silawrence, viceroy of Inas a blunt man of action, ost of contradiction and while self relinut. Yet, my of the truly great, he penct as tender as a wo The night on which he from London to govern e gathered all his family drawing room and made ald repeat a favorite hymn His youngest son, 10

id, nestled in his father's Suddenly the strong man ball never," he cried, "see

sachild again!" us not of the hardships bemor of his own death he at but of the fact that Berand not be a child to him on

chourd the steamer with the corgeneral of India was a rifeher infant child. She god the baby, which reditself by crying day and The passengers comdin language more forcihin polite.

ward, throw that baby wrd!"was petulantly shoutom sleepless berths.

est Lord Lawrence, seeing the child was left motherwitsown mother, took it on ne. For hours he would it showing it his watch and ing that would amuse it. alld took to the great strong and was always quiet when

Thy do you, my lord," asked the relieved passengers, ded to see the governor molof India playing nurse to ring baby, "why do you take initice of that child?'

Seause, to tell you the "answered Lord Lawrence, merry twinkle in his eye, schild is the only being in dip who I can feel quite

ask seldom comes to the who depends upon it.

buya man has a very weak now that house cleaning and bu making is at hand.

in the chiropodists may at the pinnacle of fame, but sure forced to begin at the

lefellow who stole a sawmill Illinois, no doubt said nothbut intends to saw wood.

aple never seem to reach any asion about the telephone, bugh it is always being talked

metime ago Prof. W. Chamformerly of Newville, and er of "Shorty" Chambers known to McConnellsburg repeople, issued a challenge arnetists to meet him in a et for the championship of wild. None accepted. This him the cornet champion world, and it may be adthe rest of mankind.

J. B. Boon writes that on th 14, he was driving up the of the River Jordan when her Secretary of Agriculture, mas J. Edge, of Harrisburg, isked him to baptize Mrs. in the river as Christ was and Several persons had regated on the banks the river and the preachexpressed his willingness if wali geta baptismal suit. An men soldier who had been scrowd at once offered the This poncho. This and an but furnished the baptis-The party was rowed Alabs to a suitable place and hiptism by immersion was

By Tyoung girl is careless how much money a young spends for her. Three and clars for a horse and carwha can poorly afford, per-8 jet she will go with him Safter week, with no particu-Merest in him, unmindful apently whether he earns the ey or not. He makes her ex-We presents. He takes her concert, going to which, ally, save for her pride and allantry, a walk would be viser than a carriage ride for ral dollars. A young man lects a young woman all the who is careful of the way in the spends his money, and THE VERY YOUNG MAN.

His Plaid Stockings and Big Money Make Him Conspicuous.

He boarded the Woodward avenue car at Graftolt avenue, where there was already a crowd of thirty or thirty-five inside. He squeezed into a seat and a woman holding a child partially cozed out at the end by the door. A dozen people glared at the very young man. He hitched up his trousers four inches above his shoe tops and regaled the other passengers with a sight of his plaid silk hose. Every one knew the very young man has received those "socks" for Christmas, but he wasn't aware that they knew it. Atop
the very young man's head rested a
stiff hat with a crown so low that the
entire apparatus looked like a fried
egg, done brown on one side.

The young man's clothes were cut
very large. He wasn't specific to the

very large. He wore no overcoat. There were creases in his sleeves and his necktie was plaid, like the hose. He were besides these things a vacucus smile of imbeedlity, such as is of-ten seen on the well-bred scion of a noble European home. Such was he

By and by the conductor opened the back door of the car and let in about a ton of winter weather and himself. He closed the door after aim and the passengers shivered. The very young man smiled as vacuously as ever, and gave his trousers another litch. Shortly the passengers felt they would be by the passengers felt they would be able to tell the color of the elastics hold ing those stockings up. "Fares," yelled the bold conductor, extending a grim paw here and there. The very young man reached into the lower right hand pocket of a vocal waistcoat of stripes and checks and pulled out a rolled up bill. This he handed to the conductor, first unrolling it, so that the peo-ple alongside could see that it was a

'Smallest you got?" growled the

'Yes, smallest," smiled the very young man. The conductor knew he lied, but the very young man didn't know what the conductor knew. The latter rolled up the bill again and poked it into his pocket, then he reached into an inner compartment beneath his overcoat and pulled out a double handful of nickels and dimes. These he stacked like the dealer of a fare game. Unloading a pile on the youth he said, "That's one dellar." Before the very young man could count the coins another was dumped upon with he words, "There's another dollar." Somebody snickered. The vacuous smile left the countenance of the very young man and he reddened like unto a beet. "There's another dollar. That makes three."

The man opposite laughed outright. The red on the very young man's face deepened. He no longer counted.
"That's four," and another dump came. "Then here's the rest," and still another handful of nickels and

pennies was unloaded on the youth.

Laughter in the car was general. The youth, weighed down with wealth, made for the door and swung from the car at Edmund Place, even if he did

live on Alexandrine. And the only regret of the other passengers was that they had not seen the color of the elastics that held up the plaid hose.--Detroit Free Press.

BLUFF WON THE DAY.

A Yankee Tourist Didn't Propose to Be Left Out in the Cold.

"Here at home bluff doesn't count for much," said the globe trotter, "but I'm telling you that a good stiff bluff, for much," said the globe trotter, "but I'm telling you that a good stiff bluff, with a cheeky American behind it, is worth a lot of money in Europe. When I got around to Nice last year the best hotels were crowded and I had to take up with a small room. On the same floor was a German who was occupy done with the person who owned it. He invanied the most movel had to have his eyes blindfolded. It was many years since he played at for felts, and he felt something of his lost youth steal over him when he was asked to declare to whom "this pretty article" belonged, and what should be done with the person who owned it. of course, the man didn't propose to be turned out. The landlord coaxed and argued, and the German growled and muttered, and I followed them down to the office to see how it would come out. At the deak was an American I had run across in Venice-a buyer for a Chicago dry goods house. When the landlord and German began difficult task upon himself, to gabble in chorus the buyer pulled "Captain Ruthven will have to kiss a bank check from his pocket and reached for a pen, and said:

"All this talk is of no use. I want rooms here. I will buy the hotel and Sir, what is your cash price for this hotel?"

"'You would buy this hotel!' ex-claimed the landlord, as he threw up his hands in surprise.
"'Grounds and all, and I want it

to-day. How much—a million—three or four? And what name shall I fill in on the check?"
"Say, now," laughed the tourist,

'but you ought to have seen that thing work! The German had determined to be ugly about it, but when he bumped up against a man who had as soon pay four millions as one for what he fancied, he felt awed and humbled and ready to quit. The landlord fig-ured that to turn away such a Croesus would ruin his house, and it wasn't half an hour before the bluffer was installed in the suite and the German was chucked away into a dog hole on the top floor; and that wasn't all, mind you. When they sent the buyer a bill based on his supposed millions he got up and threatened to buy up the town and start six soap factories to run-ning, and they cut every item in two and begged his pardon to boot, I don't believe that chap had \$1,000 to

his name, but he just walked over everything and everybody for two weeks, and it was current gossip that he owned the whole of Chicago and a good share of St. Louis and Cincin-nati. Nothing but a cold bluff, which wouldn't have taken him into an American dance hall as a deadhead, but it was equal to a letter of credit for \$1,000,000 over there."—Seattle

Honey Stopped the Clock.

A church clock at Harborne, near Birmingham, England, was found to have stopped on account of been swarming in it and filling the works with honey. It took two days to get the honey out. Another Yorkshire clock was stopped by a bird, which made a practice of roosting on one of the hands.

The man who throws his overcont aside when the first warm spring day comes is presty suce to add to the incomes of the dectors a little later.

You will notice that the man who pronounces it "A-prile" is usually. past the middle age—given to weather reminiscences, and never wears a buttonhole bouquet.

Riches take unto themselves wings . bet permit too much to be people experience no trouble in making the money fly.



(Continued From Last Week) "That is May Brooke," said Dr. cent. "See how they surround ber!

No party ever goes off until she

Presently the crowd broke up, and Captain Ruthven saw a face that he never afterward forgot. Its was fair and sweet and charming, but it not a Greeinn face; it was an English one, with the tints of a rose-leaf. Per-hips the mouth was too large to be strictly symmetrical, but the sweet, sensitive lips were faultless in color and shape. The bine eyes were clear and innocent as the eyes of a little child. Rich brown waving hair fell up on the white polished shoulders. Cap-tain Ruthven had traveles much, as he had seen the most beautiful women of London and Paris, but he had never seen anything so sweet, so modest and graceful as this young girl. Her eyes fell timidly when he was

introduced to her. There was nothing of the flirt in May Brooke, but, in common with others, she had heard so much of the young officer that she was

anxious to see him .
No thought of "Winning the prize" troubled her calm, slmple mind. her he was a great hero something quite out of her line, to be admired for his bravery. Further than that her thoughts did not travel.

As she stood talking with quiet grace to Dr. Brent, Captain Ruthven booked carnestly at her. He liked her tall, slender, girlish figure, the soft, low the musical laugh, the pretty, graceful action. He liked the simple braiding of the wonderful hair, with

the little white wrouth that crowned it.
"The nicest girl in the room,"thought the captain, "I shall amuse myself with her; there are intellect and spirit in her face. How it lights up ! What can Frank be saying?"
Like the brave officer he was, Cap-

tain Ruthven resolved to do his duty first, and take his pleasure afterward. "I must dance with those blg Misses ewell," he said to himself, "and then

I can talk to May Brooks So the Missen Sewell were made quite bappy. The captain was a good dancer, and be did not forget to utter the "sweet praises that ladies love" The girls were delighted with him, and talked about him confidentially all the

Yow for Miss Brooke," said the capthin; and he had no somer asked her to pecually him the next polks, when there was a cry of "Forfelts!" and he saf down by her side to watch

But it was not likely that so popular a person as Captain Ruthven would be allowed to sit by and take no part in what was going on. A large number of forfelts and been collected, and amongst them was one from himself, but none from May Brooke.

Miss Sewell declared that he should ery them. Down upon his knees went the captain, patiently submitting to floor was a German who was occupy done with the person who owned it, ing a suite, though not spending much money or putting on any style. Ong day there was a great row. The landlord had asked him as a particular den silence, as Miss Sewell, holding something above his head, asked what the owner was to do in order to re-

deem it.
"Let him kneel to the prettlest, bow to the wittiest and kiss the one he loves best," said the captain, returning to the old formula.

Then there was another hugh, and he found that he had imposed a very

Dr. Brent," said some one mischiev-ously. "He loves him best of all." "Captain Ruthven knows better,"

rejoined the young officer.

Quick as thought he had knelt to Miss Sewell, bowed to her sister, and half thrown one arm around May Brooke, But Miss Brooke objected. "I beg your pardon," Miss Brooke, e said. "Pray allow me to redeem

my forfeit." Not in that way," she said, with a smile, although her face grew crimson

as she spoke. You will lose your ring, Captain Ruthven," said Mrs. Sewell, "for Miss Brooke will never allow you to re-Will you not?" he asked, looking at

the sweet, blushing face. "Not in that way," she said gently; and Captain Ruthven, bowing respect-

fully, turned away. "I shall keep the ring," cried Miss Sewell. "It is such nousense, May! No one minds what they do for a forfeit-it does not mean anything serious, you know. You can inform me,

Captain Ruthven, when you have ac-complished your task." to his face, and the young officer felt as though be would have given all his chance of promotion for permission to redeem his ring.

The little incident made a great impression upon the captain; he had played at forfeits often enough, but he never remembered to have found any one so coy as this modest, grace-

"That is the kind of girl I would like to marry," he thought—"that is my ideal."

When he danced with Miss Broots his eyes lingered upon her face; ever thought, every feeling was picture there; the calm, innocent, eyes we the index of a beautiful mind. had talent, too, of no mean order, a and repartee; she was a keen observewith a great sense of humor. He was struck with the originality of her

ideas and the simple beauty of her

thoughts.

He sat by her side during supper. He had no thought of failing in love with this innocent child-for she seemed such to him. He only wondered that he should ever have found any one so like the ideal he had formed to himself of a true woman. He felt it pleasant to be near her, to hear his own name spoken by her musical voice, to see her sweet, shy herself, eyes raised with such earnest admira-

tion to his face,
"I think not," said May gently,
when he bressed her to give him the

"I have not forgotten those four dances," was the quick roply, "and never shall. This is the pleasuntest purty I have ever attended. If you will not give me the last dance. Miss Brooke, at least you will allow me to se you home?

"Sarah would be quite jealous if I did," said May, with a bright smile.
"Who is Sarah?" asked the captain.
"My aunt's maid. She invariably brings me to parties and fotches me home. We are primitive people at Upton. We have no calls or care.

ringes."
"I will manage Sarah," replied Captain Ruthven, with a smile; but in any

case I must see you home."

He watched her almost jealously as she danced "Sir Roger de Coverley" with Dr. Brent. After that there was a great bustle. The pretty white dresses were all tucked up, shawls and cloaks covered the pretty girlish figures. When the hall door was opened there was a great laugh, for the sun had risen and seemed to re-proach them for turning night into

day. "I did not think it was so late, or "I did not think it was so late, or rather so early," said Dr. Brent, as he shook hands with his cheerful hostess, who showed no signs of fatigue. "I am ashamed of myself."
"Never mind, doctor," was the laughing reply; "we mishehave our-selves only once in the year."

The dew lay heavy upon the flowers and hedges; the cool morning air was had in some mysterious way pacified Sarah, and he had May Brooke by his side. As they passed out of the gar-den gate, he gathered a spray of hawthorn that hung over it and gave it

"That is such a favorite of mine," he said. "The very word 'hawthorn' acts like a charm upon me. On scorching hot days in India I used to say i to myself; and you would smile if you knew what a vision of cool, green, shady lanes and English wild flowers growing under the shadows of tall trees it always brought to my mind."

"I should not laugh," was the ceply, "for I have a stock of what I call song words, that is, words, the very after ance of which brings a series of pietures vividly to my mind. Strange to say, "lavellorn" is one; the very breath of spring, the fragrance of flawers is in it."

"I should like to hear all the others."

said the captain, interested in this strange girl, so unlike the common type of young ladies he had known. During the walk through the green fields, where a little brook was rip-

pling its morning song, and some Marguerites on a bank near at hand had their eyes wide open Captain Ruthven had time and leisure to study better the unture of the young girl by his

"Don't firt with May Brooke," Dr. Breut had said to him when he saw that he was about to escort her homeand the words came into his mind when they both stood by the brookside listening to the ripple of the waters. The light of the morning sky fell upon the beautiful face, and he read the thoughts that passed through his companion's mind as clearly as he tend his own. Although she was talk-ing to him and listening to his words, er heart was far away. n the beauty and glory of the summer

"Firt with such a girl as that," said the captain to bimself. "It is simply absurd. One might love her with the truest, deepest love of a lifetime, but Frank must be mad not to know the difference between a girl like this and the Misses Sewell for Instance

No Jesting words about his lost ring passed the young man's lips, no firting foolish speeches, no flattering compliments. The modest grace that charmed him so much clothed her like a garment. He treated her with more revential devotion than he would have shown to a crowned queen.

So through the green meadows they went, the sun, the flowers, the rippling brook, all telling their own story; and captain walked that straight into an unknown land, one full of beauty and charm-a land where he was to suffer much, but in which he was to find the blessing and crown of his life.

CHAPTER IL

How it happened Captain Ruthven could never tell, but he found himself in love with May Brooke; and he knew that the world held no treasure so priceless for him as that pure young

The captain was a brave man. He

had met the enemy under the most adverse conditions. Once he had saved the life of a brother in arms at the risk of his own. He had led a forkern hope. But now his courage failed him and he blushed and trembled like a sensitive girl. He felt that he dared not risk the happiness of his life, that he dared not ask for May Brooke's love, lest she should refuse him. Who was be, he asked himself, that he could hope to win that fair, innocent girl, whose mind and heart were so far above his own? He went to church with her once and knelt by her side. As he listened to her clear, sweet voice, a sense of his own un-worthiness came over him and smote him with keen pain. Could this pure, tender girl ever love or care for him? He could not tell whether she loved him. She was always shy and sensi-tive. He could not remember that she omplished your task."

May raised her shy, beautiful eyes was what he called encouraging. He did not know that in the little box that held all her girlish trensures, erapped in many folds of tissue paand given her. He did not see her give to that night and morning what

she had refused, even in play, to give He loved her the better for her reserve. Of all charms, bester than my ideal."
"So you could not manage your for fett. Charley?" said Dr. Brent.
"No," he replied; "hut if I live. I will redeem my ring."

When he danced with Your state of the index of the

He was a daily visitor at Woodbine Cottage, where Miss Brooke, May's Cottage, where Miss Brooke, May's aunt, resided. He had some pretext or other for calling constantly. Miss Brooke was a great invalid; she had been alling for many years, and there were some days when she suffered great pain and required constant attention. One such day came in the hot mouth of July. From surrise to sunset she had been in one long arony, and May had soothed and tendageny, and May had soothed and tend-ed her. It was over at last, the crael pain had worn itself out, and the poor lady longed to be alone and at rest. All that hot day, when the flowers had been parched with thirst, May had spent in the sick room, and now, when the cool evening breeze was bringing relief, Miss Brooke told her to go out into the garden to refresh

"I shall not want you," said the invalid, "go, May, and spend an hour or two out in the onen sir."

(To Be Continued.)

## A Word to New Beginners Going to Housekeeping:

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CUMBERLAND VALLEY

TIME TABLE,-Nov. 19, 1899, no. 2 no. 4 no. 6 no. 8 no. 66 "A. M (A. M (A. M) (1), M (1), M 

Additional trafts will leave Carlisle for Hartisburg daily, except Stadlay, u. 8.5.50 a. m., 7.65 s. m., 12.40 p. m., 3.40 p. m., 9.30 p. m., and from Mechanicsburg at 6.11 s. m., 7.30 a. m., p. 12 a. to., 1.00 p. m., 4.05 p. m., 5.30 p. m., and 3.5 p. m. stopping at Second street, Harrisburg, to let of pussengers.
Trains No. 2 and 10 ran daily between Harrisburg and Hagerstown, and on Sunday will stop at informediate stations.

Daily except Sunday.

[no. 1/no. 3/no. 5/no. 7/no. 9] 10. M \*A. M \*A. M \*17. Machaniestam Machaniestam Carlisie Newville Shippensburg Waynesburg Chambersburg dercersburg sreepclastie taggestown dartmsburg

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg daily, except Sunday for Carlisle and Intermediate stations at 8, 25 a.m., 2,00 p. m., 5,15 p. m., 6,25 p. m., and 10,55 p. m., also for Mechanics burg. Dillaburg and intermediate stations at 7,00 a.m. All of the above trains will stop at least street, Harrisburg, to take on passengers. Nos. 1 and 6 cm. daily between Harrisburg and Ingerstown.

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