

LEGEND OF THE RED ROSE.

One day within a garden fair Love found a maiden sleeping, Her arms around her hair, The entry lilies keeping...

SANGEROT'S FICKLE MEMORY

How It Brought Joy to a Stranger and Pain to a Friend.

Mme. Vermandois and her pretty daughter Clotilde had just seated themselves before their embroidery frames in the bright, cozy little morning room overlooking the garden when M. Sangerot entered the room like a rushing wind...

"Ah, what happy chance brings you here today, my dear Hector?" said the amiable Mme. Vermandois, as she looked up from her embroidery and greeted her brother-in-law.

"It is not chance that brings me here, my dear Hortense," breathlessly exclaimed Sangerot, "but an affair of the first importance—which I shall tell you in two parts."

"Sit down, at least," said Mme. Vermandois, pushing a chair toward him. "Haven't the time, my dear; haven't the time," said Sangerot, taking his stand near the mantelpiece.

"Are you going to buy anything, my dear Hector?" quizzically inquired Mme. Vermandois.

"Buy? Not the slightest idea of purchasing anything," hurriedly answered Sangerot. "But I must be there for a very important reason, which it would take me too long now to explain. Ah, my little Clotilde," continued the effervescent Sangerot, addressing his niece, "is not this the hour for your water color lesson?"

Clotilde, who had been sitting at her embroidery frame, looked up at her father with a surprised expression.

"To be sure, to be sure," hastily replied Sangerot. "It will be time gained."

"But, my dear Hector, you do not stop to reflect," protested Mme. Vermandois, a little excitedly. "Would it not be more conventional to arrange for Clotilde and myself to meet the young man at some soiree or entertainment and follow the introduction by an invitation to call?"

"But have I the time, my good woman," hotly argued Hector Sangerot, retreating with indignation. "To go gallivanting about with you and Clotilde to soirees and balls, I who am rushed, crushed and overwhelmed with a multitude of affairs, which leave me absolutely not one minute for myself?"

"It is very important, my dear Hector," said Mme. Vermandois, detaining her brother-in-law by the lapel of his coat. "What are the young man's name and address?"

"Ah, to be sure!" exclaimed Sangerot. "I certainly forgot that detail, but how can I be expected to remember everything, with so many important duties to think of? His name is—ah, just let me think a moment, Hortense. Yes, I'm sure his last name is Dupen, and his first is either Georges, Charles or Jules."

"Write to him at once," urged Sangerot, "and goodby, or I shall never reach the auction in time for the sale." And with a frantic wave of his hand, he rushed from the room.

"As soon as my brother-in-law had disappeared Mme. Vermandois, who possessed a keen sense of the ridiculous, threw herself into the armchair and burst into a hearty laugh, for the counsel given her was so delightfully unconventional. A widow of many years' standing, she had led a quiet life, going out but little. Naturally she desired to marry her daughter off, and Mlle. Clotilde herself was not averse to matrimony. But her opportunities to appear at fashionable functions had been few and far between, hence Mme. Vermandois debated long whether it would be wise to allow such a desirable offer as her brother-in-law presented to slip by, for, notwithstanding Sangerot's eccentricities, she had great confidence in his judgment, particularly in the selection of an eligible husband.

"So the next day the languid widow sent by the morning post the following missive, which she addressed to 'M. Jules Dupen, 123 Boulevard St. Michel, Paris.'"

"Mme. Vermandois would be extremely grateful to M. Jules Dupen if he would kindly call on her at 142 Bonaparte street on important business this afternoon from 3 to 5."

Having read and reread the note, she decided that as M. Dupen was a lawyer she would talk to him about her many lawsuits with her husband's relatives. This subject at least, she thought, would afford a happy opportunity of coming to the real business.

"Another and instance of my own burdened brain. I wish a thousand pardons, my friend. But, really, I haven't time to stop another minute. We'll talk over this little affair some other day." And with this Sangerot hurried off in the direction of the Rue Bonaparte, where his sister-in-law awaited him.

"Very well, indeed, thanks, monsieur," replied Mme. Vermandois, with one of her most gracious smiles; "but, as usual, always in a hurry. Of course, you understand it is a little way of his. All his friends do."

"Yes, yes, I understand perfectly, madame," answered the artist, who understood nothing at all; but, seeing his hostess smile, he burst into a loud, hearty laugh.

"Well, thought Mme. Vermandois, as she listened to Dupen's peal of laughter, 'Hector told me that he was a very serious, grave young man; on the contrary, he is quite gay.' Then, continuing her conversation, Mme. Vermandois ventured: 'I want your advice. My brother-in-law suggested—'

"Precisely the contrary, sir," said Mme. Vermandois, "for it was only after my widowhood that my troubles began. My husband's father possessed a magnificent picture gallery."

"Then you really think, monsieur," inquired Mme. Vermandois, "that Jules Dupen was perhaps just on the point of saying what he really did think, when Clotilde, in a crisp, pink organdie gown and looking as fresh and pretty as a spray of geranium, entered the drawing room."

"Sapriste!" said the artist to himself. "Behold a Grouse, a living one and far more beautiful than anything the master ever painted!"

"You have real talent, mademoiselle," declared Dupen, and he began to explain in technical terms the particular niceties of Clotilde's brush.

"Then you also paint, monsieur?" enquired Clotilde.

"Ah, how delightful!" exclaimed Clotilde, who understood perfectly the object of the stranger's visit and who was already captivated by his dark mustache.

The interview was now at an end, and Mme. Vermandois graciously extended her hand and invited the artist to call again. Jules Dupen had understood absolutely nothing and was puzzled to know why he had been requested to call. One thing, however, was quite clear—he had received a second invitation, and as the visit would afford him the opportunity of studying the living Grouse, which at that moment he was devouring with his eyes,

"Another and instance of my own burdened brain. I wish a thousand pardons, my friend. But, really, I haven't time to stop another minute. We'll talk over this little affair some other day." And with this Sangerot hurried off in the direction of the Rue Bonaparte, where his sister-in-law awaited him.

"Very well, indeed, thanks, monsieur," replied Mme. Vermandois, with one of her most gracious smiles; "but, as usual, always in a hurry. Of course, you understand it is a little way of his. All his friends do."

"Yes, yes, I understand perfectly, madame," answered the artist, who understood nothing at all; but, seeing his hostess smile, he burst into a loud, hearty laugh.

"Well, thought Mme. Vermandois, as she listened to Dupen's peal of laughter, 'Hector told me that he was a very serious, grave young man; on the contrary, he is quite gay.' Then, continuing her conversation, Mme. Vermandois ventured: 'I want your advice. My brother-in-law suggested—'

"Precisely the contrary, sir," said Mme. Vermandois, "for it was only after my widowhood that my troubles began. My husband's father possessed a magnificent picture gallery."

"Then you really think, monsieur," inquired Mme. Vermandois, "that Jules Dupen was perhaps just on the point of saying what he really did think, when Clotilde, in a crisp, pink organdie gown and looking as fresh and pretty as a spray of geranium, entered the drawing room."

"Sapriste!" said the artist to himself. "Behold a Grouse, a living one and far more beautiful than anything the master ever painted!"

"You have real talent, mademoiselle," declared Dupen, and he began to explain in technical terms the particular niceties of Clotilde's brush.

"Then you also paint, monsieur?" enquired Clotilde.

"Ah, how delightful!" exclaimed Clotilde, who understood perfectly the object of the stranger's visit and who was already captivated by his dark mustache.

The interview was now at an end, and Mme. Vermandois graciously extended her hand and invited the artist to call again. Jules Dupen had understood absolutely nothing and was puzzled to know why he had been requested to call. One thing, however, was quite clear—he had received a second invitation, and as the visit would afford him the opportunity of studying the living Grouse, which at that moment he was devouring with his eyes,

Out of the Ginger Jar.

The man who tears his trousers, increases his rents. The sweetest joys are often preceded by the deepest sorrows.

It is always the rich man who pays his subscription the most promptly. When a man says life is not worth living, he has reference to his life.

Never judge a man by the umbrella he carries until you find out who owns it. The dude with the puff shirt, pink tie and leather belt will soon be with us again.

If we cannot keep our secrets our selves, we need not expect others to keep them for us. A woman laughs in her sleeve when a man begins talking through his hat.

It is better for a man to forgive his enemy than to take a thrashing. Prohibition will never be a success until a law is enacted that will abolish thirst.

The easiest way for a poor man to get into society is to marry for money. Nearly all the knowledge in the world has been political pie, and a fellow has to go after that, and usually "tip" the waiter.

It is the man without much mind who always has a mind to do something and never does it. Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in. Some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

Some people are so much like circus bills that it don't require much money to cause them to be stuck up. Some wear spectacles because they are blind; others to keep them from becoming blind, and others, just for a "blind."

"I have been suffering from Dyspepsia for the past twenty years and have been unable after trying all preparations and physicians to get any relief. After taking one bottle of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure I found relief and am now in better health than I have been for twenty years. I can not praise Kodol Dyspepsia Cure too highly," thus writes Mrs. C. W. Roberts, North Creek, Ark. Trout's drug store.

Drinking at meals induces a person to eat more than he otherwise would, and excess in eating is one of the great causes for sickness. In fact, the two great dietary failings seem to be over-eating and drinking of too little water at the proper times. Many colics are from over-eating or from eating gross food. Persons with abundant lung power who exercise a great deal and breathe much can dispose of a large quantity of food, but the more delicate and sedentary should eat moderately. A cold once taken will run its course in spite of what may be done for it unless it is attended to within 48 hours after its inception. The treatments vary. The cutting off of supplies by skipping a few meals is one of the principal things, for the old saying of about stuffing a cold and starving a fever should be literally amplified to the condition and conclusion that if you stuff a cold you will have a fever to starve. Some persons assert that any cold, if taken in time, may be cured without any medicine whatever by following the simple precautions of keeping warm, going without eating for 24 hours and drinking largely of some sort of warm tea. Another plan is that of drinking cold water freely and going without eating.—Exchange.

AN UNFOLDED TALE. The story of the night has been of literature, if it could be written, would be as fascinating as any of the things that have been. It would tell us, for instance, of that Kipling book which the world has never seen. It was to have followed the "Plain Tales From the Hills" and was a collection of short stories, bound together under the title of "Forty-five Mornings." It was accepted, set up in type, printed and made ready for binding when a well known novelist read it. "It's as good as 'Plain Tales'" was his verdict, and Mr. Kipling's brief reply was: "As good will not do. It must be better or it won't be published."

Friends:-- Have you seen our Spring Stock of Dress Stuffs?

From the way they are moving out, they must be all right. Among the Special Attractions are the Mercerised Gingham New and Handsome Dimities, Lawns, Piques, &c.

We also have a nice stock of Woollens for Dresses and Skirts. Our notion stock is complete with all the novelties of the season.

For men and Boys we have a lot of Straw Hats to close out at half-price and less. 25 cent hats going at 12; 50 cent ones at 25 cents, and dollar hats at 50 cents. Don't wait. Not many of them.

Look at this ad next week. Respectfully, G. W. REISNER & CO.

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 latest New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia Markets. 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. The Fulton County News.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY

TIME TABLE.—March 18, 1901.

Table with columns: Leave, no. 1, no. 2, no. 3, no. 4, no. 5, no. 6, no. 7, no. 8, no. 9, no. 10. Rows include Winchester, Martinsburg, Hagerstown, Greenbriar, Mercersburg, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, Shippensburg, Newville, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg, Dillsburg, Arr. Harrisburg, Arr. Philadelphia, Arr. New York, Arr. Baltimore.

Additional trains will leave Harrisburg daily, except Sunday, at 5:50 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., 1:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., and 6:30 p. m., and Harrisburg, to let of passengers.

Table with columns: Leave, no. 1, no. 2, no. 3, no. 4, no. 5, no. 6, no. 7, no. 8, no. 9, no. 10. Rows include Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Dillsburg, Carlisle, Newville, Mechanicsburg, Shippensburg, Waynesboro, Chambersburg, Mercersburg, Greenbriar, Hagerstown, Martinsburg, Arr. Winchester.

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg daily, except Sunday for Carlisle and intermediate stations at 8:30 a. m., 2:00 p. m., 8:15 p. m., 8:25 p. m. and 11:00 p. m., also for Mechanicsburg, Dillsburg and intermediate stations at 7:45 a. m. and 3:27 p. m.

SOUTHERN PENN'A R. R. TRAINS.

Table with columns: P.M., A.M., M.V., Arr. A.M., P.M., P.M. Rows include Chambersburg, Martinsburg, Mercersburg, Hagerstown, New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, A. M. P. M. P. M.

Connection for all stations on Cumberland Valley Railroad and Pennsylvania Railroad system. H. A. RORER, Gen'l Pass. Agent. J. F. BORN, Supt. COUNTY OFFICERS. President Judge—Hon. S. McC. Swope. Associate Judge—Lemuel Kirk, Peter Morton.