

se to run about the garden by He first relieved his feelings ing up and down as hard as hi al go. Then he saw that the grass was strewn with Jack's toyswooden horse with a long black a woolly dog, a ball, an engine arious other things. Vie's eyes d He made for the woolly took It in his mouth, tore it, ed it, growled at it, flew about garden with it, and finally ed it amongst the geraniums. he turned his attention to the He took it between his paws gnawed it; lay on his back and ed it between all four paws, sed it, rolled over and over on the ss with it, turned somersaults over and when at last he was tired of it, ent in and investigated the engine. here was a string tied to it. Vie ok the string in his mouth and galped up and down the garden w ogine bumping or jerking behind It lost a wheel and its futer me he had done with it. Last of heattacked the wooden horse. The animal was twice as big as Vic self, but nothing daunted, Vic red it by the mane, overturned it dragged it neross the grass and on a flight of steps at the end of garden. There he stood for a mopanting, looking triumphantly the prostrate horse. And then, as was getting tired, and there ned to be no more mischlef to be se be retired to a chair that stood the grass, and, curling himself up it, fell fast asleep. He had made for the afternoon's misery. Every g has his day, and that was Vic's.

RABBIT RAISING. Good Business for Any Boy Who Loves Animals.

little boy, who a year ago bought

to pair of rabbits for \$5 has raised

the original pair 51 rabbits, 48 (which he has sold at \$1 apiece. The of feeding has not been more m \$2, so that the end of the year dm with five rabbits instead of m, and \$41 to his credit in the bank, deducting the original capital. is best to start with a limited ber of animals, acquiring some ical experience before branching so extensively. The three essenof a good rabbitry are ventilath light and dryness. Once these been gained it really mates very little what kind of a struccomprises the rabbitry. Pure air bi plenty of it is of first importance well-being of friend Bunny, and reat percentage of losses in raislabits under cover can be directtraced to bad air. Light is an er indispensable, while the dry e conduces greatly to health dur-

be cold and damp months. tches for rabbits the size of the gian hare should not be less than If feet long, two feet wide and one one half feet high. For the aller breeds one of less dimensions do. The floor should be made as kht as possible, either by means of ent or paint, and absolute cleanlis must be observed, the bunnies ing supplied with fresh beds of hay my day. The hutches of the doc bould be provided with a nest box; a cuit or cracker box with an aperthe cut out as entrance and the in for divided into two sections is ad-

ably suited to the purpose, The rabbits should be fed principally dry food, such as hay, oats, corn stale bread. An occasional feed carrots is also desirable. In sumthey are especially fond of dandes never seeming to tire of this acy, and which, fortunately, nevlajures them. Clover, plaintain and ws they cat greedily. Grass they but it is not so much their untal food as weeds. Once a day the er and little ones should have a of bread and milk, which they w found to devour with avidity. wall other animals, rabbits should given fresh water in a clean dish

little ones do not open their until they are nine days old, and they take advantage of the first moment to leave the nest and w their mother into the larger partment, where she rests and

What Mary Did.

At the great exposition in Omaha it the custom for the people to regor sign their names in the differstate buildings. People who regted were asked to give their occuon, so that the book read like "John Smith, farmer;" "Thomas b, carpenter," and so on.

A little golden-haired girl asked that might register. She was told to her name and occupation, and is what she wrote: "Mary Jones:

lero's a new suit for you, "said the bity sheriff on the morning of the you?"

H'm' grunted the condemned. for once in my life I'll be dressed to

RELIGIOUS TOPICS.

Serious Subjects For Serious People -Carefully Edited.

The Necessity for Missionary Zeal. In 1832 the Flat Head and Nez Perces Indians heard, through the roquois, about the Bible and the Saviour. In solemn council they resolved to send four messengers the rising sun for the book from heaven" After many dangers and one thousand miles of travel the one survivor reached St Louis. Here he fell in with General Clark, a Romanist, who took him to his church and to the theatre

When about to return the disappointed messenger said: "I came to you with one eye partly opened: back with both eyes closed and both arms broken. My people sent me .o obtain that Book from Heaven. You took me where your women dance as we do not allow ours to dance, and the Book was not there. You took me where I saw men worship God with candles, and the Book was not there. I am now to return without it,

and my people will die in darkness. This sad lamentation was over-heard by a young man who wrote of friends at Pittsburg and from them it passed to Catlin, the famous portrait maker. He said "Give the Bible to the world." Ere long missionary Lee and others started in search of the tribes and they received the gospel gladly and became happy in its salvation.

Whatever keeps the Bible from the people or the people from the Bible is a practical rejection of the Christ who is in the Book,-E. A. DeVore.

Epworth League Pledge.

I will earnestly seek for myself, and do what I can to help others attain, the highest New Testament standard of experience and life. I will abstain from all those forms of worldly amusement forbidden by the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I will attend, so far as possible, the religious meetings of the Chapter and the Church, and take some active part in them.

Benediction.

Leader-The Lord bless thee and Response-The Lord make his face

shine upon thee, and be gracious unto All-The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

The Universalists have adopted a new creed and if no other standard is recognized than its simple and Catholic principles, both orthodox and liberal can accept its terms with very little of mental reservation. Except alone in the one affirmation in regard

to the final restoration of all souls, the creed is a surrender of all other points of contention Already steps have been taken for bringing Universalists, Unitarians and certain liberal Congregationists into closer affiliation and possibly into an organized union. The movement is much to be desired because of its greater charity and broader fra-

Time Covers Offenses.

The University of Virginia paid a fitting tribute to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe, once a student of that institution, on the fiftieth anniversary of his death. A beautiful statue of the immortal son of song and mis-fortune was unveiled with appropri-nte ceremonies, an illustration of the revenges of time. The venerable institution of learning which so signally honors the memory of Poe and seeks to perpetuate his fame in enduring marble once in the long ago expelled from its classic shades this wayward child of genius for unbecoming con-But long ago his errors and idiosynerasies were forgotten, and forgiven, and Virginia is now proud honor. Poe's career, blighted and cut short by temperamental causes was at once a wonder and a sorrow. His life was a night wherein gloom battled with the stars. The gloom disappeared in his grave, but the stars will remain aglow for the delight of all generations that read of "Annabel Lee," "The Raven and "The Bells."

Church Rebellion.

Did you ever hear of church members rebelling against their pastor? Usually he has to move on as the result; but the church stands still. It can only move up or down; and insurrection very rarely is beneficial, and so the church by not going up surely goes down.

Class Rebellion.

Rebellion is an odious word. Who ever sets up his will against rightful authority engages in rebellion, and in government such a course has been

regarded as a crime worthy of death Now it sometimes happens that Sabbath-school scholars commit precisely this wrong. Whenever they fix themselves against the plans and proper wishes of their teachers they rebel, and in so doing they are guilty of a grave offense Perhaps it does not seem to them so bad, but most wrong deeds do not seem as bad as they really are at the time when they We hope every one who reads this will keep clear from the great wrong of class rebellion.-Cook's Quarterly.

A gentleman once asked a Sunday-school what was meant by the word repentance. A little boy raised his

"Well, what is it, my lad?"

"Being sorry for your sins," was the answer. A little girl on the back seat raised her hand. Well, my little girl, what do you think?" asked the gentleman.
"I think," said the child, "it's being

sorry enough to quit."

There is nothing more important than to have a spiritual purpose, to know why you have it and to be sure that it will pay you to make any sacrifice for its accomplishment.--Rev. George H. Hepworth.

"Who do you suppose invents such idiotic expressions as 'wouldn't that jar you?"

"Give it up. But wouldn't they jolt

A man is known by the company he keeps, but how about the people that stick themselves on us?

The 4th of next July has been des-There is always a lot of people who ignated as the date for dedicating the sak that they could spend a rich Spanish War memorial of captured an's money so much better than be of the guns will cost about \$10,000.



boy, to waste this bright morning sop-

the raised his head, and his wile's over fell upon his widoe, larguard favo and upon the sheet of paper that by near him. The color left even her due,

and she clasped her hands together, as thought she would plend to him for

"Yes, he said, hoursely, "you see I

know it all; but only from your own lips will I condemn you. Did you write

"And you have knowingly, willingly, and wantonly deceived me?"
"Yes, But Charley..."

"Hush," he said, sternly—"not a word! Have you any explanation to give that could lessen the wrong you

been better for you to have died than

have deceived me as you have done?

"Charley-" she began, trembling as she spoke; but he interrupted her again.

cried, "You are no wife of mine! Only answer me one more question. How

long has this been going on? Speak

bed-"more than three years."
"You began young," he said, with a

bitter sneer. All the worst passions of

his nature were aroused. He was unal with wounded love and jealousy,

"Now listen to me. You laughed in your sleeve to think what a fool and a

dupe I was. From this moment you are nothing to me. The May Brooke I

loved and wooed last summer is dead-

or rather she had never lived at all.

You have deceived me. From the very beginning you have wronged me with

the cruelest wrong, and I will never look upon your face again. This hour

I will leave you. You shall never de-celve me again."

"But Charley," she cried, frantically, "I meant to tell you, darling; and I thought you would forgive me then."

"Men do not forgive that kind of thing," he said, scornfully.

"There need be no scene. If I remained with you, I must either love you or hate you. For my own sake I

will not love you, for your's I will not hate so I leave you. You have a com-

fortable home here; remain in it; you will not miss me. I can live the rost

of my life alone. At least, if I have

been a fool, there was some excuse for

leave me so! I will follow you. You must forgive me? Indeed— indeed I will never do it again."

will never do it again."
"I should think not," he said, with a short bitter laugh. "One such affair is quite enough for a lifetime. Pon't repeat the mistake. Don't come near me; I will not forgive you—I cannot?"
So he passed out, and left her kneeling, her hands outstretched to him, her

white imploring face covered with

tears-out, he did not care whither-he

was mad with the pain of his grief-

anywhere where he might forget— where his past life might full from him

and be forgotten-anywhere where he might forget the beautiful false face

of the woman who had deceived him.

The noise of the city surged in his ears; people stood to gaze after him,

and wondered at his wild and desper-

"DID YOU WRITE THIS?"

ate looks. He had no plan for the fu-

ture. The sky above his head seemed

of a blood-red, the people who passed him by like unreal phantoms; he

It was the whistle of a locomotive

that first brought him to a standstill.

He found himself close to Euston Square. Here was a way of escape,

from London, where he bad lived the life of a dupe and a fool, away to some

place where the voice and the face of

the woman he had loved could not fol-

were the first words that he saw, and went into the booking-office to ask for

a ticket for Crewe. The clerk who gave it to him wondered at his face;

he walked up and down the platform. He did not think it strange that the

guard came once or twice to the carriage door to see htat all was right. He

had but one thought. He was going

The train began to move, but his

past quiet green fields and homesteads.

yet everywhere in letters of fire he saw again the fatal letter.

He knew nothing of time or how it sped. Crew came at last, and he had a

confesed recollection of standing on the platform, with people going and com-

ing around him; and then the familiar face of an old college friend, Harry Archer, of Leas, smiled upon him and bade him welcome to old England. He

friend that he had been in England

many menths and that he felt very ill

or how he suddenly fainted as he stood

trying to speak as if nothing had hap-

pened. Harry Archer, like the good Sa

markan that he was, helped to raisehis

eneringe, and nursed him through a

(To Be Continued.)

ong illness that brought him to the

They say that women dress to please

They talk about wamankind may be

the men; but, despite the fact that the

latter unanimously condemn the train.

"Trains for Crewe, Chester," etc.,

walked on, longing only to escape.

He would go away, he thought-av

"Charley," she cried, you cannot

"Before I ever knew you," she sob-

"I will not have you call me so

"Yes," she unser red faintly.

A crimson and severed the race that she turned from him, and her lips trembled while she smiled.

"You are growing to have told you all."

She did not receive. lips trembled while she smiled.

"You are growing jealous Charley"
she said lightly; "and you promised that should never be."

He let this equivocal answer pass, and he blamed himself alternated in the plant of the said lightly and the plant of the said lightly and the plant of the said lightly and the plant of the said lightly are said lightly as one who quietly despaired.

"And you have neither sorrow nor shaine? Can you stand there and look at me and not feel that it would have a said lightly are said lightly."

He let this equivocal answer pass, and he blamed himself afterward that he dld so. He felt vexed and disap-pointed. He was too proud to pursue the subject, and it ended there. But three minutes afterward May laid her



HE OPENED THE GATE.

beautiful head upon his shoulder and whispered to him that he war foolish to be angry, for she loved him so dear ly; and then he felt happy again. Three or four days after that, Mrs. Ruthven told her husband one morning

that she was going out shopping. Write one or two notes for me be fore you go," he said; for the captain had fallen into the idle way, so natural to some husbands, of never writing a letter himself, but always asking his

wife to do it for him. Mey consented, with a smile at his laziness. He watched her as she unlocked her desk and sat down to answer his letter. His eyes dwelt fondly on the sweet carnest face, the graceful figure and the little white hands. He flought how beautiful she was, how dearly and truly he loved her, how different his life was now that he called May Brooke wife.

He smilled when he saw how carefully she locked up the little desk. Then she kissed him and said "Good morning." She was going to buy morning." She was going to buy some of the things she thought it time to prepare for taking to India. For many long, sad weeks Captain Ruthven remembered his wife's face as she gayly bade him "Good morn-

He continued to read his newspaper for sometime after she had gone, and then he remembered another and most important letter that he had forgotten to mention to his wife.

Her desk was locked, but he produced his own bunch of keys and found that one of them opened it. He took some paper, wrote his letter and directed it, but could not find any wax with which to seal the envelope. Another of Captain Ruthven's peculiarities was his want of faith in adhesive envelopes-every letter he wrote must be sealed; but in this case it seemed as though the wax was not forthcom-

He turned over one paper after another hurriedly, for he could not bear delay, and in so doing his eyes fell upon a half-sheet of paper, cover-ed with his wife's handwriting, the beautiful, clear running hand that he had so often admired. It was but the half-sheet of what seemed to have been a letter torn hastily in two. At first he put it aside with the test, then as though actuated by some impulse he turned to it again and read

As he did so his face grew livid and terrible to behold, his lips white and rigid, and a flame of wrath gleamed in his eyes. Slowly he read it over and over again, as though to master the full sense of it; then, as if seized with a sudden hope, he compared the handwriting with that upon the enhis wife had only a short time before addressed. They were the same-no man in his senses could doubt it. The words were not pleasant ones for a husband to read. for they ran as follows:

I know I am wrong in writing; one mistake does not excuse another. Mine has been the mistake of a life-I married without love and I must endure the consequences of my own act until the end. Do not let me see you again. I can live without love; but I cannot and will not do wrong. Wrong it would be to see you and listen to you again."

And those words were written by his own wife—the woman who had vowed to him that he was her "first, last, and only love," the woman who that very morning, a few hours since, had laid her head upon his shoulder and said how dearly she

He was a strong man; but his very heart sickened as he thought of her falsity, her deceit, the foul wrong she had done him, in macrying without love. Then he remembered her as he had seen her first, so sweet, so modest, so true; he thought of the golden hour under the lime-trees, when he had asked her to be his wife, and she had promised to be true to him until death. He could not realize the fact that this did not remember he old England. He lold his innocent child had played him false, friend that he had been in England. had deceived him, with the most cruel deceit. Her looks, her words, her love had all been lies; for she had written to this other one that she had married without love. All the fairy fabric of his happiness fell to the ground, all hope and the love of his life died in that hour. The only woman he had long finess that be ever loved was false, and had never brink of the grave.

He gronned aloud as these thoughts ran through his mind. He would far rather have seen her dead at his feet than have to live and scorn her. was dead to him. Never should she de-ceive him with her sweet words and smiles again, Better the loneliness that shadowed his life than this false love. He could go back to India, and live as

cared for him

he had lived-alone. Then his self-control gave way, and all right, but there is not one who he laid his head down upon the table would he sitate to beat the carpet, pound and wept like a child. He did not the beefsteak and whip the cream. know how time passed, he never heard the hours chime. He was aroused by a light touch upon his shoulder, and a sweet voice said gaily—

The young man who considers his best girl the light of his life naturally "Charley, you are asleep? You lazy doesn't mind sitting in the dark.

the beefsteak and whip the cream.

it still hangs on.

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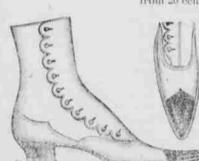
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