that men have turned from that vain quest,
Their hopes forever crushed,
For though they searched through all the world
No magic fountain gushed.
And men resigned themselves to age
That robbed them of their grace,
That supped their strength and thickly spread
Time's wrinkles on the face.

In later years men's thoughts have turned To plans for longer life, And in elixirs they have sought. New strength for daily strife, And oft 'tis heralded abroad That scientist or sage To stay the blight of age,

Eut men grow old, and women, toe, As in the days of yore, For no elizies they have tried Their youthful charms restore, And as they can't deceive themselves Some seek to hide the truth And dye or bleach their hair and paint On checks the burs of youth.

The tount of youth is in each heart,
And those who keep it pure
Will longer hold the charms of youth
And length of life secure,
And when at last that fountain fails
And old age on them steals
They'll hear it well, because no man
Is older than he feels.
—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A PROFESSOR IN A CAGE.

The Bird That the Dealer Had No Desine to Sell. "How much is that gray headed

bird in the large cage there?" The question was asked of a Sixth

avenue dealer in canaries, and his immediate answer was a shrug of his shoulders.

"He is not for sale," were the words that followed the shrug. "He is a professor, a teacher of music. He was graduated in Germany, then became a professor and grew gray in the service, yet he teaches and is too valuable to part with for any price that a customer would be willing to pay."

A look of interested inquiry caused the old man to proceed.

"Perhaps you do not understand, but that bird has put the finishing touches on many a young singer's education. In Germany, whence 450,000 canaries are exported annually, they train these birds differently than we do here. Canaries, like some other biped singers, may do very well simply with the voice that nature has given them, but to do really excellent work they must be taught. First they are 'choppers,' they will spoil a good bar by sending it with a disagreeable chop, chop, chop.' He has false notes or rests.

"But training soon makes him ashamed of himself. He is placed in a large cage with a professor, with a wise bird, who is a good singer; with a teacher of music, who dins correct notes into his ears for two or three weeks. If he is an apt pupil, he soon omits his awkward rests, corrects his false notes and ceases to be a 'chopper.' Then he is graduated from the academy, and the

professor takes a new pupil. "The bird you ask about is such a teacher. If you should offer me \$150 for him I would consider the offer."-New York Herald.

Respectability's Disadvantages. An extensive owner of city real estate was called upon at his office one morning by a stranger, who ask-

ed him: "Is this Mr. Philpot?" "Yes, sir," he replied.

"You own the property at 575 Bumblethorpe avenue, I believe." "I am told you are trying to sell

"I am."

"I should like to buy it if your price is reasonable enough." "May I ask who you are?"

"I am Professor Goodkind of the university. I have bought the place next to 575 on the south for a residence, and, to be frank, I don't like the kind of tenants you rent your house to. I wish to buy and select my own neighbors."

'No, sir!" answered the owner of the property. "That puts a different aspect on the matter. I don't care to sell the place now. I shall keep it and raise the rent on the ground that the neighborhood is improving."-Youth's Companion.

A German cobbler who was reputed to be one of the laziest and most worthless men in Leadville, dug a hole in his yard and salted it with ore, and, showing the pit to the representatives of a company, he was able to sell out for \$2,500. During the carouse which followed he boasted publicly of the way in which he had fooled the capitalists, but before the purchasers of his property heard of these remarks they had sunk a shaft four feet deeper and had struck one of the richest veins of carbonate in Leadville. The cobbler, on learning what had happened, danced about the edge of the pit and swore that he had been swindled. The mine yielded about \$1,-

It is hard to get up a romance about the man who eats pie with

Learn to meet your friends

A good humored man or woman is always welcome.

The Smalley Monument.

A STORY OF CHARITY.

By JAMES BUCKHAM.

"C'neil, C'neil! Come over. There you."

It was Monday morning, and Mrs. Cornelia Smalley was hanging out her wash. Her sleeves were rolled above her elbows, and her skirts also were pinned up to keep them from the dew. She was in no condition to receive a man caller, much less to go across the street to meet him. Consequently the imperative summons of her sister-in-law roused something very like a flurry of righteous indignation in the good woman's ordinarily placid bosom. She cleared her mouth of a clothespin

with an explosive snort and replied: "Ellen Jones, I should think you'd know better. Tell him I'm engaged. I be!"

Mrs. Jones turned rather sheepishly back to her house and presently emerged, with a man following in her wake. The man had a large portfolio under his arm, and his manner was unmistakably that of a commercial traveler of some sort. The pair crossed the street and approached the side gate of Mrs. Smalley's yard. The proprietor stood stiffly, with her back to them, hanging out the last articles in her clothesbasket. Her muscular arms played deftly along the line, and her large, sturdy ankles rose above a pair of men's rubbers with a certain forbidding primness and solidity, as if any man might know what to expect from the tongue of a woman who was prevented by her sex from using such members as they should

be used in the circumstances. "C'neil," said Mrs. Jones apologetically, "I had to bring the man over. He was bound to see you. I let out to him that your husband was dead and you had a lot in the cemet'ry, and he said you were just the person he would have to talk

Mrs. Cornelia Smalley spun around like a whirling dervish. "For the land sake!" she cried. "What if my husband is dead? I hope that needn't make me the prey of every designin man that happens to come

"Ah, my dear madam, you mis-

take my meaning!" exclaimed the man with the portfolio, raising his dust covered hat. "It was, rather, out of the most sincere respect and regard for the memory of your late husband that I wished to talk with you. Mrs. Jones tells me you have not vet secured a monument for your lot in the cemetery. I am the traveling representative of the Hardridge Granite works and and soliciting orders for monumental work here in town. We have just got out some new, original and very beautiful designs in monuments and stones, and I should be very much pleased if you could spare a few minutes to look at the drawings and photographs in my portfolio. Our prices are very low, considering the class of work we turn out, much lower than those of large city concerns, and in dealing with us you may have the double satisfaction of encouraging one of the chief industries of your own county and getting your monumental work from responsible parties close at hand, who could not afford, were they so disposed, to treat their own neighbors in anything but the most honorable and personally interested manner."

"Have you got through?" asked Mrs. Smalley calmly, picking up her clothesbasket in one hand and her pail of clothespins in the other.

"Yes, madam, if you are not inclined to hear me further," was the judicious reply. "I do not intend to trouble any one who is not willing to consider the advantage of dealing with our local industries. But if you ever intend to get a monument for your lot I think you will be sorry that you refused to consider what the Hardridge Granite works can do for you."

"Well," replied Mrs. Smalley wa-yeringly, "I should think you'd know better than to come around botherin any woman on Monday. But if you don't and are willin to be taught you may bring around your books tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock. I won't deny that I'm thinkin of gettin a monument for my husband, and p'r'aps 'twould be better to get it in the next town but one than to deal with folks I never saw and couldn't get at without payin a small fortune for travelin ex-

penses if I wanted to." "Very well, madam," replied the agent. "I had planned to canvass Wolcott tomorrow, but will stay

over a day on your account." "All right," called back Mrs. Smalley, retreating toward her back

door. "My calendar says Monday for washin and the rest of the week for anything you please. I don't know as all women would speak out so plain as I have, but I guess you'll find you won't do much business with 'em till the clothesline's full

and the suds mopped up."

The visit of the traveling representative of the Hardridge Granite works on Tuesday afternoon inaugurated a new era in the life of Mrs. Never laugh at a boy with a pug Smalley. His collection of monu-nose. You don't know what may mental designs fairly captivated

perpetuation of her husband's memto rapturous admiration and removed farther and farther the profitable decision for which the agent thirst-

The more he expatinted the more bewildered Mrs. Smalley grew, is a man here would like to speak to and finally he was obliged to take his departure with a general understanding that the Hardridge Granite works should have Mrs. Smalley's order as soon as she made up her mind which of the beautiful memorial designs she would choose.

The vision of that memorial stone which, no matter how long she considered the matter, still remained a dazzling composite-occupied thenceforth the waking and sleeping thoughts of the lonely widow. She had laid by \$200, to be expended for some suitable memorial of her husband. It was all she could afford; but, according to the estimates of the Hardridge agent, it was enough to provide not merely a stone, but a handsome small monument of polished granite for the Smalley lot in the cemetery. An inscription for her husband was to be cut on one face of the monument and one for herself on the other. Everything could be inserted in her inscription except the date of her death, and that would be left blank until determined. In the meantime she could contemplate with ante mortem satisfaction that obituary glory which is not often vouchsafed to the eve of one while still in the flesh.

Mrs. Smalley determined to make her own lot and the neglected village cemetery as a whole worthy of the choice memorial upon which she should one day decide. It was a momentous day for the little town when she came to this decision—the beginning of better things for the whole community. The good woman began by beautifying her own lot, and soon it blossomed like a rose in the brush heap. She hired a man to grade and turf it. Then she bought a sickle and kept the lush, well watered grass cut as short as a sheep pasture in August. Later on she set out a couple of flowering bushes and bought delicate, blooming house plants in jars and kept them standing in the midst of the

But that was not enough. The whole cemetery must be made to correspond or it would be no fit place for the contemplated memorial. So Mrs. Smalley conceived the idea of forming a cemetery association, with an annual membership fee of \$1. All who used the "village vard," as it was called—and it was free to all to lay away their deadwere to be asked to join, and their united contributions would be used every year to improve and beautify the grounds. The scheme was a complete success, and from that day it might be said without irreverence or exaggeration that Mrs. Smalley, still vigorously extant-never more so in her life—took up her abode in the city of the dead. She was there from morning till night, and even well into the night, when the summer twilights made long working hours for the lonely, stooping figure. Except on washdays there was always a little placard on her door, "Up to the cemetery.". People could see the bit of white paper for a long distance up and down the street, but they never stopped to read it when in search of Mrs. Smalley; they went straight to the cemetery.

Mrs. Smalley was elected treasurer and manager of the Cemetery association. She was its one vital executive. She engaged the men to work in the inclosure. She directed them; she watched over them; she paid them. Her black figure, wearng that old fashioned, checked sunbonnet, became as familiar a sight in the cemetery as the big elm tree inside the gate. And how judiciously and economically she applied the funds of the association! It seemed as if Providence abetted her, save occasionally, during the soft, copions rains of early summer, when the grass spring up so fast that one might almost see it growing. On one such occasion Mrs. Smalley was heard to say when felicitated upon the fine weather for her grass: "It's too fine. I paid \$5 to have that grass cut day before yesterday, and

Two years passed, and the Hardridge Granite works still waited for Mrs. Smalley's order for a monu-

ment. But the village cemetery in Hydeville had grown to be the admiration of the county. From a tangle had become a gem in the landscape. Meanwhile the village had found it necessary to build a new church to go with the cemetery, and after that came a modern schoolhouse, designed by a city architect. Next a local company was formed to utilize the water power of a neighboring stream, and so electric lights blossomed out and twinkled to each other from end to end of the town. The whole place was gradually metamorphosed. And it all came from Mrs. Smalley's allowing the granite man from Hardridge to call upon her the next day after washday!

"Well," said the good woman to herself at length, "I guess the time has come for me to go and pick out that monument. I'll never be able to choose one out of those pictures in the world." So she put on her best black gown and took the train for the next station but one.

gle station that lay between Hydeother until she was utterly bewil- ville and Hardridge, a young man dered and no more able to make a got aboard, with the help of one

choice than a child in a toyshop. of the brakemen, and sank into the There were at least ten designs that seat nearest the door. His left leg seemed to her indispensable to the had been amputated at the knee, and he was hobbling about with the ory. Every one of them stirred her stump in a homemade leather sling attached to a strip of hard wood. His leg was strapped to its slender support by a couple of skate straps. It was a pitiful shift to get about

Mrs. Smalley's heart was touched, She hastened impulsively down the aisle and took the seat behind the young man. It was not the good woman's way to beat about the bush, no matter how delicate the subject, so she came right to the point. Leaning forward, she asked:

"Can't you afford a better wooden leg than that, young man?" The tone of her voice and the expression of her face disarmed the question of anything like impertinence, and the young man smiled faintly as he an-

thankful to be able to get around with any sort of a rig. This does me pretty well, with the cane."

Tears gathered in Mrs. Smalley's eyes. She brushed them away im- ed every person in the car. Sevpatiently and said, with character- eral emigrants were awakened

were you goin?" "To Hardridge."

"So was I. But I guess we'll both keep right on down to Burlington | colored fellow placed his hands and get you fitted with a new leg. They have 'em there. I've seen 'em ter gave the offender three good in a store window. Here comes the conductor now. I'll pay the extra fares to Burlington."

long rest why it was that she never bought the monument for which she had so many years been saving and preparing, but finally the story leaked out, and when the minister repeated it in the pulpit one Sunday, just a year after Mrs. Smalley died, he saw the beauty of tears shining on human faces as he had never seen it before. Before the middle of the week a subscription paper that had been quietly going the rounds was go any farther. Three hundred dollars had been lovingly subscribed for a monument to be placed on the Smalley lot. The minister himself selected the design, and all who saw

For years this granite memorial has stood, with its polished faces shining, in the center of the orderly little cemetery. On its northern and western fronts are the simple inscriptions commemorating Mrs. Smalley and her worthy husband. brief record of birth and death he added under Mrs. Smalley's name, "The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver."-New York Evening Post.

His Amazed Daughter. tion to visit him at the barracks in Scotland. She did so, taking with her their little 6-year-old girl. When they arrived, as it happened, the husband was engaged on sentry duty, and so they could not approach

The child eyed her "daddy" with a rather sorrowful but amazed expression as he paced up and down the square shouldering his rifle and wearing a kilt. She had never before beheld him thus arrayed, and for a few minutes the spectacle seemed to be quite beyond her, but for no longer could she keep silent.

betrayed a trace of childish covet- days from date of issue, will be ousness, "if daddy finds the man sold every day until October 31st, what stole his trousers will he gim-me dat little frock?"-London Tit-

Shudders At His Past.

"I recall now with horror," says Mail Carrier Burnett Mann of Levanna, O., "my three years of suffering from Kidney trouble. I was hardly ever free from dull aches or acute pains in my back. now I've got to set the men at it To stoop or lift mail sacks made about ready to give up, when I began to use Electric Bitters, but six bottles completely cured me and made me feel like a new man," They're unrivaled to regulate of weeds, briers and underbrush it Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by W. S. Dickson. Only 50 cents.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself.

for your ills and sorrows.

keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under pleasant smiles.

sults until he used DeWitt's 30th. Witch Hazel Salve and that quick- For further information apply

He Met the Wrong Fellow.

From the Harrisbury Telegraph.

Some people in the world are of the opinion that when they board a train it belongs to them exclusively, and they can do just what they please. Especially is what they please. Especially is this the case with those who are out for a good time and wind up on a train loaded, and with a pint or two of red liquor in their possession to finish up on. Sometimes these nuisances get against a real live man and then they find out that there are others who have something to say about the ownership of the trains. This was the case last night on Western Express. A short distance east of Lancaster a colored gentleman boarded the train and said he wanted to go to Lancaster. The train started then he began "No, ma'am, I can't. But I'm his performance. After waking up the passengers who were enjoying a little doze he proceeded to the smoking car and there annoypatiently and said, with characteristic decision:

"Young man, I'm goin to buy you an artificial leg. I've made up my mind, and it won't do any good for you to protest. I've got a little money laid by, and I've took a notion to use it in that way. Where were you goin?"

eral emigrants were awakened and "rough-housed," and were afraid to resent the insult. Up in the front of the car was a large English gentleman who evidently had only been in the country a few days. The man tried his tricks on him but he made but tricks on him, but he made but one move. No sooner had the on "Mr. John Bull" when the latslaps on the face, grasped him bodily and throwing him to a seat remarked, "You'll keep quiet Nobody in Hydeville knew until now," and that is just what he after Mrs. Smalley had passed to her | did. | When Lancaster was reached the fellow took a quiet sneak out of the car.

If people only knew what we now about Kodol Dyspepsia cure, it would be used in nearly know about Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, it would be used in nearly every household, as there are few people who do not suffer from a feeling of fullness after eating, belching, flatulence, sour stomach or waterbrash, caused by instopped, because it did not need to ach or waterbrash, caused by indigestion or dyspepsia. A preparation, such as Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, which, with no aid from the stomach, will digest your food, the monument called it beautiful certainly can't help but do you good. Trout's drug store.

It is wonderful how little moments, little things little strokes little sums of money count up. Nothing in this world is so great The minister wrote them, and to the things, nor so firm that it may not again be divided up into little things. It is only with the little things and the little moments that we can deal at a time, and it is the repetition of these which \$ The wife of a Gordon highlander brings about the great-works of art, the vast stores of knowledge and the immense for tunes at which all men wonder.

Pan-American Exposition Now Open.

The Cumberland Valley Railroad Company has now on sale regular Summer Excursion tickets to Buffalo on account of Pan-American Exposition and to Niagara Falls. The rate from Mercersburg is \$18.00. In addition special excursion tickets to Buf-"Mamma," she said in a voice that falo, good to return within ten at rate of \$14.85 from Mercersburg.

For the accommodation of visitors to the Exposition the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has put on two new trains in each direction, between Harrisburg and Buffalo, with which Cumberland Valley trains make close connection at Harrisburg. Nos. 4 and 10 reaching Buffalo at 8.00 P. M. me groan. I felt tired, worn out, and 7.35 A. M. respectively. Returning leave Buffalo at 8.00 P. M. and 8.30 A. M. connecting with trains I and 9 respectively.

Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but are out of place in real life.

Reduced Rates to Cerro Gordo, Ills.

On account of the meeting of the Order German Baptists at Cerro Gordo, Ills., May 24-31,the The world is too busy to care Cumberland Valley Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Cerro Learn to stop croaking. If you Gordo and return on May 23d to cannot see any good in the world 26th inclusive good to return until June 4th, at rate of \$24.39 for the round trip from stations east of and including Hagerstown. By depositing tickets with joint Mr. W. J. Baxter of North agent at Cerro Gordo, however, Brook, N. C. says he suffered on or before June 3d and by paywith piles for fifteen years. He lug a fee of fifty cents, the final tried many remedies with no re- limit may be extended to June

When the cars stopped at the sin- ly cured him. Trout's drug store. to local ticket agents.

\mathbf{cooo} 数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

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CUMBERLAND VALLEY TIME TABLE. -March 18, 1901. no. 2 no 4 no. 6 no. 8 no.10 110

"A, M †A, M †A, M *P, M
 Mercersbirg
 7 30 9 45 1 65 6 00 9 06 11 06

 Chambersburg
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 Waynesboro
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 Shippensburg
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 Newville
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 Newville 806 10 24 1 43 5 40 9 43 11 44 Carlisle 87 10 46 2 05 6 66 10 05 112 06 Mechanicaburg 8 47 11 07 2 25 4 25 10 27 12 27 Dillsburg 7 52 1 40 5 10 10 45 12 27 Arr. Harrisburg 9 02 11 25 2 40 6 40 10 45 12 45 Arr. Phila 11 48 3 17 5 47 10 20 4 25 4 25 Arr. Rew York 2 13 6 00 8 08 3 53 7 13 7 13 Arr. Bultimore 12 10 3 11 6 00 9 45 2 30 2 30 A.M. P.M. P.M. P.M. A.M. A.M.

Additional trains will leave Carissle for Harrisburg daily, except Sunday, 415.59 a. m., 7.08 a. m., 12.40 p. m., 3.50 p. m., 6.18 p. m., and from Mechanicsburg at 6.14 a. m., 7.30 a. m., 8.12 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 2.30 p. m., and 3.53 p. m., 5.30 p. m., and 6.40 p. m., stopping at Second street, Harrisburg, to let off passengers.

Trains No. S. 110 and 2 run daily between Harcestown and Harrisburg. No. 2 will run thirty minutes late on Sundays

**Trains to a tintermediate stations on Sundays.

**Daily. * Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

Leave | no. 1|no. 3|no. 5|no. 7|no. 9

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg daily, except Sunday for Carlisle and Intermedi-ale stations at 0, 37 a. m., 200 p. m., 5.15 p. m., 6.25 p. m. and 11.50 p. m., also for Mechanics-burg. Dilisburg and intermediate stations at 7, 00 a. m. and 3.27 p. m. Nos. 1, 3 and 9 run daily between Harrisburg and Hargerstown.

† Daily except Sunday. ; On Sundays will leave Philadelphia at 42 SOUTHERN PENN'A R. R. TRAINS.

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