

HOW THE BISHOP SMOKED

Phillips Brooks as a Guest of Royalty at Windsor.

There is a very funny story told of the visit of Bishop Phillips Brooks to Windsor castle as the guest of her majesty Queen Victoria. Bishop Brooks, after being hospitably received at the castle, was shown to his room. He then proceeded to light his accustomed cigar. Very soon the smoke reached the nostrils of a custodian somewhere not far away, who came to the door and asked the guest not to smoke, as it was forbidden.

Bishop Brooks then came out into the corridor and went on smoking there. The custodian again begged him to desist. The bishop went back to his room and out upon the balcony which opened from it and resumed his cigar there, thinking that he was now in the open air. Again the custodian came, this time passing through the bishop's room, and said, "Smoking is not permitted, sir, anywhere in Windsor castle." Then he once more disappeared, and Bishop Brooks, who gave up a cigar with very great reluctance when he had once lighted it, returned to his room.

A DOLLAR A DRINK.

A certain druggist was awakened at an early hour the other morning by a loud rattle at his night bell. He looked out of the second story window and saw two men wildly waving what seemed to be prescription blanks, as he hastily donned his clothes, descended to the store, turned on the lights and opened up. He was mad all the way through when he saw that each piece of paper contained the following sentence, "One portion of whisky," and was signed by Dr. Al K. Holl. He saw that one of the men held a \$2 bill in his hand, and a thought struck him. He said:

"I do not know this physician, Dr. Al K. Holl, but if you are really sick I can fill the prescription."

The men, who wanted a drink badly, protested that they were sick and were each given a drink. The druggist took the prescriptions and the \$2 bill and calmly rang up \$2 on the cash register.

"What," yelled the men in chorus, "ain't there no change?"

"None," answered the drug man. "I always charge \$1 apiece for filling Dr. Holl's prescriptions after closing up time."

And he turned out the lights and closed up the store.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TEST OF QUICKNESS IN FENCING.

A very interesting method of testing the quickness of a sword thrust consists in photo chronographic measurement. The movement of the foil point is too quick to be measured by the eye, but by the aid of the photo chronographic apparatus it is plainly shown. The fencer is dressed in white, placed in front of a black background, the foil is chalked, and a metallic "spangle" is fastened to the tip by wax. The photo chronographic machine being set in rotation, the trajectory of the tip of the foil during the movement of the fencer is shown by a series of dots.

As two successive images are one-fiftieth of a second apart in time, it follows that by counting these images the entire time occupied from the beginning to the end of the movement can be determined. In a recent test it was found that the stroke occupied a little less than four-tenths of a second. By this means two swordsmen can be compared and their relative quickness easily and exactly determined.

A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

The following is a curious and interesting experiment: Take a piece of cardboard about five inches square, roll it into a tube, with one end just large enough to fit around the eye and the other end a trifle smaller. Hold the tube between the thumb and finger of the right hand—do not grasp it with the whole hand. Put the large end close against the right eye, and with the left hand hold a book against the side of the tube. Keep both eyes open, and there will appear to be a hole through the book and objects seen as through the hole instead of through the tube. The right eye sees through the tube and the left eye sees the book, and the two appearances are so confounded that it is impossible to separate them. The left hand may be held against the tube instead of the book, and the hole will seem to be through the hand.

FOR SALE. A mule 8 years old, weight from 900 to 1000 pounds, gentle, good worker—strictly all right. Owner's reason for selling is that he has more stock than he needs. Price right.

J. M. KERLIN,
Knobsville, Pa.

The Curse That Failed

BY WHICH JOSE REMAREZ OUTWITTED HIMSELF.

By Marguerite Stabler.

Jose Remarez sat on the sunny side of his patio and counted himself a happy man, and he had reason. The sun was warm, his crops were bountiful, and Luisita was his. In his complacency he did not see the vengeful glance of his one-time rival as the dark figure of Pablo Varo countered by. He sat and smoked, with the fatuous smile born of the pride of possession, incapable of any emotion beyond his simple two-ply nature—his love for Luisita and his hatred for Pablo.

But nothing of the situation was lost on Pablo as he swung by with his long, loose strides. His manner suddenly lost all its devil may care indifference, for Jose's self complacency stung him more keenly than Luisita's inconstancy. Bah! How he would like to run him through with his stiletto—the little, fat-necked puercito! The sight of Jose sitting so contentedly under his own vine and fig tree goaded him beyond the last notch of endurance, and his ire was better directed than he guessed, for it was those very vines and fig trees that had wrought Luisita's desecration.

Luisita was a nice girl, with brown eyes and trim ankles and the usual amount of romanticism in her head about marrying for love, and all that. She loved Pablo and had admitted as much to him, but there were younger sisters in her family to be considered, and the paternal authority had stepped in and asserted itself in favor of Jose and his broad acres in the fertile Santa Ynez valley. So, with a few despairing sniffs and an unctuous feeling of martyrdom, she had dutifully yielded her point and straightaway plunged into the details of her trousseau, soled by the prospect of going to her martyrdom in a sat-in gown.

If Jose had flaunted his success openly in Pablo's face, if he had taunted him with his defeat, then he might have challenged him to fight and at least have had the satisfaction of giving him a sound thrashing. But this ineffable self complacency was beyond his reach. Even he, Pablo, could not thrash a man for sitting in his own patio and smirking to himself. Still the more he thought about it the more determined he was that he must thrash him, and, suiting the action to the thought, he faced about and made for Jose's vine clad patio. He would whip him; yes, and soundly too. But he must make Jose strike first, in order that he might not be culpable in Luisita's eyes.

Jose had not changed his position or expression, for every smoke wreath framed a picture of Luisita's brown eyes and trim little ankles. When Pablo appeared so suddenly before him, black with rage, Jose batted his beady little eyes nervously in the effort of focusing his thoughts on a nearer and less pleasant object. He did not look at all like a man who might be easily decoyed into a fight, but Pablo was determined. With a threatening gesture, he sidled up to the gate.

"Come out here, you coward," he commanded. "I have a score to settle with you."

Jose, basking in his complacent mood, was loath to see it go. "You come in here and have a cigarette with me," he answered, deeming it wiser not to notice the manner and tone of Pablo.

"Not I," returned Pablo. "I do not smoke with such as you, you miserable little cur. Come out here while I wipe the ground up with you!" Pablo was twice Jose's size, and it required no great stretch of the imagination of the latter to see himself made into a mop in his tormentor's brawny arms, so he grew more and more conciliatory.

"Come in and have a glass of wine with me. It is made on my own place," he ventured. The picture of the unlovely front he would present to Luisita with his nose broken and his teeth gone made him waver. Could he have done Pablo an underhanded mischief to any extent he would have availed himself of the opportunity, but to fight—never! It was un-Christian. The unfortunate hazard about his own vintage, however, took the form in Pablo's mind of a taunt of his possessions.

"Come on," he cried, "you miserable, skulking, thieving, lying coward! I dare you to come out and fight me like a man! You're afraid to—afraid!" edging up closer and closer as Jose, for the first time, shifted his position and looked at him undecidedly.

"No," he finally answered, as if weighing the charge; "no, I'm not that. You have a wrong impression of me if you think I'm that."

By this time Pablo was half way up the steps, menacing and challenging. "Come out here and fight, you upstart!" he shouted, holding his hot face so close that the slightest pass from Jose would have struck him, and then his punishment would have descended, swift and sure. "You brass faced ape, come on with your tricks! Come on now, or I'll break your head!" Pablo's whole

frame dilated with the force of his rage till he towered like an irruptive volcano, pouring sizzling streams of invective upon his victim's head.

Jose had no fancy for a trial of their strength. "No," he persisted imperturbably; "you know I'm not that, and you are very much mistaken if you think that's what I am."

Pablo menaced, threatened, tantalized, thrusting his clenched fist into Jose's face, offering every indignity a man will not take to make him strike out, but he would not, for Jose, considering the disparity of their size, was thoroughly convinced that fighting was un-Christian.

Buffed and exhausted, Pablo stamped and swore like a madman. "Stay there, then," he fairly shrieked. "Stay there in your seat till you stick to it! Sit under your accursed vines till you die and rot, and may everything you touch die and rot, you and the woman you have stolen from me, you thieving, lying half breed mongrel! May she bring a curse to whomsoever touches her, and may her children grow up to curse their father and bring disgrace upon their heads! You off-securing, you plague spot, you low flung, underhanded sneak thief, you—"

Breathless and exhausted, words failed him. But as he disappeared around the corner, shaken with his wrath, he still muttered execrations between his teeth. In the blindness of his rage he did not notice the effect his words had had. Under the tirade of his curse Jose had changed color and gone from pasty yellow to streaked blue. Now he arose stiffly and backed through the doorway, his eyes still turned in the direction Pablo had taken, as if expecting to see his curse descend in visible form.

All his self satisfaction, all his smirking complacency, was suddenly gone. Pablo's tremendous rage and terrible earnestness as he stood over him and growled, red eyed and furious, into his face so terrified the little man that he was like to faint. He turned his ashen face toward the window and would not have been surprised to see Pablo's form, with cloven hoofs and fiery breath, riding through the air, while his upwrought fancy supplied the hissing tone. "May she bring a curse to whomsoever touches her; may she, may you!"

Madre de Dios, he was a ruined man, for this was Good Friday and the change of the moon! Many were the curses he had known to have been called down in this way, leaving a train of desolation and destruction in their wake. Old Juan Tienda was now crawling about on crutches because the Pelli brothers pronounced a curse upon the feet that had carried their sheep away, and he well remembered the time his father's horses had all died of glanders because there was a curse upon them. Jose had never penetrated beyond the confines of his little valley, and the local traditions and superstitions of the Santa Ynez bounded his mental horizon.

Until the shadows grew long and cold he sat and covered in his corner, his mind circling around those awful words and the blight that would surely follow. Turn which way he might, his doom confronted him, and there was no escape. He felt himself powerless in Pablo's hands, and the seathing words, that had burned themselves into the core of his soul, rang the changes on "May she bring a curse!" till the perspiration stood out on his forehead and the goosebush on his body as he waited, not knowing when the curse might descend.

But with the coming of the morning there came a sudden flash of illumination. A quick light leaped into his eyes, for the words "may whomsoever" took on a new meaning to him. In the attitude of mind that says "You're another!" Jose bounded to his feet with a definite plan. He began to see the possibility of outwitting Pablo by slitting his deep crimson curse to his (Pablo's) own head. To see him blighted by his own curse, withered by his own words, starving, begging from door to door, dying like a dog in the streets, accursed by his own flesh and blood, would be worth any price.

It was still early when Jose, puffing from the briskness of his walk, found his way to the home of the lovely Luisita. His presence at so early an hour took the household by surprise. He found the trim ankles guiltless of any disguise and the cloud of soft ringlets, through which the lovely brown eyes were wont to glance at him, screwed up into mysterious little knobs all over her head.

Notwithstanding, at the sight of her his courage almost failed him. All his hope and plans the past year had centered in her brown eyes and trim little ankles. It was Luisita his fancy pictured opposite him at his solitary meals and Luisita beside him on the sunny side of the patio; it was for her he had planted his hollyhocks and marigolds, and it was Luisita who was to have been the prop and companion of his failing years, for he was many years her senior now, Luisita being only a little young thing.

But Pablo's words soared high and above all his other thoughts. Never for a moment did his superstitious little soul doubt Pablo's power to call down a curse upon him, and, of all people's, his was most to be feared, for his grandmother had possessed the gift of the evil eye.

"May she bring a curse to whomsoever—"

—Ah, Luisita was *very* lovely, but

she was only Luisita, all told, while to see Pablo overtaken by his own curse would be vengeance absolute and perfect, and the savage within him arose and clamored for revenge, stifling all tenderer feelings in its intensity.

He was going away, he told her folks, far away, perhaps ten miles beyond the valley, and, knowing Luisita's glances had never wholly turned from the handsome figure of Pablo, he chuckled to himself at the obvious outcome. Luisita would be easily consoled, and when she was married to the hated Pablo, just when he thought himself comfortably ensconced in the seventh heaven, the curse upon "whomsoever" she married would descend. Then would he, Jose, come back to gloat over him, mock him, jeer at him, watch the failure of his every undertaking and recall the scene of the cursing. Oh, that would be a proud day!

Jose's wanderings covered many months. He penetrated not only ten but hundreds of miles beyond the valley. He saw things and did things he would have thought beyond belief in the shadow of his own little patio and returned at length with his horizon a trifle broader, but his longing to gloat over his fallen rival no whit abated. So promptly the day after he reached home he betook himself to see the desolation wrought upon Pablo during his absence, to taunt him with the curse wherewith he had ruined himself, to repeat the words "Stay there, then, till you die!" and so on, for he had it all at his tongue's end and would repeat it slowly while he watched his victim writhe and eringe before him.

But as he made his way down the little, crooked street, his lips moving with the monologue he was preparing, he stopped suddenly, and his jaw dropped. There sat Pablo Varo on the sunny side of a little patio, looking the very happiest of men, and with good reason. The sun was warm, the subject of crops didn't bother him in the least, and Luisita, nesting beside him with the nina on her lap, was incontestably his. Not until then did Jose realize that he had outwitted himself and that he was many times a fool.—Argonaut.

USED HER TEETH.

"It is strange," remarked Mrs. Manhattan, a refined looking woman, whose 40 years of life had been passed in one house, "that people are so careless nowadays in giving recommendations to servants. Things have changed in that respect as well as in many other ways since I began housekeeping."

"You have always kept your servants so long," said a listener, a young married woman, "that I thought you never had any trouble with servants."

"Well," responded Mrs. Manhattan, "the maid that always answered my doorbell—you know, I prefer maids to manservants in the house—left me last week, and I advertised for another housemaid. Among the many that applied for the position was a young woman who had a very nice letter of recommendation from Mrs. Newyrich. I engaged her. Yesterday I heard my new maid say to one of my friends who had called: 'Just put your card between my teeth, ma'am. My hands are wet.'"—Exchange.

EATING SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FIJIS.

The coasters of the Fiji Islands will not eat until they can sit flat upon the ground directly over a triangle made of three small fish bones. Then they only handle the food with the left hand.

The inhabitants of the interior of the same islands will not partake of food while a cloud is in sight, especially if the cloud lies in the west, fearing that the Great Air Whale, whose bellowing (thunder) is often heard in that country, will pounce upon and utterly annihilate them for such irreverence.

She Declined.

Few American youths have cares made for them. Those who deplore this and shun the stings of self effort may find tonic in the reply of a western girl to an offer of marriage.

A young man of more book learning than force of character lost the young wife who toiled to support him, returned to his native town for consolation and found it. Some months later she too, passed away, and the sad youth soon appealed to a well known clergyman for assistance in finding a helpmate.

The minister introduced him to a western girl of health and energy, who the next day received a plaintive note from the widower. He declared that the Lord has made great inroads upon his marital affections, and it now seemed to be his will that she would repair the breaches of his life.

The reply which the clergyman keeps today as one of the choicest specimens of a varied collection, reads simply:

"Mend your own breeches."—Youth's Companion.

A BIT OF BUSINESS.

Turned His Rival's Purchase to His Own Account.

A short time ago the manager of one of the big stores in this city found that a rival establishment had just received a large consignment of a very fine quality of lace. Needless to say, that lace was also very expensive.

He immediately sent one of his subordinates over to the rival store with instructions to buy half a yard of the aforesaid lace. This he hung up in a conspicuous position with a very legible price mark attached, and the price marked was very reasonable. Then he gave some instructions to the girls behind the counter and retired to await developments.

Two shoppers soon happened along that way, and the piece of lace caught their attention.

"Isn't that just too beautiful!" exclaimed one of them.

But instead of answering her directly her companion grasped her by the arm and whispered excitedly, "Look at the price!"

In answer to their eager questions the shopgirl answered nonchalantly:

"That there lace? I don't think we've got any more. Wait a minute."

The two women waited while the girl consulted long and seriously with one of her fellows. The consultation was about a dance which was to take place that evening, but the would be customers never knew the difference. When it was over, the girl returned and informed them:

"Sorry, but we're all out of that lace. (Guess you can get some over in Blank's, though,) mentioning the rival establishment. The two women hurried away, fearing that the supply in the other store might also be exhausted before their arrival. It wasn't, but they did not buy any lace, and, furthermore, they advised all their friends to shop at David's, because the prices there are so reasonable. "But," they added, "you've got to get there early or the nicest things will be all sold out."—New York Sun.

THE BOY AND THE DOG.

There is no truer friendship than that of the boy and the dog. There are no happier days to which the grown man may look back with a tender regret for their passing than the days spent in the old home fields with the faithful four-footed companion of youth. Confidence between boy and dog was perfect. The dog perhaps was not a thoroughbred and had come into the world minus a pedigree, but the boy neglected him for what he was and in the blessed ingenuousness of youth may even have found an occasion of added pride in the dog in some characteristic which he once gloried as highly to the animal's discredit as determined by the bench show standards. And as for the dog, on his part, too, he took the boy for what he was, a kid of him no more than that he should understand to make of himself a demigod for unstinted confidence, affection and worship. If the scientists would devise a way to represent the care free happiness of boyhood days in some equivalent of foot pounds, the amount of it justly accredited to the companionship of boy and dog would be expressed in many tons.—Forestand Stream.

WAR STARTED BY GLASS OF WATER.

The war of the Spanish succession was caused by a contest between Austria and France as to whether an Austrian or a French prince should sit on the throne of Spain. The war had been determined on for several years before the death of the old King Charles II, but about the time of his death an English lady in Paris was raising a glass of water to her lips at a crowded reception. A French gentleman jostled against her and spilled the water on her dress. Her escort took up the matter, and a duel resulted, followed by so general a quarrel between the French and English residents that it was facetiously said the war was brought on by the upsetting of a glass of water.

PROVED.

The fire of a legal examination is a hot one, but an accused person who stands its test doesn't often emerge with a character the better established.

An individual of somewhat doubtful appearance was applying for a situation as van driver. On being asked for references he mentioned one of the dealer's old hands, who was called in and questioned as to the applicant's honesty. The referee rubbed his chin meditatively for a moment and said:

"Honest? Well, guv'nor, his honesty's his proved ag'in and ag'in. Faith, he's bin tried seven times for stealin and escaped every time!"

The applicant was not engaged.—London Tit-Bits.

After all we must come back to the old truism; that men and women are like water; they always find their true level. And where you live happiest, that is your level. There's polluted water and there's clear water. But one law is inexorable; the closer you get to Nature, the truest and simplest thing there is because it is closest to God, the clearer always will you find the water.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

Now Ready!

We are now ready to show you the

Largest Stock of Wall Paper

we have ever had, and at prices that beat everything in three years past by 50 per cent. In the better papers, prices run from 3 to 15 cts. per bolt, with Ceiling and Borders to match. You can buy paper for a good sized room for what the express would cost you if you sent away for it, and you get the paper just as cheap here.

We have our

Spring Shoes

in shape to show you—a splendid stock cheaper than a year ago, and prettier.

We will have, by the time you see this, a lot of Summer Stuffs that we know will please you. There is a new thing—

Mercerised Gingham,

that makes a beautiful waist—ox-blood, blue, and gray stripes—looks like silk, and wears and washes elegantly.

Carpets.

A good Rag Carpet for 23 cents. Mattings from 10 cents up. Window Shades—all kinds and prices. See them.

Respectfully,

G. W. REISNER & CO.

THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS

CUMBERLAND VALLEY

TIME TABLE.—March 18, 1901.

Leave	Pa. A. M.	Pa. P. M.	Pa. A. M.	Pa. P. M.	Pa. A. M.	Pa. P. M.
Winchester	7:20	7:45	1:05	1:30	7:20	7:45
Marblehead	8:10	8:35	1:45	2:10	8:10	8:35
Harrisburg	8:45	9:10	2:10	2:35	8:45	9:10
Greencastle	9:25	9:50	2:50	3:15	9:25	9:50
Mechanicsville	10:05	10:30	3:30	3:55	10:05	10:30
Chambersburg	10:45	11:10	4:10	4:35	10:45	11:10
Waynesburg	11:25	11:50	4:50	5:15	11:25	11:50
Shippensburg	12:05	12:30	5:30	5:55	12:05	12:30
Newville	12:45	1:10	6:10	6:35	12:45	1:10
Catlettsville	1:25	1:50	6:50	7:15	1:25	1:50
Mechanicsville	1:45	2:10	7:10	7:35	1:45	2:10
Harrisburg	2:25	2:50	7:50	8:15	2:25	2:50
Pa. A. M.	3:05	3:30	8:30	8:55	3:05	3:30
Pa. P. M.	3:45	4:10	9:10	9:35	3:45	4:10
Pa. A. M.	4:25	4:50	9:50	10:15	4:25	4:50
Pa. P. M.	5:05	5:30	10:30	10:55	5:05	5:30
Pa. A. M.	5:45	6:10	11:10	11:35	5:45	6:10
Pa. P. M.	6:25	6:50	11:50	12:15	6:25	6:50
Pa. A. M.	7:05	7:30	12:30	12:55	7:05	7:30
Pa. P. M.	7:45	8:10	1:10	1:35	7:45	8:10

Additional trains will leave Harrisburg for Winchester, every Sunday, at 8:30 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:10 p. m., and 8:10 p. m. Additional trains will leave Harrisburg for Catlettsville, every Sunday, at 8:30 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:10 p. m., and 8:10 p. m. Additional trains will leave Harrisburg for Newville, every Sunday, at 8:30 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:10 p. m., and 8:10 p. m. Additional trains will leave Harrisburg for Catlettsville, every Sunday, at 8:30 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:10 p. m., and 8:10 p. m. Additional trains will leave Harrisburg for Newville, every Sunday, at 8:30 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:10 p. m., and 8:10 p. m.

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg daily, except Sunday, at 6:30 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 12:30 p. m., and 1:15 p. m., also for Mechanicsville, Shippensburg, and intermediate stations at 7:00 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.

Nov. 1, 2 and 9 run daily between Harrisburg and Hagerstown.

Pullman palace sleeping cars between New York and Knoxville, Tenn., on trains 1 west and 10 east.

Through coaches to and from Philadelphia on trains 2 east and 7 and 9 west.

Daily.

* Daily except Sunday.

† On Sundays will leave Philadelphia at 4:00 p. m.

SOUTHERN PENNSA. R. R. TRAINS.

Pa. P. M.	Pa. A. M.	Pa. P. M.	Pa. A. M.
7:45	8:15	1:45	2:15
8:30	9:00	2:30	3:00
9:15	9:45	3:15	3:45
10:00	10:30	4:00	4:30
10:45	11:15	4:45	5:15
11:30	12:00	5:30	6:00
12:15	12:45	6:15	6:45
1:00	1:30	7:00	7:30
1:45	2:15	7:45	8:15
2:30	3:00	8:30	9:00
3:15	3:45	9:15	9:45
4:00	4:30	10:00	10:30
4:45	5:15	10:45	11:15
5:30	6:00	11:30	12:00
6:15	6:45	12:15	12:45
7:00	7:30	1:00	1:30
7:45	8:15	1:45	2:15
8:30	9:00	2:30	3:00
9:15	9:45	3:15	3:45
10:00	10:30	4:00	4:30
10:45	11:15	4:45	5:15
11:30	12:00	5:30	6:00
12:15	12:45	6:15	6:45
1:00	1:30	7:00	7:30
1:45	2:15	7:45	8:15
2:30	3:00	8:30	