The Message of Salvation.

(Luke 1-77-79). Salvation is not so much an esfrom ovH and retribution as it a strainment to good and to a veness of Divine guidance. tion is a real having; not an without anything, as people their lives from fire or flood.

A D. F. Whitney, side of Christ, self is the high-stive; and self is controlled by h appetites. But with Christ we afficient motive to bring our rd hearts into subjection to al purposes and desires spiritual life consists far more

the interior spirit in which you do us than on the things themselves. The great purpose of Christ's

try ls to persuade the soul to be ve to spiritual things. lants the germ of grace within iri, we must cultivate it until ags forth fruits of righteousness.

are thing can stand before any more than darkness abide sivation a Wonderful Change in Us. obtains in Munich. Every destichild found begging in the on is arroated and carried to a

able fastitution. On his arrival photographed-dirt, rags and After being maintained and edued, when he quits the institution begin life, the before mentioned is given him; and he is rehe will keep it as a reminder of arched state from which he was , and of the kindness shown. charity has received many gifts its reclaimed walfs.

The fountain of holy joy is within To have Christ is to What the mainspring is to watch,—the engine to the un-Christ is to the soul in alliance h himself -E. A. DeVore, D. D.

A Renewed Spirit is Needed.

that auspicious bour, to which come sooner or later, when the at desire is for a better life, perhave found yourself thinkthat if only your lot in life, your ess surroundings or domestic estances were not so exposed mpation, you could and you become saintly, But go, ask ter of the gospel, whose life s to you ac sheltered -whether are not assalled frequently and ely by the enemy of all good, a you will learn that in we is needan outward circumstances which rone and safe. The needed a renewed spirit .- J. L. With-

No More Charity Students.

here is no denying the harmful ets of indiscriminate aid to divintodents. The article in the Jan-Atlantic by President William Witt Hyde of Bowdoin on this subis as sound as It is forcible. ring criticism of the results of charity student system is justified hods which never fail to pauper ther classes of people must have micious effect even on the Chris ministry. As President if any other profession held out opportunity of free board and a heat and light, clothing and ture, instruction and all the re ients of life to anybody who would soon be swmped by the of idlers who would apply. er such conditions, natural selecgets no chance to do Its whole-

he wonder is that the injury to church has rot been greater. it it is already bad enough and ing to grow rapidly worse is apmit at a chance. A year ago the on Theological Seminary, after a del sitting of applicants, found out of seventy-two only thirty-six dillty enough to make it worth expend money upon them, of those who were admitted were discouraged from returnat the end of the first year ago Congregational Seminary re determination to move Wh mme direction. But what of the is theological institutions that not feel able to be so independer o exacting as to their materials? early all of these the path of the at has been made so smooth and as to afford a special temptato young men who lack the abil or the industry to succeed in other

proportion as theology has lost attractiveness as a profession e artificial attractions have been lled by pious and well-meaning until now it is less expensive t a theological education than without any education. That ps many a poor and deserving h is true. That it also attracts unfit and lowers the intellectual of the ministerial profession kewise true Concerning the tion to hypocrisy that Hes in stem of eleemosynary aids need here he said Concernlife-long habit of thought that to half fares and special of there may be a difference on But there is not a shadbubt that the indiscriminate sale charity by which the 6 the Christian ministry is inhas a baneful effect apon

sonnel of the profession.

If must go to morrow of the day after."

"What has come over you?" she saked, laughing at his impatience.

If so, then there must be ag wrong about the whole his kind hostess, "I think you will be system and the three here."

I must go to morrow of the day after."

"What has come over you?" she folly the said. "It is life or death to me."

"It you are very careful," replied all?"

"It you are very careful," replied all?" set comparatively no students d. If so, then there must be to stop teaching creeds and young men to think within hominated lines all the rest lives. President Hyde's sugas on this point are as perticely full to arouse discussion and more ways than one.

Mrs. William Berry, Hving whoct builds from Williamsport, tripped der why night and with a tamp in ber and, pitched headlong down stairs. was powerless to rise and would have been burned to death but for the sence of mind of her 7-year-old Pandson, who carried water and put



(Continued From Last Week) it was long before he remembered all this, and then he was lying in a pretty little room in Harry's house, and Harry's wife was standing beside ldm, the tears shining in her bright

CHAPTER IV.

Then Harry would say how pleased

a fellow terribly," said Harry. "You did not look as though you would live two days longer when I saw you. Charley; but you will soon be all right

"It was not India that weakened returned Charley.

But he said no more. He never told his friends how he had loved and married, and how his wife had de-ceived him. He spoke only of his

Do you want to shoot or be shot at?" asked Harry, impatiently, "tiet well first, and then we will talk about

There was the deep festering wound which nothing could close or heal-There was the remembrance of the falt, gentle girl he had loved at Upton, and the remembrance of the woman who had knelt and called him back to forgive her. Long, dreary weeks

said Mrs. Archer to him on the first day that he had come down into the drawing-room. "Harry was obliged to go out; and I have some letters to "Harry was obliged write. Would you like a book?"



"CAN IT HE CHEATER THAN MINE?" "Yes," answered Charley, glad of anything that would take away his

"What kind of reading do you pre "A nice, live-

"It is called 'A Life's Mistake,' and it is a man, some a lady."
"I don't like women's books," said

Charley abruptly.
"You will like this," replied Mrs. genius, whether it be man or woman." Hearing these praises, when the book came Captain Ruthven seized

Life's Mistake," he thought.

said Mrs. Archer, an hour or two afterward, when she returned to the drawing-room, and saw her guest en-

grossed in the novel.

"Very much," he answered, turning to her with a quiet smile. "The strangest thing is that I fancy I have rend it before, some of the thoughts

"Then, if you are contented, I will leave you again," said Mrs. Archer;

When she returned, in less than an hour, some strange change had come over the invalid; his face was flushed. his eyes shone brightly, his whole frame trembled with excitement. She could not help fancying that she saw

traces of tears upon his cheeks.
"Mrs. Archer," he cried, when she entered the room, "when do you think I shall be able to return to London? I must go to morrow or the day after."

fit to travel in a day or two. But what

did love. Then came sorrow, remorse and misery. She met him again—and then came temptation. One's heart almost stood still with surprise as the story went on; but what had struck Captain Ruthven were these few lines heroine had seen her lover again; he had spoken and she had listened;



"DO FORGIVE ME, MAY."

I married without love, and 1 must endure the consequences of my own act until the end. Do not by one but I cannot and will not do wreat Wrong it would be to see you and list-

caused Captain Ruthven to drop his book and wonder for a moment whether he was mad or drenming. Then he read them again. Word for word, it was the letter for writing which he had almost cursed his wife.

Like a lightning thish it struck him that she had written the book, and that the sheet of paper he had believed to be part of a letter written to aubook, and meant to tell him some time. Now he understood the few words

"I might have known," he said to himself a hundred times, "that she never could and never would really de-

wife, and she had been true to him."

How small and mean and contempt thic he felt as he thought of it all! Some men would have been proud of a wife who could write as she did. Hor fame was spread all over England. People said that she was a gen-

His projudice against lady writers had been both sincere and strong; but, when he began to reflect upon it, it seemed absurd. His wife had never neglected a duty, his house and ldm-self were both equally well cared for. Henever remembered to have seen ber untildy or with lakesteined fingers; and, if this gift had been given to ber, why should she not use it?

His repentance and remorse were as

It was not be who had to forgive. He was the criminal; it was he who had sinned against the loving, gentle girl whom he had made his wife

In all his after life Charles Ruth-ven never forgot that journey-its fears, its hopes, its suspense. He did not even know whether he would find

his as the door opened, and he hardly strength or courage to ask if drs. Ruthyen were at home. "She is," said the girl, "but she is busy packing up. What name shail I

ence of his wife. He opened the door quietly, and he had time to note how and thin the sweet face had n. Then she looked up and saw him. Anger and pride were forgotte folded her to his brenst.

"You have forgiven me, Charlie!"
she said, when he gave her time to
speak. "I knew you would I thought
you never could be so couch as to leave me forever, just for such a little thing as writing a book."

"It was not that, darling," he said; and then Charley told her all-all be had suspected and feared and be-

Her face wore a pained, startled look as she listened.
"And you thought I cared for some one else, Charley?" she said, "You believed I had written a love-letter to some one not my husband?"

1 should never have made the same mistake with regard to you?" Charley grouned in spirit over his felly; but he had no excuse to offer. "Did you not see," continued May, pulities so that he could do more to "that it was the half of a sheet of the people. To-day he is the Governor

"but, May, why did you not tell me what it was?"

whenever in after years he mentioned the subject, that was how he summed it up, "Now tell me all about it, May," he added; "how came you to

write that famous book?" "There is nothing much to tell." answered his wife, with one of her old smiles. "I was always fond of writing: I think It was because I was such a lonely child. I had many fanciful thoughts about the lives of flowers and the trees. I used to write them down, because Aunt Bessle did not like to hear me talk about them. Then afterward, when I grew older, my life was so quiet, so monotonous, that I

ould like to write a back. I became

the one you may read then, but when my sum became a great invalid I laid I made and amount forgot it. Arfor that came the height summer when you leved and interiod ate. My life accused so that a that a that on the for framing stories. You said one day that you would never marry a woman who wrater so I made up my mind that minute to been up all my papers, I dired not tell; on how foud I was of writing, and how I longed to province n book. I was a said you would give me up if I did, and never love me any

What is memolous, softish fellow f wind a sensoless, solish fellow i win?" Innerupted Clarife.

"Nar," said May, "You had a right to year own orthons. I burned all my short stories that night, Charley; but when I came to my look I could not destroy it; so I beked it away and decided to ask you at another time to let me finish it."

"And what there?" what Charles.

let me finish it."
"And what then?" naked Charley, seeing that his wife stopped alcupity, "Why, then, Charley please do not be augry with me: I could not help it. See," she continued, grawing excited as sine spoke "could you stop the sun from shinter, the birds from shinter, the flowers from blooming?" singing, the flowers from blooming

neknowledged Charley,

restrain my desire to write. I could not help myself; the thoughts would is, the words would cause and I abliged to write them down. So or we came here, during the hours or were away from home, I finished y book. I took it myself to several blishers, and one bought it. I at tys thought you would forgive no and be pleased, dear, when you saw the book in print. I did not be at to tell you until then. I pletured to my-self how I should being it to you and what you would say. I was always very careful not to leave any papers about. I cannot fell how that leaf got into my desk. It must have been a mistake, You know the rest Churley." "Yes," said her hudand sadiy," I. know the rest, I am not worthy of you As you know, people say you

Do they?" questioned his wife, mer-"They know nothing at all about I don't believe I have a bit of genius in me; but, Charley, I will promise never to deceive you again. I

Bur Buthven would inke no promise To candidly avowed that his prejudice eave it up generally, owning that he

ad been wrong. The books were put back into their the books were put such into their places, and May Buttiven did not return to Upton, as she had meant to be. That was the first and last talsunder-atanding they ever had. Charley says now, "Each one to his vocation—nine

is fighting, my wife's is writing."

They went to India together; but there is a rumor that Rathwen's regiment will soon be ordered have. The world knows now who wrote "A Life's Mistake," and Mrs Buthyon is one of the most admired writers of the day She is best pleased when she hears her tosband say to his friends-

"Yes, my wife writes beautiful backs; but I tell you what she does, sir, besides. She makes the nicest of puddings, keeps a most orderly house, and dresses more neatly than anybody I know. Besides which" he continue in a solemn whisper,"since I have been married I have never had to sew on a

button myself-you understand."

And, coming from Charley Ruthven, his wife thinks that very high praise THE BOAR

Spoutaneous Combostion of May,

There has been many theories to acgreat as his sorrow had been. He count for the spontaneous combustion of hay stacks. This phenomenon is lay which his doctor declared to be now ascribed to a microbe wideh necessary before he started for Lon-don. He thanked his kind, hospitable of the hay and causes a fermionization friends for their care of him, and with | which generates heat, and finally ig-na agitated heart started for the mestal farm at Melrhof, has long been making tests of hay under vari ous conditions of moisture and sure. During his experiments he discan always be cognizant of the state of the interior of the stack. He has devised a kind of long fork, by which a sample of hay can be drawn from any part of a stack at any time and examined to see whether it is abnor-

Longth of the Ideal Foot, A Lendon anatomist is authority for the statement that the ideal foot should be the length of the ultra, a bone in the foreign, which ex-tends from a protuberance in the outer portion of the wrist to the ellow. Of course, the ulm is forcer in tall people, and to be graceful the foot should

Many people may be surprised that the foot should be as long as the fore-arta, and might be inclined to dispute the fact unless proved by demonstra-tion. But it is in the perfectly

He Was Once a Walf. From street walf to Governor-that is the story of John Q. Brady. As a boy he ronmed the streets of No-York, until the Children's Aid Society picked him up and sent him out west "to grow up with the country," He was adopted by a good family, who though poor, sent him to the district school, where he got a faste for eduention, and later worked his way through Yale College. Then he went to New York, entered the Union Theo logical Seminary, was graduated and became a Presbyterian minister. He decided to do missionary work in the west and went to Colorado and Links "I forgive you," she gently "you an then to Texas. Finally he settled have suffered much; but, oh, Charley, in Alaska, where he found a wide field. He planged luto the work of making the country better in a business and moral way, and went into ruled writing paper and no letter at of that immense and little known territory and the head of the Presby ic-"I never noticed it," he said humbly, jan Church affairs in our great Northwestern possessions. He is only one more example of what an American boy with grit and plack has a chance

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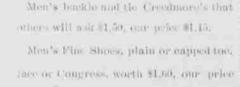
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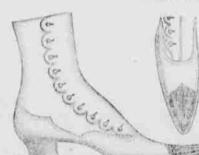
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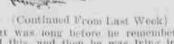
ADVERTISE IN The Fulton County News.

on the fire, Mrs. Herry had both

rannel of the profession.

Alcago Tribune.





eyes she was so pleased to see him himself again.

Captain Ruthven was grateful to his "What would I have done, Harry," he would say at times, "if you had not taken care of me? I had felt ill all that day, and my head had been

he was, how fortunate it was that he happened to be at the station, and how astonished be had felt at seeing the face of an old college companion.
"The climate of India must weaken

great desire to get back to India as soon as possible.

But the getting well was slow work.

passed, and still the time had not come when he could be called well. "What shall I get to amuse you?"



ly novel would be the right thing. Ah, I know the book that will just suit I read it last week. I will send to the library for it." "What is it?" asked Charley, lan-

just now there is a good deal of talk about it. The papers do nothing but praise it. No one knows the writer, and opinions are divided some think

Archer, "It is many years since I read anything like it. There is such a breath of summer running through it; one can see the sunshine and smell the flowers. Whoever wrote it is a

"Can it be greater than mine?" And then he began to read. "Well, how do you like the story?"

and words are so familiar to me. I am certain I have heard some one talk just as this book is written."

for I have many things that require

"Nothing," he said: but she could see that he was greatly agrated.

What was the cause of it? Some thing very simple. He had grown thing very simple. He had grown thing very simple. He story he was "I was mad," declared Ruthven; and "I was mad," declared Ruthven; and reading. It was a well-told, powerfully written tale-the history of "a life's mistake." The heroine-a beautiful, faulty, imperious, wiiful, lova-able girl-married in a moment of pique the man she did not love, in orto be revenged upon the man she

"I know I am wrong in writing; one detake does not excuse another. mistake does not excuse another. Mine has been the mistake of a life-



you again. I can live without here en to you again,"
Those were the few words that

other man was merely a page of the manuscript. He saw it all now. May had deceived him, us she fraulty owned; but, oh, how small was the fault compared to the one of which he suspected her! She had written the that had juzzled blue so. She would never do it again—dear, little, inno-erant May. He hated himself for his blin I fury, his mad rage, his senseless

She had written, and, moreover, had published a book; but what he would once have rescuted as a crime new seemed blameless. She had done that, although she had heard him say that he did not like women writers and would never marry one, but she had not done worse. She was his love, his

ins that she had written words that moved all human hearts alike; and he. in his narrow featonsy, would have kept her all to himself, would have elipped the wings of her intellect and rorbidden it to some moft.

his wife at home; it was two months since he had left her. He walked up to the house and range mally warm or not, the bell. A strange face looked into

"All right," said the captain, "what room is she in? I will go to her."
"She is packing up books in the drawing-room." answered the girl. whose eyes were full of wonder. In two minutes he stood in the pres-

She ran to him with a low cry, and he

"I was mad," he replied. "Do for-

then she repented and wrote to bin, telling him not to see or speak to her ugain. In the midst of the letter were seventeen 1 thought how much I

