all centuries must begin on Monday Tuesday, Thursday or ay is explained by the fact that dendar repeats itself every 400 erefore, but four days out of n can innugurate a century.

interval of forty years in the leap year indicated at close of ry applies also to any other event stance, the Presidential inaug-day, March 4, 1877, occurred aday, This will not occur mil 1917, or forty years later, intervals must always be six, ex, eleven years, but at the close me of every four centuries an irthe repetition of the calendar occurs. There may repetition of the interval of interval of seven or five (twelve), before the regular or-resumed, but such irregularity calendars is limited to a

of twelve years, nonthly calendar ever repeats itless than five years. As a fur-ustration, take May, 1871, This ar repeated itself May, 1876 ears), and May, 1882 (six years), e entire calendar for 1871 re-inself in 1882, only an eleven

othly calendar repeating itself me in less than five years and not less than eleven years, the f an acquaintance can readily be ed by knowing the month, of month and of week of birth.

Food Supply in Palaces

are some interesting statistics ni to the food which is served al palaces, but which is not host or guests. The chief f Emperor Francis Joseph of estimates that of the 1,250,000 which are spent each year on erial table more than half a francs are spefit on unused "leavings," The perquisites a single banquet which was on the occasion of the jubilee d to more than twenty thou-

anused food, and especially the are sold after each meal to the contrive to obtain twice and bree times as much as is paid seach month by the Emperor's In Italy and in Spain this no other words seem appro-has within the past few years seed to a minimum. The of Germany has also set his face this extravagance. It is said makes a contract with the prof one of the first hotels in Bero guarantees to furnish meals and to all the members of his for the fixed sum of twenty

Victoria examines carefully household expenses and is careful that no money shall sted in the royal kitchen.

is imperial palaces of Russia the s must be considerable. tween five and six hundred

worth of wines and cigars are d for the imperial banquet, ere is a strict rule that no bottle ther opened or not, shall be pre-ed twice at the Czar's table. It is hat this rule is rigidly enforced it can readily be seen that of a chef in a royal Russian palby no means unhappy.

Interesting Facts.

et and warmth are the medicines four footed philosopher. If a alling he rolls himself into a a warm corner and eats little st is the only medicine needed sick, but we seldom follow this

ped loses the instinct of the He fumes, frets, takes and medicaments, and of chance to the recuperative f nature. If he, too, would rehis bed, keep warm and eat nothing for a while those and poisonous matters which disorder would be exn due time.

machinery which carries on inmotion when the body is at pels from it from two to eight waste material in every four hours; the physician of see says so. He also claims ofth bathing and half-fasting, here are indications of illness, n in ordinary cases will take

Dreams and Inventions.

wonderful how many persons first ideas of what afterward be valuable inventions while dreaming," observed a Pat-e examiner, "Others, after weeks or months on an inthe whole thing come clear ing a dream. On the other have known of inventors to dreams the impracticabilir inventions on which they d patents, and to change as they would be practical. drawing their application for nt or improvement there are r of instances where inventors hat they got the better idea dream. Some of the most making ils way dreamed, rather than

ss of true love sounds a zephyr's sough, 'tis said, not like a clapboard rudely in the side of an empty shed!

No Bargain.

al now," said the minister, "we ing "Old Hundredth."

as the announcement was made er in the "amen corner" comlinging "The Ninety and Nine." old on there, brother," said the "You ain't in the store There's no 1 per cent off on RELIGIOUS TOPICS.

Serious Subjects For Serious People -Carefully Edited.

Who is My Neighbor? One great hindrance to missionary

work is the lack of a realization by the scopic generally of the magnitude of the work to be done. Every I alor can count these and can clearemprehend the idea of three, but t who can could a million or a billion tude of the number eight hundred and fifty six million. Yet that is the estimated number of our fellow men, who are yet utter strangers to the gospel of Christ. On the other hand, if you can get every mhabitant of the so-called Christian lande to grasp the idea that his personal responsibility will not end until his own countrymen are saved and twice as many of other nations also, you then have only prepared to begin the work. Our churches now are satisfied too often when provision is made for the peo-ple of their own neighborhoods; they should understand that two thirds of their own parish are located else-In the gospel sense the word "neighbor" or near-by man is changed by science to be any man who can be reached by steam and electricity; and in the fraternal sense neighbor is the next man After one is evangelized, who is next? After one soul is won, the soul-winner's first

question will be: "who next for Jesus?"

Who Will Give Up. Earnest, lukewarm or cold Christian, back-slider or sinner, young man or old, which one of you intends to give up your cause? By the very na-ture of sin and its consequences, you know that it is a cause which you expect to repudiate finally. But no one doubts the wisdom of a righteous man's resolution: "never to give

My Own Sorrow. Ah, God! my heart is not the same As any heart beside; Nor is my sorrow or my blame,

My tenderness or pride. My story too, thou knowest God. Is different from the rest; Thou knowest-none but thee-the

With which my heart is pressed.

Hence I to thee a love might bring. By none besides me due; One praiseful song at least might

Which could not but be new. -Geo. MacDonald.

Passing clouds even help to darken he countenance. Men need in this life all the sunshine that they can possibly get.

The human soul is a photograph of its own history. One day the awful revelation of self to self will be enough of judgment for any man. No one can stand in that day except who has a pure heart.

Many a good Sunday sermon is spoiled by cowardice on Monday. Many a good Thursday prayer meeting talk is spoiled by over-reaching

Remember that prayers are deeds and deeds should be prayers. Men are to be judged by their deeds.—E. A. DeVore, D D.

The Home Readings.

One of the nicest plans of making life pleasant is to give a few minutes each day to reading in the Bible. What makes it still nicer is to have it so arranged that each one in the class and school roads the same each day; then, still better, the parts of the Bible read will be a help on the Sabbath-school lesson. This is why we have the Home Readings. They give a nice Bible passage to read every day, each one a help on the lesson for the coming Sabbath, and alike

The Christian Endeavor Pledge. Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will make it the rule of my life to pray and to read the Bible every day, and to support my own church in every way, especially by attending all her regular Sunday and mid-week services, unless prevented by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Saviour, and that just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life. I will endeavor to lead a Christian life. As an active member I promise to be true to all my duties, to be present at and to take some uside from singing, in every Christian Endeavor prayer meeting. unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master. If obliged to be absent from the monthly consecration meeting of the society, I will, if possible, send at least a verse of Scripture to be read in response to my name at the roll call.

Belief in God.

Here our comradship with the Father is blessed; there it will be blissful. We can be satisfied only with God and with his eternal pres-

By a slight change in the concluding clause we may agree with Dean

Stanley as follows: To believe in a Presence within us pleading with our prayers, groaning with our groans, aspiring with our aspirations—to believe in the divine supremacy of conscience-to believe that the spirit is above the letter-to believe that the substance is above the form-to believe that the meaning is more important than the words to believe that truth is greater than authority or fashion or imagination, and will at last prevail-to believe that goodness and justice and love are the bonds of perfectness, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead though he live, and which bind together those who are divided in all other things whatsoever-this, cording to the biblical uses of the word, is involved in the expression. I believe in God and in his presence with us .- Dean Stanley.

Counting the Cost.

Here follows an example of the alertness of the commercial mind:

A shrewd business man was being driven in a crowded thoroughfare. when his horses took fright and ran away. He called to his coachman:

"Can you stop them?" "No," replied the man.

"Then," said the other, "run them into something cheap."

Experience never teaches fools any-



(Continued From Last Week) at so imprened that taptain kuth yen, restless and unable to remain at home, had come out merely intending to gladden himself by looking at the house where she dwelt. He did not hope to see her, for he knew that her aunt was ill; but in the garden he caught a glimpse of her white dress. The temptation was too strong for him; he opened the gate, and in a few seconds was by her side.

Could be doubt that she loved him? Had he no eyes to see the warm blush

that colored the fair face, the glad light that came into the shy, sweet eyes? Could be not see how the girl's lips trembled and quivered as she



"I BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS BROOKE," smiled, and how her little white hands nervously classed the flowers that she

had been gathering?
"I could not help coming in Miss
Brooke, when I saw you," he began,
"I hope I am not intruding." Then May told him how her aunt had made her come out into the fresh air. because she had been shut up in

her room all day. "Your aunt must be happy to have you for her nurse," said the captain.
"I often wonder, if I were ill or dying, who would take care of me. It is a

sad thing to be alone in the world."
"Are you quite alone?" she asked. "Yes," he replied, sadly, "My parents died when I was very young. I never had but one sister, and I do not even remember her. I have one uncle living somewhere in Australia, I think. So that, you see, I am indeed a solitary man.' They lead reached the gardenseat placed under the lilac-trees, and there they sat to rest.

"I have felt my loneliness twice in my life," continued the captain-"more than I shall ever feel it again. The first time was in my hour of triumph, when I had won fame and glory, when my comrades shook me by the hand and wished me joy; but there was no relative to share my gratification, no mother's face grew bright over my success. The second was when I lay ill in the hospital in India. The doctor came one day, and I heard him tell one of my brother officers that he did not think I should live, 'Poor Charley!' said my friend. "I suppose Travers would take his place." Then, do you know, Miss Brooke, I turned my face to the wall and wept like a child. Who was there to care whether I lived or died? If I died, there would be a mill-tary funeral; for a few weeks the men would talk about me; they would give me a gravestone, and on it would say, 'In affectionate remembrance,' and then Travers would take my place. In whose heart would my memory live? Who would shed one tear over my grave? Those are not pleasant

thoughts for any man. May's eyes were filled with tears and then in some broken way the captain asked her to be the one who would love and care for him and brighten his life. He told her how he had learned to love her and how he feared to ask her to be his wife because he felt so

The sweet face was half turned from him, but in the dim evening light he could see how her cheeks grew pale; he felt the little hands he clasped so tightly in his own tremble and grow

"If you will only love me, May," he pleaded," and be my wife, I will give my life to you. I will make you the happiest woman in the world. love shall shield you from every anxiety. Can you care for me?"

She, was silent for some minutes, then she turned, and said gently-"I do love you, and I will be true to you until I die,

How he thanked her! How his heart filled with gratitude and love! And then Captain Ruthven redeemed his ring twenty times over, and she said

othing against it!
That evening, when Captain Ruth-ven told the doctor of the treasure that he had won, his friend's calm. sensible face was strangely moved. "I am glad you are happy, Charley," e said. "You have won the best girl

in the world. Take care of her."

He did not cloud the young soldier's happiness by telling him that he had won the only girl he had ever loved: and to this day no one knows why Frank Brent never married.

"I am not jealous," said Captain Ruhtven to May one evening, some few weeks before their marriage—"at least I think not, I have never been tried. But I know I am very peculiar in some of my notices. Dr. Brent used to tell me that I should never be mar-

ried, because I required so much in a "You have not shown that in choosing me," remarked May, with a bright

"Indeed I have! You are everything I wished for, I have some inveterate prejudices. I would never have mar-ried an authoress or an artist for in-I have a dislike to them that I could never overcome I want a sensible, educated companion; but my opinion of a true woman is that her mission begins and ends at home

"I do not think you are quite right," said May, doubtfully,

"Never mind; we will not argue the question. It is enough for me that I have been so fortunate as to win the dear little wife I have pictured to my-

self for a my years past."
"If I wrote books, then, or painted pictures, you would not marry me?" said May

No, said the captain, stoutly; "for in that case I could not make you hap-oy We should be best upart. But do

some or such a room, unf. i Shoud somer expect to see a modest little violet clause into a glaring sunflower than to find my little May working and thinking for the world at large instead

You do not call that selfish, I supquestioned May, with a little

"All love is more or less so," was the reply; and then the captain went off into a long and learned discourse upon the subject in question.

So this wooing went on through the

long, bright summer months, and at length the day was settled for the marringe—the tenth of September. Almost all the inhabitants of Upton were in the little church to see it. No such wedding was remembered by the obtest inhabitants. It was scarcely to be believed that a brave young officer, wounded in one of those terrible wars that they had read of, had come to their quiet little town and found a wife there. And to think that he should have selected quiet modest little May, whose name had never been so much as mentioned in connection with that of any lover before! If it had been one of those dashing, brilliant Misses Se well, or even Miss Lane, they would not have been so much surprised. Yet no one could fairly wonder, for

a more levely bride had never been seen in Upton. The sweet face hidden by the white bridal vell, the orangeblossoms that crowned the graceful head, the white-robed, slender figure, were all perfect; and many envied the brave captain as be came back with his wife's little hand resting upon his arm. Those who had seen the wed-ding spoke of it for many a long day afterward. The sun was shining its brightest; the world that morning seemed full of fragrance and melody and beauty.

and beauty.

The children threw flowers in the bride's path, and she smiled as her little feet walked over them. They were but a type, she thought, of the fair existence opening before her.

The church bells pealed gayly when the young officer and his bride bade walker to be the property of the church bells pealed gayly when the young officer and his bride bade.

adieu to quiet Upton. No one noticed the white, pained look on Dr. Brent's face; no one guessed that those marriage-bells gave forth the death-knell of the fairest hope of his life.

Captain Ruthven, by his wife's ex-press wish, took her to a quiet little seaside town in North Wales, and their honeymoon was spent there.

CHAPTER 3.

Captain Ruthven and his wife ling-ered by the sea until the autumn was over; and then he brought his wife to Landon, where he intended to reside during the rest of his stay in England, which would not exceed a year and a half at the most .

They had a pleasant little home in one of the streets leading to Regent's Park. How bappy they were! The first trouble that came to them was the death of Miss Brooke. It was sudden at last. Her maid going one morning to call her, found her dead, with a smile on her lips and a look on her face such as it had not worn for many She had left the whole of her little fortune, amounting to two hun-

dred a year, to May.
"If it were not for you, Charley,"
said the young wife, "I should be alone in the world. Aunt Bessie was
the only relative I had living." "I always wonder," remarked the

captain, "at my own good fortune in winning you. It seems so strange to me that everyone did not want to marry you."
"People did not see me with your eves," was the laughing reply,

"I was your first lover and your first he continued, looking at her "My first, last, and only love, Char-

"That is some comfort. I should not like to have married a woman who had ever loved another man. I should always fancy she was thinking of him and wishing she had married him in-

said May quietly. "you have made one mistake. You were not jealous. Now I believe you to be one of the most jealous men that ever lived. Beware of the feeling. "I begin to think so too. When said I was not jealous, I said also that I had never been tried. Remember,

May, I have never loved or been loved before: and I know that my wife will never arouse my jeniousy. "No," said May, simply, I never shall."

So the first six months of their married life passed away; and then Captain Ruthven began to perceive a change in his wife. It was so gradual that he could hardly tell how it first began. She seemed quieter than ever; she had lost in some measure the frank, open manner that had charmed him. Once or twice he saw her with a pained, preoccupied look on her face

as though she had some care or trouble

of which he knew nothing. Ever since they had been in London he had spent some hours daily a way from home. He had business to attend to, commissions to execute for his friends. Several times, when he returned earlier than he had intended, she seemed flushed and agitated; her face flushed, and she seemed more frightened than pleased at seeing him. Captain Ruthven was a jealous man, and he thought much of these little

One morning, after a wakeful and restless night, he made up his mind to speak to his wife. She looked up at him with a bright smile as be entered the breakfast-room. She was

"Happy!" she repeated, looking up with eyes that told how much she loved him. "I never dreamed even of being as happy as I am now.

"Then you have some secret you are hiding from me? Is there something in your life that I do not know of -se thing, pain or pleasure, in which I

(To Be Continued.)

You can frequently judge a man by the fool friends he had.

All men are anxious for fame, but many are willing to accept money as a substitute.

Many a man has avoided the slip 'twixt the cup and the lip by drinking out of the bottle.

There is something wrong with the appetite of a small boy who can wait patiently for his dinner.

A Word to New Beginners Going to Housekeeping:

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vases, and she looked so bright and beautiful, so happy and loving, as she smiled at him, that the captain's suspicions vanished into the air. Still he had resolved to speak to her, and, both in small and great things, he was a man who rigidly adhered to his resolutions, "May," he said, folding the little figure tenderly in his arms, "you have not seemed like yourself lately. I cannot tell how you have changed, but you seem changed to me. Are you not happy?" "Happy?" she recented the little of the property of the prope

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plassengers, rains No. 2 and 10 ran daily between Harris-cz and Hingerstown, and on Sunday will stop intermediate stations.

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