

LOVE'S WELCOME.

The only a speech in the distance. The only a smile on the sea. But now I am longing and waiting To welcome my love back to me. He left me, with heart true and tender, A fortune to seek o'er the main; I seem now to hear him repeating In accents so sweet that refrain:

Goody, my loved one, goody, my darling, Though I must leave you my fortune to find, Say you'll be faithful, loving and patient; Say that I'm leaving a true heart behind.

Now nearer the soft breeze is hearing That leave little craft to the land, And soon once again I'll be starting, Bidding my dear love hand in hand, And now into port she is steering; I see my dear boy once again, As I open my arms to my darling, I smile to change that refrain:

Welcome, my loved one, welcome, my darling; Time has not changed my fond love for thee; If you still love me, say you are willing, Never again to roam far o'er the sea. —Woman's Life.

DEATH IN HOTELS.

Peculiar View of the Subject Taken by Proprietors.

"I had an experience in a New York hotel which struck me at the time as being rather odd and brought vividly to my mind the homelessness of hotel life," said a hotel boarder to a friend who had him at his home for dinner. "A friend of mine died in the hotel where we both had rooms. The first thing I thought of was a bit of craze or some other emblem of mourning for his door. So I went to the clerk and asked him if they had any mourning emblems in the house.

"He looked at me in amazement and said he had been in the hotel business for 20 years and never had that question asked him before. Then I asked him if there would be any objection to my buying something of the kind and putting it on my dead friend's door.

"Certainly there would," he replied. "It would never do. It would alarm the other boarders; might as well stick a scarlet fever sign on the door. And," he added in a peculiar manner, "please do not have your friend's funeral from the hotel if you can help it."

"Why not?" I asked. "I don't know," he answered. "But somehow guests don't expect people to die in a hotel. Of course they do die, but it is usually unexpected."

"I reckon he was right. I don't know why anybody should want to die deliberately in a hotel."

COLDEST SPOT ON EARTH.

There are no points in Europe where the cold records of America are eclipsed, but in Asia our lowest records are broken completely in the shade. Siberia has the coldest weather known anywhere in the world. At Verchojansk, Siberia, 90.4 degrees below zero was observed in January, 1888, which gets away below anything ever known in the world before or since. At that point the average temperature for January is nearly 64 degrees below. This town is situated at an elevation of 330 feet above the level of the sea, and during the entire winter the weather is nearly always calm and clear. Perhaps the majority of people suppose that the coldest weather in the world is at the north pole, but reliable observation made by explorers disproves this theory completely.

SYMPATHETIC ORGANS.

Nature often shows her kind helpfulness by bringing healthy organs to the relief of diseased ones. If one kidney loses its functional power, the other will enlarge and do the work of both. If both are more or less affected, the vessels of the skin may come to their aid and pour out on the surface what would otherwise cause fatal blood poisoning. On the other hand, when the pores are stopped by a chill the kidneys come to the rescue and do large part of the skin's work. This explains why it is so dangerous for the sufferer from diseased kidneys to take cold.

HOW A BUTTERFLY SLEEPS.

The butterfly invariably goes to sleep head downward. It folds and contracts its wings to the utmost. The effect is to reduce its size and shape to a narrow ridge, hardly distinguishable in shape and color from the seed heads on thousands of stems around. The butterfly also sleeps on the top of the stem. In the morning, when the sunbeams warm them, all these gray pied sleepers on the grass tops open their wings, and the colorless bonnets are starred with a thousand living flowers of purest azure.

THE FESTIVAL OF FOOLS.

The "festival of fools" was a feature of each new year with the Parisians. It began on the 1st of January and continued for some days, during which all sorts of absurdities and indecencies were licensed. This feast was not celebrated after the latter part of the thirteenth century. Fools or licensed jesters were kept at court up to the time of Charles I (1625), but the ancient feast was never revived by the people.

In compliance with recent orders issued by the government, larger and stronger mail cars are being put into service on all railroads throughout the country. This action has been taken with a view to affording better protection to the mail clerks, in addition to protecting the mails, in case of a wreck.

A REAL BIT OF ACTING

A STORY OF AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

"Won't you give us some of your acting this evening, dear Mrs. Sterling?"

The time was 4 p. m. Through the window we could see the rain sweeping over the lawn, as it had never ceased to do for the last 48 hours, and my guests lounged about the big, uncomfortable hall in various stages of ennui.

They had been discussing the vital question of how the evening was to be got through. Music, suggested by our Wagner enthusiast, and dancing, by the waltzing girl, had been gloomily rejected, and then suddenly, as though smitten by an inspiration, the little blond widow had turned on me and burst out:

"Won't you give us some of your acting tonight, Mrs. Sterling?"

You see, the truth was, in the days of her maidenhood, the wife of the Hon. Felix Sterling had toured three years as leading lady of a well known provincial comedy company, and now, having resigned the plaudits of the fickle multitude for the love and admiration of one, she still occasionally amused her friends with such smatterings of the histrionic art as she possessed.

On this occasion the request that I should employ my poor talent to divert my guests was received with acclamation. "Oh, yes; please act for us!" came in a chorus from all parts of the hall, and young Charlie Fleetwood excitedly sprang up and offered to improvise a temporary stage if I would consent to perform on it.

I would not make any rash promises, being doubtful, indeed, whether my somewhat limited repertory included anything that would serve as a monologue, and the subject was still under discussion when tea was brought in and with its fragrant presence carried our thoughts away from things theatrical to the more important matter of satisfying the cravings of physical nature.

Over the sodden lawn, battling with the wind and rain, half a dozen eager looking men advanced and steered straight for the entrance porch. We watched their progress in mild surprise, and then suddenly my curiosity was whetted by recognizing the foremost of the six as one of the keepers at the big lunatic asylum which stands grim and silent about a league from Winston Lodge.

This man, a burly, hard faced Yorkshireman, walked straight into the hall after knocking and asked to see Mr. Sterling. My husband lazily rose and went with him to the door.

The keeper immediately commenced to talk to him in a loud, excited voice, so loud, in fact, that we could not avoid overhearing part of what he said, and that had the effect of throwing my guests into something like panic, for the keeper spoke of a lunatic who had escaped from the asylum that morning after nearly murdering an attendant. The lunatic was still at large and had been seen not half an hour ago lurking in a plantation near our house.

"Mercy on us! He may come here at any moment!" exclaimed my Aunt Margery, in a state of high terror. "Hadm't we—hadn't we better have all the doors locked and bolted?" the waltzing girl suggested, with a shudder.

"I shall certainly look under the bed and in the wardrobe tonight!" asserted the blond widow, whereupon Charlie Fleetwood expressed his firm belief that "ladies always did that," which sally only raised a rather feeble laugh.

"What sort of a chap is he?" we heard Felix ask the keeper. "Tall chap, sir; thin, snow white hair, face deathly pale, eyes like fire."

"Umph! Well, from what you say I fancy the sooner you get him under lock and key again the better it will be for the community. No, we have not seen or heard anything of him. If we do, we will let you know at once."

It was with rather a grave face that my husband returned to us. But he spoke some words to allay our alarm; nothing to be frightened about; he would soon be caught. They were now scouring the countryside in search of him.

But nevertheless it was some time before the more nervous members of our circle quite recovered their equanimity, and when the time came for retiring to dress for dinner that lunatic was still the leading topic of conversation.

"Well, have you prepared your programme for tonight, Mrs. Sterling?" Charlie Fleetwood asked when we met in the dining room. "Don't ask questions," I answered. "Let it be a pleasant surprise for you."

Afterward both question and answer proved to have a strange significance. We were sitting in the drawing room after dinner. Felix was talking to the blond widow about a curious book of heraidry he had been reading. He said he would show

her the volume in question and rose to go to the library to fetch it.

Now, Winston Lodge, which we have been accustomed to take each year for the shooting season, consists of an imposing central pile, with two log wings extending east and west. The house was too big for our requirements, consequently we only occupied the center and the west wing. But it was into the east wing that my husband had now gone, the library being situated there.

He had scarcely left the room when I recollected that the book he wanted was not in the library at all, and to save him the futile task of looking for it I ran after him.

I crossed the hall and plunged down the narrow oak paneled corridor leading to the east wing. My course was unillumined save for the dim moonlight that penetrated the mullioned windows, but I knew my way well enough and marched along without hesitation.

I passed through the lofty picture gallery, with its rows of old world faces and grim guardian suits of armor. Out into the second passage I went, a low, tortuous passage, very dark and smelling of musty tapestry.

Suddenly, as I was groping my way along, I saw a slight movement in front of me, and there, but a few feet away, stood a gray, silent human figure.

"Felix, is that you?" I said, and I won't be positive that there was not the suspicion of a quaver in my voice.

There came no answer to the question, and the figure commenced to glide away down the passage. Without waiting to get thoroughly frightened, I followed it, quickening my pace a little. The mysterious form did the same.

Along and along we went, twisting and turning among the labyrinth of passages, and then at last, coming round a sharp corner, there was a shaft of light through a half open door—the door of the library, where my husband was.

I darted forward, feeling quite brave, now that I was in the vicinity of Felix. But I was too late. The form glided into the room, silently closing the door, and I heard the key turning in the lock.

I stood there for a moment or two, puzzled, doubtful, alarmed. All at once there rushed upon me a horrible presentiment of impending doom and with it a wild, irresistible desire to learn what was going on in that room.

I tried the door. It was securely locked. A few yards down the passage, high up in the wall, was a small window looking into the library. Directly underneath it was a heavy oak table. On to that table I scrambled and glued my eyes to the dust dimmed pane.

Shall I ever forget what I saw? I have dreamed of it a thousand times and awaked shuddering in an agony of terror. "Felix, Felix! Turn round! Look!"

Those were the words I shrieked as I dashed my bare hand through the window and withdrew it, bleeding.

And my warning was not a moment too soon. As my husband knelt in a corner over a pile of books the tall, white haired figure was already close on him, an upraised, weighted stick in his hand, the raging fire of insanity gleaming in his eyes.

But I was just in time. On hearing my voice my husband sprang round, caught the descending stick on his arm and closed with his adversary in a fearful life and death struggle.

Which was worse, I wonder, to grapple with that madman, to have his eyes staring into yours, to feel his hot breath on your face and to know that gradually he was overpowering you, or to be the one who looked on, to see the being you loved best on earth fighting desperately, fighting for very life, and yet to stand there utterly impotent?

But no. Thank heaven, I was not entirely impotent. With a cry of encouragement to my husband, I sprang down, bunched up my skirts and raced back along the passage. I ran as I never had run before. I knocked against furniture in the darkness, I stumbled and fell, but still, impelled as by a supernatural force, I rushed on.

Through the picture gallery I went, down the second corridor, across the hall, into the drawing room. I must have looked a remarkable figure as I rushed in among my guests. My hand was bleeding, and the blood had stained my white evening gown. My hair was half down, my dress was torn. But what did appearances matter to me? "The madman!" I gasped, panting for breath. "The escaped madman! He has got into the east wing, and Felix, my husband— We must burst the door open! Come, come!"

be dead—strangled by that madman's fingers—strangled, strangled!"

I repeated that awful word, scarce knowing what I said. The blood was rushing wildly in my head. I began to reel, clutching desperately at the air, and then, of a sudden, a strange, half remembered sound rippled through the room—a sound terrible to listen to at first, yet giving me in the end an inkling of the truth.

It was the sound of hand clapping in applause. They thought I was acting!

I stormed and raved and shrieked as surely no actress could or would. I entreated and implored and struggled the while with the feeling of faintness and numbness, that was stealing over me.

And then at length, seeing that my efforts to make them understand were utterly useless, I suddenly stopped and summoned up a smile as I listened to their applause and congratulations.

Somehow or other I induced them to follow me from the room, telling them that I had something to show them in the east wing—a further entertainment, which my husband and I had prepared. Their curiosity was whetted, and they consented to dawdle along behind me, laughing and chattering the while.

Only when they heard that last despairing cry of Felix did Fleetwood and one or two of the other men begin to gain a glimmer of the truth. It was with ever increasing alarm that they hurried forward and tried to force the library door, and finally, using the oak table as a ram, burst it open.

All of which I recollect as something that happened when I was in a semicomatose. I have a vague memory of looking into the room and seeing several persons there and a struggle going on. I can recall the sight of Felix running out, pale and limping, but smiling, and of his holding out his arms to me. I went to meet him, and then—I swooned.

Answers. Among the people who revel in the lugubrious things of this world and mourn with exceeding pleasure may safely be counted Mrs. Hankey, a character in "The Farringtons."

Mrs. Hankey is telling about the recent wedding of her niece Susan and prophesying the probable end of the bridegroom with considerable unctious.

"How is your sister herself?" inquired Mrs. Bateson. "I expect she's a bit upset now that the fuss is all over and she hasn't a daughter left to bless herself with."

Mrs. Hankey sighed cheerfully: "Well, she did seem rather low spirited when all the mess was cleared up and Susan had gone off to her own home, but I say to her: 'Never mind, Sarah, and don't worry yourself. Now that the wedding's over the funerals will soon begin.' You see, you must cheer folks up a bit, Mrs. Bateson, when they're feeling out of sorts."

STATIONERY FOR FARMERS. As the years go by it is pleasing to note that more farmers write letters on printed letter heads and have their cards on their envelopes. It was once thought that no one could do this unless he was engaged in the production of some specialty or breeding some pure blood farm stock. No one believes that now. Let the farm be named, and then give that, with the name of the owner and his postoffice address, and the business is done. The cost of printing is trifling in comparison with its benefits.—Lanark (Ills.) Gazette.

COULDN'T BE WORSE. "I have here," remarked the long haired man as he laid a bundle of manuscript upon the editor's desk, "two poems. Which is the better?"

With a weary sigh the editor glanced over the first he came to, then laid it down. "The other's the better," said he, resuming his interrupted labors.

"It is mighty queer," says the Seranton Gazette, "how some people will stand upon their hind feet and paw the air when some item of news happens to be a little off on facts; yet these same people would not tell you the item if you ask for it before the paper was printed. There are some people from whom you could not draw a local with a corkscrew—they absolutely don't know any news. But after the paper comes out they will say that you are misinformed about some local happening and wonder why you cannot get things straight."

Bayard H. Morrison, analytical chemist, after examining samples of Philadelphia water, makes the startling statement that Philadelphia drink 1,000,000 pounds of dirt daily. Of this amount 80 tons are organic matter, chiefly sewage and vegetable refuse, and 50 tons are coal. The remainder is clay, lime and iron.

The expenses connected with the funeral of the late Queen Victoria, of England, is estimated at \$175,000. Upwards of \$57,000 was spent in the housing and entertainment of foreign guests.

Not even the armless wonder of museum fame could wiu at poker without good hands. The bill collector should know the ins and outs of his business.

Spurring A Man To Success.

"There's nothing like giving a boy a little encouragement once in a while," said a wealthy down-town merchant the other day. "I know I owe a great deal to a remark a crabbed old farmer made to me when I was quite small.

"I was trying to split a cross grained hickory log, and as our wood pile was close by the roadside, my efforts attracted the notice of a farmer, who stopped his team.

"I was greatly flattered by his attention, because he was the crossdest and surliest man in town and never took any notice of us boys, except to sit in his orchard with a shot gun in his hand when the apples were ripe. So I put in my best licks, and covered my hands with blisters, but the log refused to split. I hated to be beaten, but there was no help for it. The old man noticed my chagrin.

"Hump! I thought you'd hev to give it up!" he said with a chuckle. "I made no reply; but the way that ax-head went into that log was a revelation to me. As I drove it into the knots they yielded. There was a cheerful crackle, the gap widened, and soon the halves lay before me and the farmer drove off discomfited.

"But I never forgot that scene. When I first went into business I made mistakes, as every young man will do. But whenever I got caught in a doubtful enterprise I remember that my friends were standing around waiting for the chance to say: 'I thought you'd hev to give up!'"

"In spite of himself, that old farmer gave me the keynote of my success. So you see that, if a boy has any grit in him, he is bound to profit by the right sort of encouragement; and in that connection, I may remark, a well placed sneer is often worth more than a barrel of taffy."—Puck.

Even to a woman who dresses well a suit for divorce isn't always becoming. You can drive a horse to a brewery wagon, but you can't make him drink.

A man must have the key to the situation before he can wind up his affairs. A boy in the family always comes in handy when the pie left over isn't enough to save.

The man who never smiles is no more to be trusted than the dog who never wags his tail. Don't be too free in abusing other people for being fools; as you may be one yourself.

Some women seem to think that the live news of the day is to be found in the death notices. The girl who uses maucage to keep her hair in curls has been stuck up ever since.

When a man does anything noteworthy, he nearly makes himself disagreeable in looking for credit. Some people pick their company. Other people are not satisfied unless they pick their company to pieces.

If poor people did but know how little some millionaires enjoy their wealth there would be less envy in the world. The Maryland legislature is going to establish an educational qualification for the suffrage. It would not be a bad requirement to have in Pennsylvania.

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 shovel manufactory is a new industry being established at Johnstown with a total capacity of 100 dozen shovels per day. The plant is expected to be put into operation early in April.

Let us hope that between them the two great parties in the state will be able to contrive a first-class, efficient ballot law, one that will give no unfair advantage to anyone and that will make voting a very simple thing.

The lingering cough following grippa calls for One Minute Cough Cure. For all throat and lung troubles this is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Prevents Consumption. Trout's drug store.

Now Ready! Largest Stock of Wall Paper. We have our Spring Shoes. Mercerised Gingham. Carpets. G. W. REISNER & CO. FEE

CUMBERLAND VALLEY TIME TABLE—March 18, 1901. THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS. Covers the Field. THE JOB DEPARTMENT IS COMPLETE. SALE BILLS, POSTERS, DODGERS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, ENVELOPES, CARDS, &c.