BY ETHEL A. IRELAND. ROMOMOMOMOMOMOMOMOMOMOMOMO

"Well, lads," said Quillian, jerking his thumb in the direction of a man who lounged against a post somewhat apart from the group of fishermen who were chatting on the quay, "it's no more'n half an eye ye'll need to see what's up wi' Jan

"Aye, aye, it's nothin but the ould story—lasses, lasses." "An you're no' lookin far to see

what lass it is, neither, Gorry." "Augh! No, not at all," replied the other. "Why, it's just Jane, it

"Jane!" cried Quillian scornfully. "Why, it's Janet, ye idiut! Haven't ye seen her wearin them blue beads Jan fetched her over from Kinsale? An what for 'u'd he be bringin her blue beads an him

lovin Jane, eh?" "Man alive," retorted Gorry, "there's no m'anin in beads at all. Now, I'll tell you somethin. Jan went over to Castletown the other day, an I'm blowed if he didn't bring a bonnit back with him, an Jane's wearin that very bonnit o' Sundays now. Augh! There's a lot more in a bonnit than there is in all the bears as was ever made. Aye, it's Jane, it is!"

Jan had been listening to the conversation, and now he drew near

with a rolling step.

"Ye're just a bit free wi' your tongues, mates!" he said, with a twinkling eye. "Ye seem to know more about it than I do meself. I love a' the lasses, but it's no' for marryin I am, for it's about as much as I can do to keep meself, let alone marryin. But I will say Janet an Jane's mighty swate gells, an that's as much as I'll say."

And, so saying, he sauntered off toward the "Eagle's Nest" amid a general chorus of laughter. Meanwhile Janet and Jane sat

chatting together outside a cottage on the hillside, just above the bay. They were cousins, but had been brought up as sisters, for Jane's parents died when she was a small child, and since then her uncle, old Tom Maddrell, had been like a father to her, and Janet a sister. Poor sickly Mrs. Maddrell had died when both the girls were almost too young to remember her.

the particular evening of which I am writing they were talk-ing, as indeed they often did, of Jan —lazy Jan—"Jan the ne'er do weel," as Janet called him.

"Jane," she said, with asperity, 'ye'll never be so foolish as to marry that ne'er do weel."

Jane looked up mischievously rom her knitting. "Eh, Janet, but from her knitting. "Eh, Janet, but I think it's you'll be for marryin him an not me at all."

"Ye're just silly. Ye know I'm no' for marryin. Married life's no

"Aye, ye talk so, Janet, but it's terrible fond o' Jan ye are." Janet clicked her knitting needles

flercely.
"It's twice as terrible fond o' him

ye are, Jane." "Eh, well," answered Jane, coloring, "we've no need to be makin such a fuss about it—it's p'raps not axed we'll be at all."

A sigh escaped her, and Janet looked up with a world of love in her

eyes.

"Ye needn't fear that, Jane, ye're so bonny. But I don't want to see ye unhappy an fretted wi' an idle husband, an I'm thinkin Jan might be a fine lover, but it's a mighty poor husband he'd be makin."

"Aye, Janet, maybe ye're right," said Jane thoughtfully.

One day Jan was seen hastening to Tom Maddrell's cottage. The girls showed no surprise at

seving him. "Well, me dears," he said, seating himself on the cobblestone wall, "it's surprised ye'll be to hear the

"What news, then, Jan?" asked

"Augh, just a little trip I'm thinkin o' takin."

"Why aren't ye out with the boats this evenin?" said Janet re-proachfully. "That's the best sort o' trip ye can take, Jan Cregeen, instead o' gallivantin off to town as

ye do, spendin all ver money."
"Janet, ye're always scoldin me," he answered with a laugh. "If I was the warst sinner in the island, th's no' much crueler ye could be, but there, ye'll no' have me to scold any more." Janet looked up at him anxiously. Something that was not anger filled her eyes.

"What'll ye be m'anin, Jan?"
"Just a little trip West Indy way,
gells, an a little fortune to make an

a little trip home an then"— He looked at them roguishly. Jane broke into a peal of laughter.
"Eh, Jan!" she said fondly. "It's a terrible man ye are, jokin with poor gells like that. How do ye know ye've no' broke both our hearts in yer lovemakin? I'm sometimes sure it's meself I think ye love, an then I think it's Janet, an I know she thinks so, too, don't ye. Janet?"

ne'er do well, with a gurgling laugh, "it's just the axin that does it. I'll lay a wager if I was to take ye out this minute for a walk an make love as hard as I could for an hour an ax ye to marry me at the end o' it ye'd say 'Yes,' aye, or Jane either. Ye've no notion how mighty lovin I can be when I set my mind to it." He paused and looked at them mischievously, then added: "But I'm no' goin to ax either o' ye now. It's me fortune I must make first, an by then ye'll be married long enough p'raps, an poor old Jan'll be forgot at ye. Eh, well, I'll just have to bear it. An now, me dears, good-

He caught and kiesed them both and then strode away down the hill, turning once to kiss his hand.

Jane returned the salute and then leaned sobbingly against Janet's shoulder.

"Eh, Janet," she whispered through her tears, "I do believe, now he's gone, that I really care for him, the fine strappin man that he is, an such an eye he has at him, as blue as—the sea—an—ch, dear!" And here her tears choked her.

Janet only stroked the curly head that lay on her breast and watched the tall figure that soon disappeared

in the gathering dusk.

She felt as if she could not speak

Three years passed away without bringing any news of Jan. In the spring of the fourth year Janet's father was drowned during a terrible gale, and the cousins were left to fee the world together. to face the world together.

Tom Maddrell left a small, a very small, sum of money behind him, and that they agreed must be kept in case of real need, and they must turn to and earn a living somehow.

And so Janet and Jane both settled down in the service of the vicar's wife at Castletown, some six miles from their old home, and their vigorous daily work was a relief to both of them. They were no louger very young, and times came when they felt their lives incomplete, and envied the careworn wives of the fishermen, who lived from hand to mouth, and could scarcely feed the

children that clung to their skirts. But there was little opportunity for brooding in their regular routine and the months grew into years almost imperceptibly.

One evening several years after they had gone to Castletown, the vicar and his wife being away on a holiday, Janet and Jane strolled out on the green banks that skirt the wide bays of Castletown and Derby

It was within a week of the day, seven years before, when Jan had bidden them "goodby." As they turned homeward the sun was nearing the water's edge.
"Jane," said Janet, "let's go up to

Hangow head. I'm thinkin ye can get a sight o' the old place from

Jane sighed. "It's sad it makes me to see it. It's now on seven years since"— A sob ended the

"Don't cry, me dear," said Janet soothingly. "There's a man comin along, an ye'll no be for lettin him see ye cry." Suddenly she gripped Jane's arm. "Who do ye think it is, too, Jane?"

Jane looked up, then hurried forward with an eager cry, "Why,

In a moment Jan, for he it was, had caught her in his arms. "Why, Jane!" he echoed. "An just as bloomin as ever. Lord bless me! An Janet too."

Janet was standing still. She could not move or speak for the beating of her own heart. He mistook her silence for coldness, and merely shook her by the hand. "Still down on me, Janet," he laughed.

He was the same handsome fel-low, several shades darker and poorly clad, but as audacious and winning as ever.

They took him home with them, and there in the snug kitchen they heard his tales of wonderful foreign lands and strange adventures.

"An so ye see, gells," he said at last, ruefully smoothing his shabby coat and turning his pockets inside out, "it's mighty little fortune I've made—just none at all, for I'm poorer than ever—but I'm derned if I'm goin to let fate beat me agen. I'm off to Afriky this time, an I'll come home rich or be food for

After hearing all they had to tell him of themselves he looked at them thoughtfully.

"An so ye're no' married at all, at all," he said slyly. "Augh! It's just the right man ye're waitin for. Well, well, he'll be turnin up one o' these days."

"Jan, dear," said Jane, looking up affectionately at him, "I could almost think ye'd growed, it's that fine an tall ye look. There's not another man like ye in the island. When'll ye be sailin agen, Jan?"

"Day after tomorrow, Jane, an I'm off to Liverpool in the mornin." "But ye'll no' be away so long this time?"

"Just as long as it takes me to make a fortune, an then it's back to Ellan Vannin I'll be comin to get a little Manx wife. It's terrible wishful I am to settle down."

Room we must have for that immense purchase our buyer made last week. It is impossible to move on the lines of 1800, but tumble-down prices will move stock as fast as a cyclone.

SACRIFICE SALE

of our entire stock is now on. Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Dry Goods, Notions, Dress Goods, Calicoes, Muslins, Gingham, Lawns, Tinware, Chinaware, Groceries-everything and anything you find in a Department Store.

Men's Clothing.

Competition quotes low prices, but face to face with facts the truth comes out goods are often times misrepresented, others cry. "Out of your size," is sometimes

Some may shout louder than we about bargain giving but none speak truer. An honest man will receive neither money nor praise that is not his due. We get both, because we deserve them.

Fine Melton Suits.

Dark ground, neat brown check; we are positive this suit is worth \$5.00-our sacrifice sale price, \$2,38,

All Wool Cassimeres.

Dark gray ground, \$3.50. Fine All Wool Cassimeres, Olive Ground with a neat stripe and an Olive satin piped facing-if you are looking for a rattling good suit here it is for only \$4.25. Fancy Cassimeres, all Wool Worsteds, extra fine Worsted black, Clay worsted, Black and Blue Serges \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00 and \$12.00. They are all cheap at double the money. You will be astonished after you examine our line of Clothing.

Boys' Clothing.

We wish to call attention to the fact that we exercise as much care in the buying of our boys' suits as we do in our men's suits. Fine Melton suits, same design as the men, at \$1.75. In All Wool Cassimeres, fine fancy all wool extra fine fancy worsted, black clay worsted suits, blue and black-\$2.50, \$8.50, \$8.98, \$4.98, to \$7.48. These suits sold anywhere from \$4.00 to \$5.00 more than we ask.

REMEMBER, all the above suits run in ages from 14 to 19

Children's Suits.

Range from 68c to \$3.50. A full line vestee suits as low as 79c. Pants from 35c up \$3.50.

Shoe Department.

Our shoes are all guaranteed. Here is a heavy shoe we always did sell at \$1.50 guaranteed to be solid leather or no sale, 89c. That means heavy plow shoe or fine Dress Shoes.

Our \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 to \$3.98, will surely surprise you to see them. Do not miss this opportunity-too much of aloss to yourself and family.

Don't stop for 50 miles of a dis-

Muslins and Calicoes.

34c and up. Ginghams and Lawns from 34c and up. Our hats have been top for

quality and bottom for prices. Groceries.

We are in position now to sell you as much as you desire. We arranged for a car load of sugar and coffee, and will try and satisfy your wants.

Light Brown Sugar, Soft A. Granulated Arbuckle's and Lion coffee 10c Prunes from Raisins from China, Willow, and tinware will

go in this sacrifice sale. Onr Men's Negligee shirts, working shirts, oveoalls-one-half price will move the garmenn.

Shirtwaists and Skirts.

Will not quote any prices, you will see them when you come over.
ALL THESE GOOD MUST GO in order to make room for that immense purchase we have made. Your father nor grandfather never never had such an opportunity as you are offered at CONN BROS.' to-day. These goods were not manufactured for such prices, but for double the money.

Thanking you for the rushing business you have made possible for us, and soliciting your future patronage, we, anxious to please you, are,

Lewis & Samuel M. Conn.

Mercersburg, Pa. WASCIER WASCINGTON WAS

time. Jane sobbed in his arms, she dies, Jan, I think it'll kill me," and, as he gently unclasped her she whispered. arms from his neck, he said softly to Janet, "Take care of her."

Life soon took on its accustomed sober hues again and the years stole on monotonously.

But changes came. The vicar died, and his widow left the island, and thus Janet and Jane were again

faced with the problem how to live.

They were unwilling to go into fresh service, and so with their savings they furnished a little house in Castletown and took in lodgers. It paid them very well during the spring and summer, and they were glad to be quiet in the winter, for they were now middle aged women.

Janet's hair was turning gray, and she was scarcely so upright as she used to be. The winter had tried her, too, of late, and successive attacks of pneumonia had weakened

her considerably.

Instead of getting better, she got daily worse. Inflammation of the lungs set in, and Dr. Kennaugh began to look very grave. At last he said to Jane: "I'm afraid I can't pull her through this time, Miss Maddrel! A few days will decide, but you must be prepared for the worst." When he had gone, Jane went softly back into the sickroom and sat down by the bedside. Never before had she realized the depth and beauty of the love that existed between herself and Janet. Beside the prospect of Janet's death everything else seemed utterly trivial. Even Jan's long looked for home coming failed to interest her. As she sat there, full of grief, a loud knocking sounded on the street

Janet started in her bed. She had been delirious for several days, but now she spoke quite calmly. "It's Jan," she said. "Go an open the door, Jane."

"Me an my old mates are goin to kitchen. There, when he had seathave a grand old spree. Goodby, me ed himself in front of the blazing fire, she knelt at his feet and broke So with kisses and godspeeds he into bitter weeping. She told him took farewell of them for the second bit by bit of Janet's illness. "An if

> Jan was about to answer when Janet herself entered the room. Over her nightgown she had slipped her Sunday dress, and round her neck she wore the blue beads he had given her long years ago. He rose hastily and caught her in his arms,

> for she swaved as if she must fall. "Jan," she whispered close in his ear, and he could feel the burning cheek against his and the hot breath, "I thought I'd give ye a real good welcome this time. I was always-so cold, but it wasn't because I—didn't love ye, Jan."
> As she said the last words her face

> suddenly changed and grew set and strained.

> "Jan, Jan," cried Jane, "take her back to bed! It'll just kill her to be here. He did as he was bid and laid her down as she was—in her finery—drawing the bedclothes over her

wasted form with infinite tender-She lay silent and still.

It was long before Jane could take up the broken threads of her life, longer still before Jan dared to speak to her of marriage, and when he did she laid her hand on his

and looked into his eyes with an earnest, half reproachful glance, "Why, Jan," she said quietly, "it's old we are to be thinkin o' marryin. It's best we should just go on bein friends. I can't get it into my head that Janet's gone somehow, an I'm thinkin if we got married it's terrible lonely she'd be feelin! Let's stay as we are, Jan."—Black and White.

The fact that hundreds of counhearts in yer lovemakin? I'm sometimes sure it's meself I think ye love, an then I think it's Janet, an I know she thinks so, too, don't ye, Janet?"

"Nay, I think nothin about it at all," cried Janet quickly, "an I'll ye, Jan Cregeen, it's no' just for axin ye can get a woman."

"Augh! Now, Janet," replied the least of several days, but now she spoke quite calmly, "It's Jan," she said. "Go an open the subtreasury in New York affords another illustration of the time honored truth that the genius devoted to illegitimate endeavor would probably achieve fame and fortune if directed along legitimate lines. The cent making industry calls to mind the Yankee who made wooden nuthink what he says doesn't megs.—Baltimore Herald.

The fact that hundreds of counterfell tents are being received at the subtreasury in New York affords another illustration of the time honored truth that the genius devoted to illegitimate endeavor would probably achieve fame and fortune if directed along legitimate lines. The cent making industry calls to mind the Yankee who made wooden nuthink what he says doesn't megs.—Baltimore Herald. terfeit cents are being received at

TERMS OF COURT.

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. A. M.
The fourth term on the first Monday of Octo-ber, 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 Endeavor at 2:00. Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening

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 Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening

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

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.

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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.

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Respectfully,

G. W. REISNER

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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.

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