tend'est care, The boy that was once my joy and light, The child 'o my love and prayer!" "I never had no real mother, you know, John; she died 'fore I

was 2 years old, and 'twas too much for me. Then she kept on: "Once he was pure as the mornin' dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee.

"John, I was way back in the ol' shanty 'fore my mother died; seem's if I could 'member what I never could afore. And I shut my eyes and I would see my mother, and me, a little baby, kneelin' down an' her a-tryin to learn me how to pray; knowin she'd got to die, and then they wouldn't be no one to learn me. Johh, I got my mother back that night; and that girl'll never know how much good she done.

"And I say, John, if you ever get to feelin' wicked and a-thinkin' the 'aint no God, nor no goodness in the worl', just you go down to Jersey to my friend Brown, and let him take you round to church.

HE GOT INFORMATION.

A man who does not take his home paper, but occasionally answers advertisements in "story papers" has had some interesting experiences, says an exchange. He learned that by sending one dollar to a Yankee he could get a cure for drunkenness. Sure enough he did. It was to "take the pledge and keep it." Later on he sent fifty two-cent stamps to find out how to raise turnips successfully. He found out—"Just take hold of the tops and pull." Being young he wished to marry, and sent thirty-four one-cent stamps to a Chicago firm for information as to how to make an impression. When the answer came it read, "Sit down on a pan of dough." That was a little rough, but he was a patient man, and thought he would yet succeed. The next advertisement he answered read, "How to double your money in six months." He was told to convert his money into bills, fold them, and he would see his money doubled. The next time he sent for twelve useful household articles, and got a package of needles. He was slow to learn, so he sent a dollar to find out "how to get rich." "Work like the devil and never spend a cent." That stopped him but his brother wrote to find out how to write a letter without pen or ink. He was told to use a lead pencil. He paid five dollars to learn how to live without work, and was told on a postal card, "to fish for suckers as we do."

The Chicago Times-Herald says that during the coming winter there will be an army of 35,000 men engaged in the remaining pine forests of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan cutting logs for the market. The present supply of pine lumber is insufficient to meet the demand, and it will not be many years before consumers will be obliged to go out of the country to get any considerable quantities of white pine. In 1892 the three white pine States—Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin—were cutting at the rate of 7,000,000,000 feet annually, which they had six years later reduced to 5,500,000,000 feet. Today the country is back on the basis of consumption in 1892 and the basis of production in 1898, and it will take some time to make up the difference of 1,500,000,000 feet. The forests of Michigan and Wisconsin are now so nearly exhausted that they can never make it up, and the entire burden will rest upon the Duluth and Minneapolis districts in Minnesota. For the next ten years these two districts can probably produce as much pine as they are now cutting. At that time the end of the white pine timber of the United States will be in sight.

Daniel D. Rinehart, east of Waynesboro, has workmen clearing the trees from a seven acre peach orchard, and will again turn the field into farming land. Mr. Rinehart was one of the most successful peach growers in that section, but it is his opinion that the bearing life of a peach tree is only three or four years. He has another orchard from which he still hopes to harvest some fruit. The condemned orchard was thrifty and prolific, bearing fine fruit, but many of the trees are dead and others past bearing. It is said there are many orchards in the peach belt in the same condition.

MAN'S PHYSICAL DEFECTS.

Uneven Shoulders, Arms, Legs and Hips Are Numerous.

A man can be measured to the best advantage, tailors say, away from a glass. Standing before a mirror he is almost certain to throw out his chest, if he does not habitually carry it so, and take an attitude that he would like to have, rather than the one he commonly holds; whereas the tailor wants him, as the portrait painter wants his subject, in his natural manner. With the men in that attitude, the tailor can bring his art to bear—if that is required—in the overcoming of any physical defect, and produce clothes that will give the best attainable effect upon the figure, as they will be actually worn.

The physical defect most common in man is unevenness of the shoulders. One shoulder is higher than the other, and this is a defect often encountered, though the difference in the height may not be so great as to be noticeable, except by one accustomed to taking note of such things. This is a defect that is easily overcome by the tailor, when it exists in a comparatively moderate degree. It is done sometimes simply by cutting the coat to fit on each shoulder, the perfect fitting coat carrying with it the idea and the appearance of symmetry. Sometimes, and this is commonly done in cases of more pronounced difference, symmetry is attained by the familiar method of building up or padding the lower shoulder. The influence of the lower shoulder extends down on that side of the body, so that sometimes it is necessary below the arm to cut that side of the coat shorter. Next to unevenness of the shoulders, round shoulders are perhaps the commonest defect. A very common thing is unevenness of the hips. A difference of half an inch here would not be at all remarkable; it is sometimes much more. If a man finds one leg of his trousers—the legs as he knows, being alike in length—touching the ground while the other clears it, he may reasonably consider that there is a difference somewhere in his legs. It may be that one leg is longer than the other, but it is more probable that one hip is higher than the other, or one leg fuller, so that it takes up the trousers more and thus gradually raises the bottom more. It would be a common thing if men were seen with their waistcoats off, to find suspenders set at uneven heights. The variation in the suspenders might be required, to be sure, by a difference in the shoulders, and not in the legs.

It is common to find men's arms of different lengths. The difference may be so as to require no special attention in the making of their clothes, but it is frequently necessary to make the coat sleeves of different lengths. The fact appears to be that there are not many perfect men, that is, men of perfect harmony of development and perfect symmetry of proportions, in which respect man is like all things else in nature, like horses, for instance, and trees; but in the greater number of men these defects are within such limits that they might be described as variations rather than substantial defects.

A gang of five or six men broke into the office of Henry Roth's flouring mill, just north of the central part of Fayetteville, Franklin county, early Tuesday morning of last week, and wheeling the safe from the office, out of the building, pushed it 150 yards away, broke it open, stole over \$100 in cash and disappeared.

Mrs. George Stubs was burned to death in her home near Harper's Ferry on Thanksgiving day. She was paralyzed and unable to move, and during the absence of her husband the building caught fire and was burned to the ground. The fire is supposed to have caught from the chimney.

On the first of the month conductor Andrew Martin severed his connection with the C. V. R. R., by resignation to engage in business in Carlisle. Conductor Abner Wetzell, formerly of Carlisle Accommodation, succeeds him, and brakeman Charles Sipes has been promoted to conductor of Carlisle Accommodation.

A WORLD For the Holiday

If you want An Elegant Cheap Suit we are making them. Hands to make six suits every week, and we are making them better than ever.

Our Suiting and Pantaloon assortment large. After all it pays to have suits made to order, although our Ready-made Clothing is larger than ever and we sell more.

If you want anything from a Hat down, in our Furnishing line we have it. Call.

A. U. NACE & SONS

BANKS BROS The Big Chambersburg

Our Holiday display is attracting crowds from all over the country. No one thinks of visiting Chambersburg without coming to the Big Store.

Toys, Dolls, Fancy Goods, Books, Games, Tree Ornaments, Chairs, Fancy Lamps, Chinaware, Glassware and everything you can think of.

BANKS BROS Chambersburg,

5 per cent discount if you bring this advertisement with you.

A Wonderful Variety of ROCKING CHAIRS

Very Nice Designs from \$1.25 to \$2.00. COUCHES AND LOUNGES, large stock, pretty patterns, nice and comfortable. Some very handsome new SIDEBOARDS, den Oak.

Extension Tables and Morris Chairs,

New lot of Ladies' Desks, \$3.50, and Up. Dressing Tables, Parlor Tables, Plant Stands, Clothes Poles, India Seats, Piano Benches and Stools, Etc.

And a great variety of Household Furniture, you will find nowhere else in this section.

H. SIERER & CO Furniture Makers on Queen Street, CHAMBERSBURG,

INSTITUTE

—AND— C. C. BENDER STORE

Will be the great centre of attraction this winter. The Finest Candies for the Ladies and Cigars for gentlemen.

Then his store is just chock full of Fancy Articles, Notions, Christmas Goods generally.

One door west of Fulton House.

C. C. BENDER