

# A Diplomatic Affair

"I tell you what, Lomax, I have my doubts as to whether the wedding will come off!" exclaimed the editor of The Morning Star, holding out a bundle of cuttings from rival journals to the man before him.

Lord Lomax, an important individual in the office of the newspaper referred to, inasmuch as his money had brought about the journal's birth and subsequent existence, took the cuttings and glanced through them contemptuously. They told of a rumored breach in the marriage contract valid between the Princess Sophy of the British royal family and Prince Gustav of Romania, a union which, if brought about, would save Europe from being plunged into the sanguinary campaign that was so nearly pending.

"I don't wish any journal with which I'm concerned to publish false reports," he said skeptically as he pitched the cuttings upon the editor's desk.

"Of course not," replied the other. "But what if they are true?"

"You mean that we ought to put in something about it, then?"

"What we publish must be the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The authorities apparently know nothing, or, if they do, their lips are sealed. But, if we could get an exclusive official report, think what a coup it would be!"

Lomax leaned against the fireplace and twirled his mustache in silence. "Suppose—I could—get an—official—report," he drawled at length.

"Lomax, you're not in earnest?"

"Never was more so in my life. It's now midday. I shall be back long before you go to press. But don't depend on my luck. It's a damned bad generally. Ta-ta!"

He made his way down stairs into the street. The driver of a hansom was walking his steed slowly along, and Lomax hailed him. Giving a direction which made the Jehu open his eyes, he jumped in, and the cab started.

"What a fool I was!" he muttered. "Once the successful suitor of Hilda Grantham, maid in waiting to the princess whose love affairs the papers are impertinent enough to discuss; might have been so now and found out all I want to know without any trouble if I hadn't made an ass of myself thinking I was in love with that wretched woman, Constance Baring. She threw me over, and between the two stools—well, I've fallen mighty heavily to the ground. Hilda—sweet name and still sweeter owner—it is you alone I love!"

Thus soliloquizing, he failed to notice that the cab had drawn up before some massive wrought iron gates, and not until the driver had lifted up the shutter and inquired if he intended to get out did he realize that he had reached his destination.

The Princess Sophy and her favorite maid in waiting, the Hon. Miss Hilda Grantham, were walking side by side down the long avenue of stately elms in a secluded quarter of the palace grounds.

"Have you ever been in love, Hilda?" asked the princess.

"Yes, but it was a long time ago, madame," replied Hilda, endeavoring to conceal the blushes that suffused her cheeks.

"And do you love him now, or have you quarreled?"

"Oh, we quarreled."

"Oh, how charming!" broke in the princess. "Now I can tell you everything. I—I have quarreled with Gustav and shall not marry him!"

The other stopped short in amazement. "But the preparations for the wedding—no one knows!"

"No, Hilda, beyond ourselves no one is aware that we have parted, probably for ever!" A little sob caught the princess' throat, but she continued. "We had a few words the other day, and he lost his temper and so did I. This morning I've received a note from him telling me that he is leaving the Continental hotel tomorrow for Paris, whence he will write and make the necessary explanations to stop the preparations for our marriage. That was all; not a word of farewell."

Hilda grasped the speaker's arm and looked nervously into her tear-stained face. "But has he reckoned on the consequences—politically?" she whispered.

"You mean that war must ensue? Yes, I'm afraid of that too. And I love him very, very much, Hilda. I would willingly go half way if he would come the other half and so end the quarrel. We are both proud, yet his pride is greater than mine."

"I am so sorry. Is there no way of putting matters straight? You love him, and I know he loves you. Think what this little quarrel might mean."

"Yes, I've thought over and over again, Hilda," responded the princess. She placed her hand in her bosom and produced a little gold locket, which she unfastened and handed to her companion. "He once gave me this, and said if I would return it to him should we ever quarrel he would forgive me anything."

"A gentleman? What's his name?"

"He gave in his card, but does not

wish to return to me," she said indignantly. He says he knows you, and will not keep you five minutes."

"You can go, Hilda, if you want to," said the princess, who had overheard the conversation.

With a word of thanks she hurried up the path. Involuntarily she thrust the princess' locket into her pocket. Once on the threshold of the chamber into which the stranger had been shown she paused, then turned the handle and went in. The tall, athletic form standing gazing out of the window caused her heart to beat wildly and a hitherto unknown suspicion to flash across her brain.

"Hi—Miss Grantham!"

"Lord Lomax—you!"

"Yes, like the proverbial bad penny, I have turned up again," she said, vainly striving to grasp something more than the mere finger tips she extended to him. "Perhaps you wonder what has brought me here?"

"Yes, indeed I do."

"Well, we parted the best of friends, didn't we?"

"Did we?"

"Of course we did. My conduct toward you was somewhat strange, I admit, but heaven knows I've been punished for it, and am truly sorry. If you cannot take me back into your esteem, let us at least converse as friends."

"Your conduct was hardly emblematic of friendship, Lord Lomax."

"No, I was a fool. Let bygones be bygones."

"May I ask to what I am indebted for the pleasure of this visit?"

"Certainly. Rumors have gone the rounds of the press concerning her royal highness' marriage."

"Indeed?"

"You know I'm connected with the press. Could you, as an old friend, if nothing more, give me some official information?"

"You wish to know what presents have been received?" she asked.

"No, no; you don't quite grasp my meaning. It is said the princess may have quarreled."

"I understand your meaning, Lord Lomax, but scarcely see that it requires an answer. If you will believe all the stories—"

She plunged her hand into her pocket for her handkerchief and encountered the cold metal locket. In an instant a series of thoughts rushed through her brain. The locket could save a war and the loss of thousands of lives. It could make two people happy. Why shouldn't it?

She walked to the window to disentangle this web of ideas. Lord Lomax followed her with his eyes and awaited the conclusion of her sentence, which never came.

"Remain here a moment, please," was all she said and darted from the room.

Once in the adjoining chamber she sat down at a writing table and, taking a sheet of note paper, wrapped the locket in it, then placed it in an envelope and sealed it with the common seal. She added no address, because the writing would betray her. A moment later she had rejoined Lomax.

"I will try to tell you all you want to know at 8 o'clock tonight if you will do something for me," she said in the tone of one who is striking a bargain.

"Certainly. What is it?"

"Deliver this letter into the hands of Prince Gustav immediately. He is staying at the Continental hotel. I cannot tell you anything until he has seen it."

"I understand your meaning, but scarcely see that it requires an answer," he replied.

"I will do what I can for you if you will do the same for me."

"Very good," he answered and left her.

"Hilda, wherever can my locket be? Have you seen it? I must have left it on the seat in the summer house."

The princess cast aside the illustrated paper at which she had been looking and crossed over to her companion, who sat in the corner of the great antechamber. The sun had gone down and the ruddy light played upon the face of the fair diplomatist, effectively hiding the expression of fear which the dreaded inquiry aroused. As if to gain time, she said:

"Shall I ring and ask some one to go down and look for it?"

"Yes, please do. But I thought I gave it to you."

Hilda felt in her pocket, but failed to bring the missing article to light, so crossed the room to ring the bell and hide her confusion. As she did so a footman appeared and announced that Prince Gustav was waiting in the adjoining room.

"Tell him I can't see him. No, stay, Hilda, whatever shall I do?"

"Yes, madame, see him. You said you would go half way, and he will surely come the other half. Shall I retire?"

"No, certainly not; the interview shall be formal. Show him in, please," she added aloud to the footman.

A moment later the door opened, and Prince Gustav strode in, a broad smile upon his handsome face. Seeing a third person present, he stopped short, and Hilda, overcome by the tension, leaned against a bookcase and buried her face in her hands.

"Come in, please," demanded the princess.

Slowly the door closed, and through the mist that covered her eyes Hilda saw him produce the locket. The next instant she threw herself at the feet of her mistress.

"Forgive me! Oh, forgive me!"

# OPPORTUNITIES AFTER Opportunities - AT - CONN BROS'. THREE LARGE STORES.

Department store of **STEIGER'S OLD STAND**, Where all the money savers will land. The Chambersburg double stores, On Market Street where it roars, Addition of millinery at the department store at Dry Run, The best Ladies' Hats for the least money is the talk of town. Our buyers of the eastern cities arrived at last, With a lucky purchase—qualities and styles the best. We are in position to offer you, In every line of general merchandise all brand new. Manufacturers are more than anxious for Conn Bros.' trade, For that reason we are able to give you prices that throw our town in a rage. Not long since, in Mercersburg, we opened our store; But if you look at our price list, The tumble-down prices are a great deal lower than before. You will acknowledge, to your valuable trade we have a claim, Don't forget that blow in our competition camp; being armed with best quality and lowest prices is our aim, The 33 per cent we secured for you, bear in mind— Don't forget; prices before our break, were enough to blind. Competitors are trying to entangle you in every way they can. Your own eyes will not allow you to take false objects, for we have convinced every child, lady, and man.

Remember, we are offering you Bargains of tempting values—Goods fresh from the manufacturers. Our last week's buyer made a large purchase of Children's and Men's clothing at prices that poorest men can reach. Prices for poor qualities for rich, which means best quality for least money

We can offer you Children's wool suits for 68c up. Men's wool suits for \$2.50. Manufacturers are anxious to clean up stock in order to start next season's line fresh. Our buyer found a maker of latest style shirtwaists and top skirts with a big over-production on hand, and he willingly listened to our cash proposition to relieve him of it. All shirt waists at lowest prices, were sold at \$1.48, now you can have them at 68c and up. Top skirts \$1.48; now, 68c. Everything in a general store you can find at **CONN BROS'**. Groceries at the same prices always lower than the lowest, We guarantee every item you buy to be as represented; if it is not, we will cheerfully refund your money.

The most beautiful line of hats ever brought to Franklin county, from 23c to \$3.50. P. S. Don't neglect to take a look at our Clocks. Just got them in last week. Also see our China, Willow, and Tinware.

**Lewis & Samuel M. Conn,**  
Mercersburg, Pa.

Why does a cat walk around upon the hearth rug about five minutes before he takes his seat? I'm sure, as the English people say, I don't know. A neighbor of mine, however, was watching his cat going through the gyrating preliminaries the other evening, and he told me what he believed to be the truth of the matter. He says he got his facts from Darwin. I hope he did, but as the children in the Seventh Reader say, "One can't always tell!"

It seems that a cat belongs to the leopard, panther and tiger race, so that no amount of domestication has been able to eradicate inherited tendencies. The animals mentioned live in the woods—when they are not in the zoological gardens—and they have no hired help to prepare beds for them. When ready to go to rest, they have to find fallen leaves and tree branches, not well assorted. They tramp round and round on the spot where they propose to lie until it is reduced to the necessary condition for a couch. Our friend's cat was just carrying out the tradition.

Some one gives the following as the nicknames of certain authors: Emerson, Sphinx; Schiller, Republican Poet; Goethe, Poet of Pantheism; Shelley, Eternal Child; Keats, Resurrectionized Greek; Byron, Poet of Passion; Moore, Butterfly; Jeremy Taylor, Shakespeare of Divines; Coleridge, Insulated Son of Reverie; Bunyon, Sponsor of the People; Shakespeare, Myriad Minded; Ben Jonson, Divine Bully of the Old English Parnassus; Spenser, Poet's Poet; Chaucer, Well of English Undeified, or the Morning Star of English Poetry; Chedmon, Milton of the Forefathers.

"Yes," said Mr. Henry Peck, "I like to go to the circus. One sees so many darning needles. For instance, did you ever see anything more reckless than the way in which the ringmaster cracks his whip at the ladies who ride the horses?"—Baltimore American.

A Neighboring Disturbance. First Neighbor—Well, my daughter doesn't play the piano any worse than your son writes poetry. Second Ditto—Perhaps not, but it can be heard so much farther.—Detroit Free Press.

The first term of the Courts of Fulton county in the year shall commence on the Tuesday following the second Monday of January, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The second term commences on the third Monday of March, at 2 o'clock P. M.

The third term on the Tuesday next following the second Monday of June at 10 o'clock A. M.

The fourth term on the first Monday of October, at 2 o'clock P. M.

**Church Directory.**

**PRESBYTERIAN**—Rev. W. A. West, D. D., Pastor. Sabbath school, 9:15. Preaching service—each alternate Sunday morning counting from Aug. 12th, at 10:30, and every Sunday evening at 7:30.

**JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDAVOR** at 2:00. Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL**—Rev. A. D. McCloskey, Pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching every other Sunday morning, counting from June 16th, at 10:30 and every Sunday evening at 7:30.

**EPWORTH LEAGUE** at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.

**UNITED PRESBYTERIAN**—Rev. J. L. Grove, Pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching every Sunday morning at 10:30, and every other Sunday evening counting from August 19, at 7:30. The alternate Sabbath evenings are used by the Young People's Christian Union at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

**EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN**—Rev. A. G. Wolf, Pastor. Sunday school 9:15 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7:30. Preaching morning and evening every other Sunday, dating from December 9, 1900.

**REFORMED**—Rev. C. M. Smith, Pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7:30.

At any rate Lot couldn't say of his wife that she wasn't worth her salt.

Some men can never find anything about the house except fault.

## 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 Mercersburg 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.

### CUMBERLAND VALLEY

TIME TABLE.—May 27, 1901.

Leave	No.	Time	Arr.	No.	Time	Leave	No.	Time	Arr.
Winchester	1	7:30	12	9:30	10	11:30	1	7:30	12
Martinsburg	2	8:15	13	10:15	11	11:15	2	8:15	13
Hagerstown	3	9:00	14	11:00	12	12:00	3	9:00	14
Greencastle	4	9:45	15	11:45	13	12:45	4	9:45	15
Mercersburg	5	10:30	16	12:30	14	1:30	5	10:30	16
Chambersburg	6	11:15	17	1:15	15	2:15	6	11:15	17
Waynesboro	7	12:00	18	2:00	16	3:00	7	12:00	18
Shippensburg	8	12:45	19	2:45	17	3:45	8	12:45	19
Newville	9	1:30	20	3:30	18	4:30	9	1:30	20
Carlisle	10	2:15	21	4:15	19	5:15	10	2:15	21
Mechanicsburg	11	3:00	22	5:00	20	6:00	11	3:00	22
Dillsburg	12	3:45	23	5:45	21	6:45	12	3:45	23
Arr. Harrisburg	13	4:30	24	6:30	22	7:30	13	4:30	24
Arr. Philadelphia	14	5:15	25	7:15	23	8:15	14	5:15	25
Arr. New York	15	6:00	26	8:00	24	9:00	15	6:00	26
Arr. Baltimore	16	6:45	27	8:45	25	9:45	16	6:45	27
Arr. Washington	17	7:30	28	9:30	26	10:30	17	7:30	28

Additional east-bound local trains will run daily, except Sunday, as follows: Leave Chambersburg 6:00 a. m., arrive Carlisle 8:00 a. m., arrive Hagerstown 9:30 a. m., arrive Greencastle 11:00 a. m., arrive Mercersburg 12:30 p. m., arrive Waynesboro 2:00 p. m., arrive Shippensburg 3:30 p. m., arrive Newville 5:00 p. m., arrive Carlisle 6:30 p. m., arrive Mechanicsburg 8:00 p. m., arrive Dillsburg 9:30 p. m., arrive Harrisburg 11:00 p. m.

Trains Nos. 8 and 110 run daily between Hagerstown and Harrisburg and No. 2 fifteen minutes late on Sundays. These trains will stop at intermediate stations on Sundays.

\* Daily.  
† Daily except Sunday.

Leave	No.	Time	Arr.	No.	Time	Leave	No.	Time	Arr.
Baltimore	1	11:00	2	12:00	3	1:00	1	11:00	2
New York	2	12:00	3	1:00	4	2:00	2	12:00	3
Philadelphia	3	1:00	4	2:00	5	3:00	3	1:00	4
Harrisburg	4	2:00	5	3:00	6	4:00	4	2:00	5
Dillsburg	5	3:00	6	4:00	7	5:00	5	3:00	6
Mechanicsburg	6	4:00	7	5:00	8	6:00	6	4:00	7
Carlisle	7	5:00	8	6:00	9	7:00	7	5:00	8
Newville	8	6:00	9	7:00	10	8:00	8	6:00	9
Shippensburg	9	7:00	10	8:00	11	9:00	9	7:00	10
Waynesboro	10	8:00	11	9:00	12	10:00	10	8:00	11
Chambersburg	11	9:00	12	10:00	13	11:00	11	9:00	12
Mercersburg	12	10:00	13	11:00	14	12:00	12	10:00	13
Greencastle	13	11:00	14	12:00	15	1:00	13	11:00	14
Hagerstown	14	12:00	15	1:00	16	2:00	14	12:00	15
Martinsburg	15	1:00	16	2:00	17	3:00	15	1:00	16
Arr. Winchester	16	2:00	17	3:00	18	4:00	16	2:00	17

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg as follows: For Chambersburg and intermediate stations at 5:15 p. m., for Carlisle and intermediate stations at 6:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 9:15 p. m., leave Mechanicsburg 6:15 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:45 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 2:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:45 p. m., 6:00 p. m.

Additional local trains will leave Philadelphia at 6:30 p. m. On Sundays will leave Philadelphia at 6:30 p. m.

**SOUTHERN PENN. R. R. TRAINS.**

Pass.	Mix.	Par.	Pass.	Mix.	Par.
1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36
37	38	39	40	41	42
43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54
55	56	57	58	59	60

Connection for all stations on Cumberland Valley Railroad and Pennsylvania Railroad systems.

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Deputy Sheriff—Max Sheets.  
Jury Commissioners—David Rota, Samuel H. Hokenmuth.  
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Commissioners—H. C. Malot, A. V. Kelly, Joseph Fisher.  
Chief—Frank Mason, Jr.  
Coroner—County Surveyor—James Lake.  
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