

A TENDER HEART.

Lawrence, viceroi of In-
a blunt man of action,
of contradiction and
self reliant. Yet,
of the truly great, he
as tender as a wo
The night on which he
from London to govern
gathered all his family
drawing room and made
child repeat a favorite hymn
His youngest son, 10
nestled in his father's
Suddenly the strong man
into tears.
"Never," he cried, "see
a child again!"
not of the hardships be-
of his own death he
of the fact that Ber-
not be a child to him on
The steamer with the
general of India was a
with her infant child. She
the baby, which re-
itself by crying day and
The passengers com-
in language more forc-
polite.
ward, throw that baby
was petulantly shout-
sleepless berths.
Lord Lawrence, seeing
the child was left moth-
his own mother, took it on
For hours he would
showing it his watch and
that would amuse it.
child took to the great strong
was always quiet when
"Why do you, my lord," asked
of the relieved passengers,
to see the governor
of India playing nurse to
ing baby, "why do you take
of that child?"
because, to tell you the
"answered Lord Lawrence,
a merry twinkle in his eye,
child is the only being in
who I can feel quite
does not want anything out
seldom comes to the
who depends upon it.
now a man has a very weak
that house cleaning and
making is at hand.
the chiropodists may
at the pinnacle of fame, but
are forced to begin at the
The fellow who stole a sawmill
in Illinois, no doubt said noth-
that intends to saw wood.
people never seem to reach any
vision about the telephone,
though it is always being talked
Some time ago Prof. W. Cham-
formerly of Newville, and
of "Shorty" Chambers
known to McConnellsburg
the people, issued a challenge
metrists to meet him in a
for the championship of
world. None accepted. This
him the cornet champion
of the world, and it may be ad-
the rest of mankind.
J. B. Boon writes that on
and he was driving up the
of the River Jordan when
Secretary of Agriculture,
J. Edge, of Harrisburg,
asked him to baptize Mrs.
in the river as Christ was
Several persons had
gregated on the banks
the river and the preach-
expressed his willingness to
would get a baptismal suit. An
American soldier who had been
crowd at once offered the
his poncho. This and an
great furnished the baptis-
suit. The party was rowed
to a suitable place and
baptism by immersion was
of young girl is careless
how much money a young
spends for her. Three and
dollars for a horse and car-
she can poorly afford, per-
yet she will go with him
after work, with no particu-
interest in him, unmindful ap-
parently whether he earns the
money or not. He makes her ex-
sive presents. He takes her
to concert, going to which,
nally, save for her pride and
vanity, a walk would be
rather than a carriage ride for
several dollars. A young man
pects a young woman all the
time who is careful of the way in
which she spends his money, and
not permit too much to be
for her.

THE VERY YOUNG MAN.

His Plaid Stockings and Big Money
Make Him Conspicuous.

He boarded the Woodward avenue
car at Gratiot avenue, where there
was already a crowd of thirty or thir-
ty-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 re-
galed 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 wore an overcoat.
There were creases in his sleeves and
his necktie was plaid, like the hose.
He wore besides these things a vacu-
um smile of imbecility, such as is of-
ten seen on the well-bred scion of a
noble European home. Such was he
in looks.

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 him and the
passengers shivered. The very young
man smiled so vacuously as ever, and
gave his trousers another hitch. Short-
ly the passengers felt they would be
able to tell the color of the elastic 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 wool coat of stripes
and checked and pulled out a rolled up
bill. This he handed to the conduc-
tor, first unrolling it, so that the peo-
ple alongside could see that it was a
five.

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,
with a cheery 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 occupying
a suite, though not spending much
money or putting on any style. One
day there was a great row. The land-
lord had asked him as a particular
favor to vacate for a new comer, and,
of course, the man didn't propose to
be turned out. The landlord cowered
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 desk was an Ameri-
can I had run across in Venice—a
buyer for a Chicago dry goods house.
When the latter began to blather, he
gabbled in chorus the buyer pulled
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
suite. 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 bump-
ed 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 re-
sisted 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 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
show for his bluff, but he just walked
over with a million every day 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 lot of credit
for \$1,000,000 over there."—Scout
Times.

Honey Stopped the Clock.

A church clock at Harborne, near
Birmingham, England, was found to
have stopped on account of the work
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 Overcoat
aside when the first warm spring day
comes is pretty sure to add to the in-
comes of the doctors a little later.

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



(Continued From Last Week)

"That is May Brooke," said Dr.
Brent. "See how the situation here!
No party ever goes off until she
comes."
"Presently the crowd broke up, and
Captain Ruthven saw a face that he
never afterward forgot. It was fair
and sweet and charming, but it was
not a French face; it was an English
one, with the lines of a rosebud. Per-
haps the mouth was too large to be
strictly symmetrical, but the sweet,
sensitive lips were faultless in color
and shape. The blue eyes were clear
and innocent as the eyes of a little
child. Rich brown waving hair fell
upon the white polished shoulders. Cap-
tain Ruthven had traveled much, and
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 com-
mon 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, simple mind. To
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 looked
earnestly at her. He had her tall,
slender, girlish figure, the soft, low
voice, the musical laugh, the pretty,
graceful action. He liked the simple
braiding of the wonderful hair, with
the little white wreath 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 big Misses
Sewell," he said to himself, "and then
I can talk to May Brooke."
So the Misses Sewell were made
quite happy. The captain was a good
dancer, and he did not forget to utter
the "Sweetest prates that ladies love."
The girls were delighted with him, and
talked about him confidentially all the
rest of the evening to the other young
ladies.

"Now for Miss Brooke," said the
captain, and he had no sooner asked
her to prombe him the next polka,
when there was a cry of "Forfeit!"
and he sat down by her side to watch
the game.

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 forfeits had been collected, and
amongst them was one from himself,
but none from May Brooke.

Miss Sewell declared that he should
cry them. Down upon his knees went
the captain, patiently submitting to
have his eyes blindfolded. It was
many years since he played at for-
feits, and he felt something of his lost
youth steal over him when he was
asked to declare to whom "this forfeit
article" belonged, and what should be
done with the person who owned it.

He invented the most novel punish-
ments; the whole room was in an up-
per of laughter. He noticed a sud-
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 prettiest, how
to the wittiest and kiss the one he
loves best," said the captain, return-
ing to the old formula.

Then there was another laugh, and
he found that he had imposed a very
difficult task upon himself.

"Captain Ruthven will have to kiss
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,
he 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-
deem it."

"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.

CHAPTER II.
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
heart.

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 forlorn
hope. But now his courage failed him
and he blushed and trembled like a
sensitive girl. He felt that he durst
not risk the happiness of his life, that
he dared not ask for May Brooke's
love, lest she should refuse him. Who
was he, 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
had ever uttered a single word that
was what he called encouraging. He
did not know that in the little box
that held all her girlish treasures,
wrapped in many folds of tissue-pa-
per, lay the spray of hawthorn that
he had given her. He did not see her
give it to that night and morning what
she had refused, even in play, to give
to him.

He loved her the better for her re-
serve. Of all charms, better than
beauty, far above grace, talents, and
accomplishments, he prized the mod-
est, retiring grace that distinguished
May Brooke. He knew that, if she
once said that she loved him, she
would be true to him until death.

He was a daily visitor at Woodbine
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 ailing for many years, and there
were some days when she suffered
great pain and required constant at-
tention. One such day came in the
last month of July. From sunrise to
sunset she lay in bed, in one long
agony, and May had soothed and tend-
ered her. It was over at last, the cruel
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
herself.

"I shall not want you," said the in-
valid, "go, May, and spend an hour or
two out in the open air."

(To Be Continued.)

A Word to New Beginners Go-
ing to Housekeeping:

COME AND SEE
THE ROYAL STANDARD COOK STOVE,
No. 3; 22 inch oven; trimmed out complete with 1
copper-bottom wash boiler, 2 iron pots, 1 s illet, 1
cake griddle, 3 bake pans, 1 galvanized tea kettle, 2
pot lids, 3 joints and 1 elbow of stove pipe, and insur-
ed for one year. If trimmings are not wanted \$3. less
for the stove. The regular price of this stove, any
place, is \$26. My Price \$22.

Queensware—from the cheapest to the best.
Cedar tubs, wash boards, clothes baskets, clothes
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spoons, lamps, smoothing irons, both kinds, coffee mills,
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Sell lower than any other house in the County.
ALBERT STONER.
Headquarters for Coal Oil.

Hats! Hats!
New Hats.

The Ladies are not the only people that like a new
hat. Every man must have a new one for summer; and
he doesn't want some old style faded affair, either.

J. K. JOHNSTON
has provided for your wants along this line, and he
just has loads of all kinds of

HATS.

Soft Hats—all shades in felt, wool and fur.
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Narrow Rim, for the young man.
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Spring Caps for children,
boys and young men
in Silk, Velvet,
and Cassi-
mere.

STRAW GOODS.

Large stock. Malogs 5c to 25c.
Young Men's Dress
Hats at 25 cents.

Fine Braids at 50c and
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A. U. NACE & SONS

Have received the Largest Stock of
Youth's and Children's Clothing
ever seen in our town, from 75 cents a suit up.

MEN'S CLOTHING

we have in almost any style, from the Cheapest to the
Best.

Men's Pantaloons,

our make, very much reduced in price.

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the NEWS sent to any
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CUMBERLAND VALLEY

TIME TABLE.—Nov. 19, 1890.

Table with columns: Leave, Arrive, and various station names like Harrisburg, Pottsville, etc.

Additional trains will leave Harrisburg
daily, except Sunday, at 8:30 a. m., 7:30
p. m., 12:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., and from
Mechanicsburg at 6:45 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 9:15 a.
m., 1:00 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.,
stopping at Second street, Harrisburg, to let
off passengers.

Trains No. 2 and 10 run daily between Harris-
burg and Pottsville, and on Sunday will stop
at intermediate stations.

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg
daily, except Sunday, at 8:30 a. m., 5:15 p. m.,
6:25 p. m., and 10:55 p. m., also for Mechanics-
burg, Dillsburg and intermediate stations at
7:00 a. m. All of the above trains will stop at
and through Harrisburg, to take on passengers.

Nov. 1 and 9 run daily between Harrisburg
and Pottsville.

Additional trains will leave Philadelphia at 4:30
p. m.

Pullman palace sleeping cars between New
York and Knoxville, Tenn., on trains 1 west
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Through coaches to and from Philadelphia
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