

The Hairdresser

"And Rosita, mother—what has become of her?" Allan Fairfax asked the question with a perceptible heightening of the color in his brown cheek...

MORGAN'S RAIDERS.

THE FAMOUS ROUGH RIDING CAMPAIGN OF THE CIVIL WAR.

It Carried Panic and Confusion Into Ohio and Indiana, but Resulted in No Benefit Whatever to the Confederate Cause.

"Cavalry riding," said the major, "is exciting, but very exhausting business. Long distance raids in an enemy's country can be made only where there are a good many horses."

"Morgan, with a well organized brigade of cavalry 4,000 strong, swept northward from the Cumberland river through Kentucky to the Ohio river at Brandenburg, 40 miles below Louisville."

"There was hard riding all the time for Morgan's men. They left behind them a wreckage of broken down horses. They kept ahead of their Union pursuers simply because they stole horses right and left and remounted the men, but they were finally captured, and that fall Ohio gave the war party its largest majority in the history of the state up to that time."

"The comedy of the raid was furnished by the people of the districts wholly unused to war, wholly unprepared for it and with exaggerated ideas of the ferocity of Morgan's men. For two weeks it was only necessary for some mischievous boy to shout, 'Morgan is coming!' in any village in central or southern Ohio to create a panic."

"I remember," continued the major, "one case in which a woman stabled her carriage horses in the parlor for two days to keep them out of Morgan's hands. I saw Morgan's men ride by that house and saw some of them stop to listen at the unusual sound of horses' feet on a carpeted floor, but the parlor horses were not disturbed. Some of our neighbors drove their horses, cattle and sheep 30 miles into the interior and were away from home a week. Morgan's men looted right and left, and some of them had bolts of calico strapped to their saddles when they were captured."

"Morgan, it must be remembered, made his whole raid with artillery and a wagon train, but he was not in Ohio to fight, and he demonstrated at once the ease with which a peaceful district may be invaded by a mobile column and at the same time the peril involved in such a venture. In a few days 50,000 militiamen were in the field against him. At first he played with these green soldiers, but at last they hung on his tanks, eager for fight as bulldogs. In the last days Hobson's men, who had followed Morgan for hundreds of miles through three states, closed in on their old enemies with a gleefulness that exceeded anything of the kind I ever saw in the army, and Judah's men, closing in on the other side, settled the fate of the raiders."

"Morgan's men knew by the maneuvering and the firing when they were faced by trained soldiers, and the first charge of the Union cavalry had in it the impetus of delayed vengeance. The Unionists who rode in that charge had old scores to settle, and Morgan's tired veterans were overwhelmed. After Morgan had escaped from the pentecost at Columbus and had reorganized his command and was again raiding Kentucky hundreds of Union soldiers on their way home for discharge left their trains and joined in the pursuit simply to get a crack at the old raider, and Morgan knew when their rifles spoke that he was up against the real thing."

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A LOVE LETTER

Writing poetry, Johnny? Inquired my sister, Emily, over my shoulder.

"Love and dove and Cupid and cupid and that sort of thing?"

I repudiated the insinuation with scorn. "It is a letter," I replied.

Emily dragged a chair close to mine and seated herself. "Read away, Johnny," she said calmly.

"It is private," said I.

"It will be more interesting,"

"But it is to a lady," I added.

"Oh, Johnny! But why didn't you tell me before? Though, of course, it is not settled yet. You are only paying 'unacknowledged attention,' I suppose. And I wasn't there to see the fun. Well, she's a very nice girl. I always liked Phyllis. But I never thought that by just leaving you without a sister's care for a fortnight you would be caught."

I allowed Emily to continue without interruption. I considered that her curiosity deserved punishment, and the stars fought for me. Emily tapped the paper with her finger and inquired: "Can I help you?"

"I am very inexperienced," said I sadly.

"Then I must. An ill-judged remark, a want of warmth, a single false step, in fact, might ruin you."

"Don't!" I exclaimed, with a shudder.

"Oh, it's lovely, Johnny, to see you like this!" said Emily ecstatically. "How far have you got?"

"Latitude,"

"That's ridiculous!" interrupted Emily.

"You won't allow me any latitude?"

"Don't be silly. You must not put any address or date, but start right away. So must think you very agitated, you know."

"Certainly," said I.

"Begin," My darling, darling Phyllis."

"Two darlings?" I inquired, busy with my pen.

"Yes, two will do. You're not engaged yet. Afterward I should recommend three."

I wrote as dictated. Emily continued: "Although a thousand cruel miles of sea separate us."

"But we're not a hundred!" I exclaimed.

"Please believe me to know best," said Emily.

"But the men who make the geographical?"

"Are not the men who make love. Put it down."

I obediently placed myself a thousand miles away and waited for further instructions.

"Yet you are never, never absent from my thoughts for a single minute," she continued.

"Do you think a third 'never'?" I inquired anxiously.

"No; you should exercise some restraint at times. You might, however, incline toward 'Never, never, never' makes my life intolerable. Each moment here is a year, each day a century."

I looked up in some amazement. Emily continued: "Ah, how I long to see you again—to touch your hand—to look into your eyes!"

"That's beautifully agitated. So disconnected and—jerky," I murmured, scribbling vigorously.

"Couldn't you put in a little touch of humor, just to freshen it up a bit?" I asked, laying down my pen.

"John," said Emily sternly, "a lover has no sense of humor."

I sighed. I felt the character to be difficult. But I have true faith watched the course of true love running smoothly, and I knew that Emily was right.

IN THE MATTER OF CRYING.

While Weeping Is Quite Natural, It May Be "Cruel" In Children.

It comes natural to every woman to pity a child when it hurts itself. Be the misadventure big or little, the mother immediately takes the little one in her arms and in her most sympathetic, pitying tones tries to soothe it.

Of course the child concludes something terrible has happened to it and cries vigorously. A little baby if pitted can soon be brought to a weeping state when nothing whatever is the matter with it. Just call up your most tender, sympathetic tone; ask him that time honored question, "Did they boss the baby?" and the little lips will begin to quiver, the mouth to droop, and soon a wall breaks forth that is meant to indicate that "they" did.

Never giving a child anything he cries for is another excellent way to nip in the bud the crying habit. If it is proper for him to have, promise it to him when he stops crying. Reward his good behavior, not his bad. Of course if bad habits in this direction are formed, it is hard to correct them. But such discipline observed from the beginning will make crying an infrequent performance in the home where the youthful monarch reigns.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

THE TITLE REILLY TOOK.

He Made Himself as Big a Man as the Best of Them.

"When you mention the name of John Reilly, you touch a reminiscence chord in the hearts of hundreds of the older residents of Baltimore," remarked a well known gentleman.

"On one occasion Reilly had to journey to Philadelphia on business. It was in the time of the old stagecoaches, and he made his way leisurely along. Upon arriving there he registered at one of the leading hotels. That leads up to my story. At that time it was customary for men to add to their signatures such titles or evidences of dignity as they possessed. When Reilly looked over the hotel register, he saw something like this: John Jones, LL. D.; William Smith, A. M., A. B.; Samuel Johnson, D. D. Seizing a pen, he inscribed the following: John Reilly, F. R. S. Then he went about his business and spent a pleasant and profitable afternoon.

"Returning to the hotel at night, he was met by a committee of leading and learned citizens. They greeted him with great deference and expressed their gratification that such a distinguished man should be in their midst. He was urgently requested to deliver a lecture before some scientific body during his stay. You see, they judged from the mystic letters on the hotel register that he was a fellow of the Royal society."

"Reilly was a man of imposing personal appearance. He made himself very agreeable to the committee, but could not name a date for the lecture. When they left him, a friend asked the reason of the demonstration.

"What do you mean by writing the letters F. R. S. after your name, any way?"

"They mean 'fried, raw and stewed,'" writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and I serve the best in Baltimore."—Baltimore Sun.

The late General George B. McClellan, U. S. A., is credited with having made the statement many years ago that the sinking of clams into the sand along the ocean shore by closing their shells and ejecting the water from them in a thin stream first suggested to him the use of the water jet as an aid in sinking piles in sand. At any rate as long ago as 1852 a water jet was so used by General McClellan's advice in putting down piles for a wharf and warehouse. Water was forced through an ordinary rubber hose, with a piece of gas pipe on the end for a nozzle. This was placed close to the point of the pile on the bottom, the jet of water scouring the sand away from the pile and making a hole, in which the pile sank rapidly.—Cassier's Magazine.

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So Happy!

From the Milwaukee-Sentinel.

She was a fluffy-haired little vixen, whose cheeks had been pinched by Jack Frost until they were as crimson as the sunny side of a full ripe peach. Her pretty face was half hidden away in a wilderness of gray fur and her graceful form enveloped in a tailor made gown and a cloak of light colored material.

Beside her stood a youth in sable top coat which hung on his lank body like a letter "A" with the apex clipped off, his head crowned with a silk hat. He was "just awfully awful nice." In his gloved hand he had a package of sugar plums, and as he daintily seized one of them between thumb and finger and poised it in the ambient air, he tenderly articulated:

"Does deary want anozer?"

"That's its most precious wish."

Then the pretty lips were puckered above the fur collar into a delicate little funnel. The daintily gloved finger and thumb poised the sugar plum above and let it drop into the receptacle.

The tall and stately policeman, blushed and struck the iron post with his club.

Then half a dozen newsboys missed a full note in their song, "All about the great fire!" and the crowd awaiting the street cars at West Water street and Grand avenue broke the awe-enforced silence of the moment with a round of rippling laughter.

Then the man in sable overcoat and the little maiden in fur collar boarded a Waukesha car, and as they stopped on the platform a few grains of rice sifted out of the furs and was lost in the snow.

Swearing.

Swearing is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

Swearing is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.

Swearing is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney sweep.

Swearing is venomous—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears one of them sticks out of his head.

Swearing is wicked—violating the Divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who would not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.

Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but when all other medicines failed, three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at W. S. Dickson's drug store.

Some Money Facts.

The Statistical Abstract of the United States for 1900, just published, puts the "per capita" of money in the United States in 1900 at \$30.66. The money in circulation was \$26.98, against \$22.82 in 1890, \$19.41 in 1880 and \$18.04 in 1873. There was never so much money in circulation per citizen as now. The net public debt in 1868 was \$67.10 per citizen and the interest charge \$3.48, whereas in 1900 the net debt was \$14.52 and the interest charge 44 cents per citizen. The net revenue last year was \$7.43 per citizen against \$4.40 in 1894 and \$10.97 in 1868, while net expenses were last year \$6.30, against \$5.01 in 1896, \$4.22 in 1886 and \$10.21 in 1868.

Sensitive Tobacco Plants.

In Cuba the best tobacco comes from one strip of land only, the slopes of a certain river, and even there a north wind may ruin the crop. Tobacco is the smallest sensitive plant we know of. The smallest thing affects its flavor. Plant Virginia tobacco in Germany and the result is a better tobacco, but it is German tobacco, not Virginian. In North Borneo they produce the most delicate and silky leaves that ever were seen, but the tobacco lacks character and taste. Send Havana seeds to the Philippines, and you merely produce a superior Manila.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lovely Philanthropy.

Mrs. Brown—We are going to give a progressive euchre for the poor. I love to do something for the poor.

Mrs. Jones—So do I. I love to play progressive euchre for them.—Brooklyn Life.

Wall paper having an apparent value of \$400,000 but in reality worth nothing, decorates the study of a New York business man. It is composed of thousands of 8 per cent bonds engraved and printed at a cost of \$2,500 for a company which, failing to attract investors died before it could be floated.

The Hagerstown Free Library will be completed in May and early in June the doors will be thrown open to the public with between 5,000 and 10,000 books on the shelves.

When you are bilious, use those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers to cleanse the liver and bowels. They never gripe. Trout's drug store.

A man in Springfield, Ohio, is immune from arrest though a thief. He stole chickens and got smallpox. Officers refuse to arrest him.

Reisner's Store News.

To give you in detail all the attractions of our big store, would utilize all the space in THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS as we are daily receiving goods. We must content ourselves by inviting you to visit us and see for yourselves.

Dress Goods. Every lady in the County knows the reputation REISNER'S STORE has for Fine Dress Goods.

Whether it is a wedding dress, or an every day garment she finds a large stock of the most reliable fabrics from which to select. For Winter our line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Wraps is complete, and the fact that they purchase from us once and remain our permanent customers is the best evidence of fair dealing.

Clothing for men, boys, and children in suits from the finest cassimeres, serges, chevots in the latest styles for dress, to the plain strong garment for every day wear.

Then, of course, we can sell you a hat, necktie, collar, gloves, handkerchief—anything you need and at prices that are right.

Dozens of styles and thousands of pairs is what you will find in our stock of Shoes.

Everything from the finest dress shoes for Men, Women and Children to the strong, heavy shoe for hard service.

Geo. W. Reisner & Co.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY TIME TABLE.—March 18, 1901. Leave no. 2 no. 4 no. 6 no. 8 no. 10 no. 12

Additional trains will leave Carlisle for Harrisburg daily, except Sunday, at 5:30 a. m., 7:00 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:15 p. m., and from Mechanicsburg at 6:14 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 8:12 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., and 3:50 p. m., and from Carlisle at 6:15 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 8:12 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., and 3:50 p. m.

Trains No. 8 and 9 run daily between Harrisburg and Philadelphia. No. 2 will run thirty minutes later on Sundays. These trains will stop at intermediate stations on Sundays.

THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS Covers the Field.

In every part of the County faithful reporters are located that gather the daily happenings.

Then there is the State and National, News, War News, a Department for the Farmer and Mechanic, Latest Fashions for the Ladies, The Sunday School Lesson, Helps for Christian Endeavorers, and a Good Sermon for everybody.

THE JOB DEPARTMENT IS COMPLETE. SALE BILLS, POSTERS, DODGERS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, ENVELOPES, CARDS, &c.

In fact anything and everything in the best style along that line.

Sample copies of the NEWS sent to any of your friends on request.

ADVERTISE IN The Fulton County News.

COUNTY OFFICERS. President—Judge—Hon. S. McC. Skopec. Associate Judges—Lemuel Kirk, Peter Morton.

Probationary, &c.—Frank P. Lynch. District Attorney—George B. Daniels. Treasurer—Theo Nipes. Sheriff—Daniel Shoenk. 2117 9th St. Deputy Sheriff—James Roper. Jury Commissioners—David Rota, Samuel B. Rockenbach.

Auditors—John S. Harris, D. H. Myers, A. J. Lamberson. County Superintendent—Clas Chemist. Commissioners—H. K. Malot, A. V. Kelly, John Fisher, Charles Frank Mason. County Surveyor—James Lake. County Superintendent—Clas Chemist. Attorney—W. Scott Alexander, J. Nelson Nipes, Thomas F. Sloan, F. M. Johnson, S. H. Shaffer, Geo. B. Daniels, John F. Sites.