A voice awoke the dreamy air, A feeble father sought her; She turned from Love in deep despair To prove a faithful daughter. "Oh, comp," cried Love, "thy life shall be Encrowned with joy and beauty!" 'Take up thy cross and follow me,' Commanded stern eyed Duty.

She wrenched the arrow from her breast; Her heart clung to it broken; She laid them at his feet and blessed Her first and last love token. A glory shone within her eyes; She clasped the hand of Duty; Heaven saw the noble sacrifice And filled her soul with beauty.

Love took his silver bow and made A grave; then, softly weeping, in is her heart and arrow laid. And left them in Time's keeping. The lilles, benefing o'er the mound, Mourned for the heart they cherished, And when the brown leaves strewed the ground, Upon its grave they perished.

The wind grew hourse and ceased to shrick Among the barren bowers. The sunbeams kissed Dame Nature's check; Her blushes bloomed in flowers.

One more upon the mose grown mound,
The garden air perfuming.
With tiny arrowheads set round,
They found Love's red rose blooming.
—Boston Transcript.

## 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. San- Jules." gerot entered the room like a rushing wind-not unusual for Sangerot, as he was always in a hurry, though, frankly speaking, he was a gentleman of elegant leisure and had absolutely nothing to occupy him except the agreeable task of collecting his divideads. But he had a mania of creating for himself a multitude of fletitious obligations, which never left him free for a moment. He breakfasted hurriedly, he dined hurriedly, and whenever his acquaintances accosted him on the street they were invariably greeted by the stereotyped phrase, "I'm sorry, my dear friend, but I

can't stop; haven't the time." This harmless eccentricity, however, would not have caused the slightest inconvenience to any one had not this needless restlessness produced in the otherwise excellent and well meaning Sangerot frequent lapses of memory. particularly in regard to names and addresses, which he seemed to forget almost as soon as they were given and which, in his perpetual hurry, be did not take time to note in his memoran-

"Ah, what happy chance brings you here today, my dear Hector?" said the amiable Mme. Vermandols, as she looked up from her embroldery 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 bim.

"Haven't the time, my dear; haven't the time," said Sangerot, taking his stand near the mantelplece. "Here it is nearly 2 o'clock," he naded, glancing hurriedly at his watch, "and by half past I should be at the nuction rooms. where the furniture of a certain Comtesse de Vertalure is to be sold. I understand that she has a rare collection of curios and bric-a-brac and odd little knickknacks, picked up in her many travels, and I wouldn't miss the auction for the world-not for the world, my dear Clotilde!"

'Are you going to buy noything, my Hector?" quizzically inquired Mme. Vermandols.

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

"Which means, my dear uncle," said Clotilde, rising from her chair, "that I am de trop, for the mysterious affair which you have to communicate to Then, looking at M. Sangerot with her extremely pretty eyes, full of rogulah witchery, she asked if the important affuir were a blond or brunette with a constacle or beard. and coquettishly intimated that she preferred mustaches only, and very dark ones. And with a light, musical room, quite convinced that her nucle was about to propose a condidate for hard- and not in the least fright-

ened at the prospect of mairimony. "The cumulus little for!" exclaimed Sangerot to Muse. Vermandois, as mous as the door had closed after bly preffy e. The ban actually defined the object of my visit! Well, I'm glad to

know that the proposition is agreeable. This saves time and avoids the necessity of a long preamble. Yes, indeed, my good Hortense," harriedly added Sangeret, "I've found the right man for Clotilde-a marvelous opportunity! How did I find him? Purely by the merest chance, which I shall expinin to you another day, when I am more at leisure. He is a charming young fellow. dignified, grave, of excellent standing; a clever lawyer with a promising future, 28 years old, with 150,000

He found the conditions satisfactory here to arrange. Write him to come here and see you. Find some pretext, Dote. for I haven't the time to invent one. I know that he will respond as soon as the invitation is given. If he pleases you, I can arrange the affair very simply and very quickly. As to myself, my dear Hortense, you know that I am always at your service-that is, as far

as my occupations permit." Mme. Vermandols listened with an amused smile to her brother-in-law's proposition and took advantage of a slight panse to inquire if he really meant that she was to invite the proposed suffer to her house without even the formality of a previous introduc-

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

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

But have I the time, my good woman," hotly argued Hector Sangerot, dois, somewhat surprised bristling with Indignation, "to go gallist's quizzical expression. vanting 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?" And with an injured air Sangerot paus ed for a second and looked at his sister-in-law, and as she remained silent he hurriedly continued: "Take my advice, and don't let the opportunity slip. It is the chance of a lifetime. Catch the bird while you can. Write to him! Look about you for a pretext. The the business I have been called upon whole affair is so simple, and women to treat. are geniuses where excuses are concerned. I must go now, for it is ten Mme, Vermandols, "for it was only aftminutes past 2, and I shall never reach er my widowhood that my needless **ORMERNMENTHMENTHMENTHMENTHMENT** the auction rooms, Rue Drout, by half

"But another question, dear Hector," said Mme. Vermandois, detaining her the artist. brother-in-law by the lapel of his coat. What are the young man's name and

"Ah, to be sure!" exclaimed Sangerot. 'I certainly forgot that detail, but how rights." 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 about it?" his first is either Georges, Charles or

"It is very important, my dear Hector," said Mme. Vermandols laughing-Greuze, a Fragonar ly, "to have the first name, for there sketches by David." are doubtless hundreds of Dupens in Paris, and there is certainly a wide difference between Charles, Jules and

"Quite right, quite right, my denr. Well, let me think. Ah, yes: I have it now. His name is Jules Dupen. I am quite positive of this, and his address is 123-yes. I am positive it is 123-oroh, I can't for the life of me think of the name of the street." And he despairingly turned to his sister-in-inw. "Help me, my dear Hortense, help me!"

"Ah, at last I have it?" joyfully exname mixed up with it. Let me think, Is it St. Martin, St. Denis, St. Marcel or St. Michel? Ah, at last!" cried Sangerot triumphantly. "It is Boulevard St. Michel, 123, and the young man's name is Jules Dupen."

Mme. Vermandois gave a sigh of re-

"Write to him at once," urged Sange-rot, "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 her brother-in-law bad disappeared Mme. Vermandois, who possessed a keen sense of the ridiculous, threw herself into the armehair and burst into a hearty laugh, for the counsel given her was so deligatfully unconventional. A widow of many years' standing, she had led a quiet life, going out but little. Naturally sha desired to marry her daughter off, and Mile. Clotilde herself was not averse to matrimony. But her opportunities to appear at fashionable functions had been few and far between; hence Mine. 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 given confidence in his judgment, particularly in the selection of an eligible hus-

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

"Mme. Vermandois would be extremely grateful to M. Jules Dopen if he would kindly call on her at 142 Bonaparte street on important business any time from 3 to d.

Having read and rerend the note, she decided that as M. Dupen was a law-yer she would talk to blue about her many lawsuits with her bushand's relatives. This subject at lenst, she thought, would afford a happy opportunity of coming to the real leasingers. M. Jules Dupon the noted painter

and laureate of the School of Fine Arts, residing at 123 Bonlevard St. Michel, was greatly surprised, but highly de lighted, to receive the pressing invita-tion to call upon Mme. Vermandols at 142 Bonaparte street. "Vermandois, Vermandois?" he repeated to himself as he threw the note on his writing table. "I really do not think that I ever met any one of that name. However, I shall certainly call, for Jules Dupen was never known to miss a rendezvous with a lady! She has evidently heard of my fame as a painter and no doubt desires to give me an order for a pic-

The next day, after having dressed himself most carefully for the occasion, M. Dupen called at the hour named by Mme. Vermandois. For the time being Mile. Clotilde had been provisionally stowed away, but this did not prevent her mother from feeling terribly embarrassed as to the proper way of opening the interview. It must also be adthe world and thoroughly accustomed to society, felt equally ill at ease.

Finally Mme. Vermandels began the levard St. Germain."

more to come from a good oil mant, done of M. Depen for her tackers bewho is paralyzed and loves him as an and dire pard of the conventionalities own son. I spoke to him of Cloride. In tayling him to call and cuded by a r time to stop another milests. Well ors, increases his rents. suring him that her heather-in law, talk over this little affair some of er and desired an interview, which I am | Hector Sangerot, was the real culprit, who had advised her to write the off in the direction of the Rose Bona-

For a minute the artist looked purgled, for he had never before heard of explained and that the parties con-Sangerot; but, quickly recovering his self possession, he said gayly: "Ab. and so it was Sangerot who- And how is this dear, delightful Sangerot?"

cerned were entirely satisfied.

In the coxy little morning room San-

ing marriage of her daughter, named

her brother-in-law that this time his

gerot, "Clotifde will still be Mine.

He Met Illa Match.

courtroom was a green Irlshman. A

section hand had been killed by an ex-

graphic description of the fatality, oc-

the whole train had passed over his de-

fyin here this day.' The jury giggled.

"I presume that the whistie were

for the nixt man on the thruck, sor."

Eating and Colds.

Drinking at meals induces a person

to eat more than he otherwise would,

and excess in enting is one of the great

causes for sickness. In fact, the two

great dietary fallings seem to be over-

eating and drinking of too little water

from overenting or from enting gross

breathe much can dispose of a large

quantity of food, but the more dell-

cate and sedentary should eat moder

ately. 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 treat-

ments vary. The cutting off of sup-

plies by skipping a few meals is one

of the principal things, for the old say-

ing about stuffing a cold and starving

a fever should be literally amplified in-

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 cur-

ed without any medicine whatever by

following the simple precautions of

keeping warm, going without eating for 24 hours and drinking inrgely of

some sort of warm tea. Another plan

is that of drinking cold water freely

AN UNTOLD TALE.

beens 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 fol-

lowed 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 ver-

diet, and Mr. Kipling's brief repli

was: "As good will not do. It mus

be better or it won't be published."

And from that day to this we

have never been told what happen-

ed in those 45 mornings. The type

was distributed. The printed cop-

only Mr. Kipling knows what be

came of the manuscript .- Exchange.

Senator Teller always promotes

"Cuba" as if it were written

Teller was born to Alle may re

ty, N. Y. The chief town is the

"Cuby." Mr. Teller sorer up with

a lady on the street it is always

side of her is nearest the curb,

possible accidents from vehicles,

etc. On every other occasion he

should such need arise.

ies of the book were destroyed, and

The story of the might have

and going without enting. - Exchange

Persons with abundant long

admit that the whistle blow?"

"'Yes, sor: it blewed, sor."

Mike had been struck?

asked."-Detroit Free Press.

wouldn't it?

main witness inside out.

influence.

"Indeed, yes." coquettistily added

And, as to the other follo

"Very well, indeed, thanks, monsleur," replied Mme. Vermandels, 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, overlooked. madame," answered the artist, who understood nothing at all; but, seeing his Mile. Clotilde, glancing coyly at her pink tie and leather belt will soon hostess smile, he burst into a loud, artist lover. hearty laugh.

"Well," thought Mme. Vermundels. as she listened to Dupen's peni of laughter, "Hector told me that he was n very serious, grave young man; on him another flances."-Addition contrary, he is quite gay." Then, the French For Argonaut. continuing her conversation, Mme, Verfor Clotilde and myself to meet the mandols ventured: "I want your advice. My brother-in-law suga

"Your brother-in-law!" exclaimed Dupen, thoroughly amazed. "To be sure," replied Mme. Vermaudois, somewhat surprised at the art-

"Ah, Sangerot! Your brother-in-law! Yes, yes, I understand perfectly." "A poor widow, M. Dupen, frequently stands in need of counsel."

"Then you are a widow, until me? "Why, certainly, Didn't Bangerot tell you? Perhaps he hadn't tires." "No. I must confess," said Juley Dupen, bowing profoundly, "that our friend Saugorot entirely neglected this detail-quite unimportant, however, 1 suppose, and in nowise connected with

"Precisely the contrary, sir," said began. My husband's father possessed a magnificent picture gallery.

"Ah, here we are at last!" thought "The paintings had not yet been dis-

tributed among the heirs when my dear, darling husband died, and now his relatives are questioning my

"It is positively shocking, madame," exclaimed the artist sympathetically. but thinking to himself, "Well, what in the devil does she expect me to do "They merely consented," continued

the widow, in delecti tones belitting

the occasion, "to allow me to have a Greuze, a Fragouard and a series of "But those are real treasures, ma-

dame!" replied Dupen enthusiastic-Then you really think, monsionr"-

inquired Mme, Vermandels Jules Dupen was perhaps just on the point of saying what he really did think, when Clotilde, in a crisp, pink organdle gown and looking as fresh and pretty as a spray of eglantine, entered the drawing room

"Sapriste!" said the artist to him-"Behold a Grouze, a living one But Maie. Vermandols pleaded her in- and far more beautiful than anything

the master ever painted?" The arrival of the young girl interclaimed Sangerot. "It isn't a street at rupted the conversation for a few mo-all; it's a boulevard, and there's a saint's ments, but Dupen was too much at home to allow the subject to drop and adroitly brought the conversation back to art and paintings, Mme, Vermandols listened attentively, entranced by his eloquence. Sangerot was certainly right, the young man was perfect and would assuredly make his mark in the world. Clotilde appeared equally fascinated, and when she displayed her her "masterpieces."

"You have real talent, mademotselle," declared Dupen, and he began to explain in technical terms the particular niceties of Clotilde's brush. "Then you also paint monsieur?"

coyly asked Clotilde. "A little," said Dupen, though inwardly amazed that she had not heard

of his fame. "Ab, 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. Vermandols graciously extended ber hand and invited the artist to call again. Jules Dupen had understood absolutely nothing and was still 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 Grenze, which at that moment he was devouring with his eyes,

he hastened to reply: "With the greatest pleasure, madame. But when will you permit me to come again?"

"Whenever you please," cordially replied his hostess; "for we shall always be glad to see you."

"Call again tomorrow," ventured Clotilde, with a roguish twinkle in her

Fifteen days later Sangerot, during one of his flying journeys through Paris, happened to stumble over M. Jules Dupen, lawyer, who, strange to say, gave him a very cold reception and remarked reproachfully, "Well, PHE PROXUNCEATION OF CURA, 5, Y

I'm still waiting." "Waiting? Waiting for what?" inquired the innocent Sangeret, his hen- by," and thereby hance a tale. est face wreathed in smiles.

"For the letter from Mme, Vermandois," curtly answered the lawyer. "Now, look here, my dear friend, do county is Culia, but from time i not joke with me, for I have heard all memorial its people have called about your faily visits to my sister-inlaw's house, that my niece is desperately in love with you, and that on been "Cuby" to Lim - We lington Tuesday next a dinner will be given, when the engagement will be formally announced, Unfortunately, I have been so much occupied of late that I have not been able to be present during any of your visits. But I shall good form to walk on which ever make an effort to be there on Tuesday,

if I can find time." "My dear sir," said the lawyer, with dimified reserve, "I assure you that I have never put my foot in your sister-

"What!" eried Sangerot. "Can it be possible that I made a mistake and gave the wrong address? By the way,

Dupen, where do you live?"
"One hundred and twenty-three Bou-

Out of the Gloger Jar. burdened brein. I net a thousand par-dons, my friend. Test, really, I haven't

day," And with this Sangerot increed preceded by the deepest sorrows. parte, where his share-indaw assured It is always the rich man who him, that the mictake had long ago been

pays his subscription the most

gerot found Jules Dupensof 125 Boule-When a man says life is not 32 vard St. Michel talking with his flanworth living, he has reference to 3 cee. Sangerot cordially extended his hand, while Mme. Vermandols, possibly overcome with joy at the approach-

Never judge a man by the umbrella ne carries until you find 34 thoughtlessness would be entirely out who owns it.

The dude with the puff shirt, be with us again.

"Well, after all," concluded M. San-If we cannot keep our secrets ! our selves, we need not expect well, I'll look about and try to find him another flances."-Adapted From others to keep them for us.

A woman laughs in her sleeve when a man begins talking through "Never cross question an Irishman his hat.

It is better for a man to forforemost railroad attorneys of the age. give his enemy than to take a \$ "Even if he does not think of an an swer he will stumble into some buil thrashing. that will demoralize the court and fu-Prohibition will never be a sucry, and whenever a witness tickles a

jury his testimony gains vastly in its cess until a law is enacted that 3 will abolish thirst. "Yes, I'm speaking from experience. The easiest way for a poor man The only witness who ever made me throw up my hands and leave the to get into society is to marry for

press train, and his widow was sning Nearly all the knowledge in the for damages. I had a good case, but world has been political pie, and made the mistake of trying to turn the a fellow has to go after that, and

"In his quaint way he had given a usually "tip" the waiter. It is the man without much casionally shedding tears and calling on the saints. Among other things, he mind who always has a mind to swore positively that the locomotive do semething and never does it.

whistle was not sounded until after Some women can't pass a milparted friend. Then I thought I had linery store without looking in. Some men can't pass a saloon "'See here, McGinnis,' said I: 'you withou going in.

Some people are so much like "'Now, if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning the fact circus billis that it don't require would be in favor of the company. much money to cause them to be "'Yis, sor, and Mike would be tisti-

Some wear spectacles because 3 "Never mind that. You were Mike's they are blind; others to keep friend, and you would like to help his widow out, but just tell me now what them from becoming bin earthly purpose there could be for the others, just for a "blind." them from becoming blind, and engineer to blow that whistle after

"I have been suffering from Dyspepsia for the past twenty "I left, and the widow got all she years and have been unable after 25 trying all preparations and physicians to get any relief. After taking one bottle of Kodol Dyspepsia Cura I found relief and am now in better health than 1 have been for twenty years. I can not praise Kodol Dyspepsia at the proper times. Many colds are Cure too highly," thus writes Ark. Trout's drug store.

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A learned man, who knew so much it hurt him, once hired a boatman to row him across a wide \$

On the way across he began to interrogate the boatman:

"Friend, do you understand metaphysics?"

"Divil a bit," said the boatman, and kept on rowing.

"Then one-fourth of your life is lost. Do you know rhetoric?"

"Not at all." "Then half of your life is lost. Have you ever studied mathemat-

"Then three-fourths of your life is lost."

"Just then the boat struck a snag and upset. "Kin yez swim?" asked the

boatman. "Alas, no," replied the philoso-

"Sure, thin, the whole av your ife is lost "

A man may have plenty of capital, the very best of goods, and the necessary experience, and then be unsuccessful in business

for the want of the right kind of

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bears the names of a number of negroes, for whom the legislature of Mississippi passed a pension law. It provided that there should be no distinction of race 4 or color in the matter of pensions. but that negroes who served as nurses or in other capacities with the Confederate army and were wounded while in the service should receive pensions as well as the whites. When a gentleman is ascorting

"Our little girl was unconscious from strangulation during a sudthus affording protection against den and terrible attack of croup. I quickly secured a bottle of One would offer his right arm to the Minute Cough Cure, giving her lady whom he is escorting. This three doses. The croup was is a direct reversal of the custom eastered and our little darling of colonial days, when a man gave his left arm to the lady, leaving peedily recovered" So writes A. his right arm free to protect her Spafford, Chester, Michigan. Trout's drug store.

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