

THE FIREFLIES' WEDDING

By Catalie Mendes...

One evening as I was returning from the village fête I noticed in the light of a moonbeam a child sleeping against a tree in the roadway alongside of a miniature cathedral in plaster.

Ragged, dusty and tanned, he was as picturesque as he was dirty. I awakened the lad, gave him some money and, to avoid the semblance of almsgiving, I accepted the plaster cathedral.

It bothered me a good deal as I carried it off under my arm. I walked faster, being anxious to relieve myself of the burden, which I intended to leave in a corner of the garden where it would serve as a scarecrow for the sparrows which were already beginning to steal my cherries.

I must have looked like one of those personages you see in religious paintings bearing the resemblance in miniature of the chapel which they have dedicated to St. Timoleon or St. Ildevert in expiation of their sins.

Midnight sounded; I was still awake in my bed, with eyes half closed. But it was an insomnia without fever, vague and delicious, refreshed by the soft moonlight entering through the wide open window close by, which also bathed the winding paths of the garden below, the beds of flowers and the velvet grass in the pale enchantment of fairyland.

Perfectly happy in my semiconscious state, without the sensation of existence, yet enraptured with the joy of living, I was rather a thing ecstatic than a man. And the vast silence, the absolute calm, so suggestive of solitary wastes, drowsy nooks, of leaves unstirred by any breeze, were deepened by the almost arrested throbbings of my heart, by the dispersion in a dreamless peace of all my mad desires.

Suddenly a slight noise startled me. One might have called it the contact scarcely sensible of some delicate object with a feebly resisting surface. The sound was rhythmic, too, at equal intervals, suggesting the idea of a bell infinitely distant among the clouds.

The noise continued hardly audible, yet seeming to gently importune me. I arose and looked out of the window.

Fancy my surprise! The cathedral, which on entering I had placed near the door in a narrow path, like a church at the end of an avenue—the cathedral, whose candle end inside had long been extinguished—now radiated illumination through all its tiny red windows, and as I leaned forward to examine more closely I perceived that the inclination of an adjacent woodbine caused the steeple to be capped by an oscillating bellflower in which a bee performed the office of clapper or ringer.

What was going on, then, in my garden beneath the mystic light of the moon? I softly stepped over the window sill and knelt in the shade of an acacia. In the wall of the little church, just behind the choir, was a crevice, through which I now peeped. More than a hundred fireflies, attached either to the shafts of the columns or perched before the altar in lieu of candles, filled the edifice with light, and in the top of the steeple the industrious bee tolled his bell in the woodbine, as if calling the devout to some important ceremony.

A constantly increasing and innumerable throng of insects was entering the portals. Crickets and grasshoppers from the fields jostled each other eagerly in the van; a ladybug, to avoid being pushed in the crowd, was posted on the wing of a dragon fly; tiny insects vested in black and white, presumably the clergy, followed a gorgeous cochineal in purple. The whole seemed a strange confusion of murmurings from countless creeping things of every color.

When at length the entire company had taken their places in proper order, a large fly flew up to the organ loft and presently a humming sort of music, joyous, yet religious, fairly filled the little basilica so brightly illuminated by the fireflies.

A ceremony, indeed, of some sort was on the point of commencing. When I beheld two minute creatures proceed toward the choir, the one with confident air beating its wings victoriously, the other hesitating and timid, I supposed there was a wedding foot.

And of this I was sure when I saw at the high altar a magnificent beetle with green and gold chasuble, assisted by two lesser bugs as acolytes, approach the bridal party with gesture seemingly of benediction.

My eyes glued the crevice; I lost not a single detail of the august ceremony. With eager curiosity I watched the crowd as it gradually dispersed, while the fireflies extinguished their lights one by one. Then noiselessly I turned to trace on the moonlit path the course of the newly wedded couple after extricating themselves from the tumultuous throng.

Where would they go? Would they fly away for their honeymoon toward some distant nuptial flower, under a warmer azure, beneath more ardent stars? Or would they content themselves with the first convenient corolla invitingly open under the discreet curtain of a leaf?

"Whoever fancy leads you, oh, gentle bride and bridegroom, may the god of insects ephemeral and flowers quickly fading to you be kind! May you have much happiness in the few hours of your brief springtime!

"Never may the sabot of a peasant or the slipper of a woman who perchance seeks repose under a tree cause you fear as you wing your flight so close one to the other, over moss clad bank, from bush to bush! May the dewdrops that you sip together be ever perfumed to your taste! May the chalice proffered never refuse an odorless lodging! And if you should fall into the clutches of some cruel child may it be the same little hand that seizes you both so that you may suffer and die together!"

While I was breathing these heartfelt wishes for their happiness the two insects had not flown away; they had climbed up the length of a Bengal rose bush, the topmost rose of which surmounted the ledge of my window, and I saw them disappear inside the flower, whose petals, half gone, closed softly over the tender pair.

Not for one instant would I have thought of returning to my room by the window as I had left—a rustling of the leaves would have disturbed the rapt lovers in their first intimacy. I started, therefore, toward the door, where I happened to observe on the stone ledge another bug, which I had not perceived before, and who without doubt had followed the others.

What was its business here? Why had it come? Was it a relative of the bride or—who knows—a rival of the bridegroom?

Many a man has suffered under the windows of a nuptial chamber, and among insects, perhaps, as with us, it is the misfortune of some that becomes the happiness of others.

The poor little creature remained motionless, close by the rosebush. I touched it with the end of my finger very gently. It stirred not. Alas! I knew, then, that it was dead.—Translated from the French For Commercial Advertiser.

"What's in a Name?" The southern part of New Zealand has been colonized in the main by Scots and their descendants, and, as a result of Caledonian clannishness, a man without a Scotch sounding name has no chance of getting a contract from the municipal councils there.

At a meeting of one of these bodies it was announced from the chair that Sandy McPherson was the successful seeker of a contract, and he was requested to come forward and enter into the necessary bonds for his due fulfillment.

In response to the invitation an almond eyed, pig tailed, bland and smiling heathen Chinese rose from the rear of the hall and stood before the speechless councilors with the brief exclamation: "Me Sandy McPherson."

After a few moments of silent agony the meeting adjourned in confusion.

How to Skin an Eel. When hooked, an eel will tie a line into many thousand intricate knots without any apparent difficulty. He is slippery and should be seized near the middle, with the middle finger over, the rest under his body. In this position he can only wind himself around your wrist and cover your sleeve with slime. Said slime often, if dried, is nearly as adhesive as the skin.

If skinned before his demise, he is as lively as ever, and half cooked four inch pieces will wriggle freely.

To remove the eel's outer garment grasp firmly with a mittened hand, cut through the back of the neck till the spinal column is broken, then through to the skin in front, seize the exposed meat with a bit of paper to prevent slipping and steadily pull the hide toward the tail, turning it wrong side out.

Then the Lacy Blushed. It is a mistake to presume upon the misfortunes of others, as the following shows: A gentleman who had been afflicted with deafness returned home from a visit to London, and soon after went to call upon a lady of his acquaintance.

He found her at home, and with her a cousin of hers, who was also paying her a visit. The hostess received him with politeness and introduced him to her cousin, but to her introduction she added in a perfectly audible tone, "He's a good man enough, but he's terribly stupid and as deaf as a post."

The gentleman colored. "I may be stupid," he said, "but I am no longer as deaf as a post, for I have been cured during my absence and can hear as well as anybody."—London Fun.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

Christmas Presents FOR Men, Women, and Children, and for YOU.



If you want Better BARGAINS than you ever got Before, We shall expect to see you CALL.

The shortest distance between two given points is a straight line, and common sense teaches that the straight line in business guarantees ECONOMY. The shorter the distance between you and the manufacturer, the lower the prices. We buy nearly all of our goods from the maker in large quantities; hence, the reason we can undersell those who depend on the jobbers for their supplies.

CHINAWARE, TOYS,

including Fancy Lamps, Vases, Toilet Sets, Water Sets, Pitchers, a lot of Fancy Dishes; also, Card Plates, Bone Dishes, Side Dishes and Individuals. We are just opening up a nice display of fancy

TOYS,

Such as Rocking Horses, Wagons, Dolls, Surprise Boxes, Blocks, Trumpets, Horns, Tops, Banks, Toy Stoves, Masks, Watches and Chains, Dominoes, Checkers, and a lot of other kinds of games. Tea Sets, Stereoscopes and Pictures, Juvenile Books. A large assortment of Toys for smaller children, also, Necktie Boxes, Toilet Cases, Shaving Sets, Handkerchief and Glove Boxes, Fancy Handkerchiefs and India linen lace and insertings, to make Fancy Handkerchiefs, Men's and Boys' Sweaters, Napkins, Tidies, Men's and Women's Arctics and Over Gaiters, Stick Pins, Plated Chains, Watches, Brooches, Cuff Buttons, Collar Buttons, etc. Among our stationery, we can give you a nice box paper in colors.

FREE! FREE!

As a holiday remembrance, I will give away a nice large LAMP. You get a chance with each dollar's purchase.

Make Christmas the most joyous and happy event of the year.

I am, yours faithfully, F. C. BARE.

Why He Was Glad.

A police official was saying the other day that he had hardly ever seen an Irishman who wasn't ready with a quick retort, no matter what the circumstances might be.

"It was about three years ago that I arrested a certain fellow," he said. "He was about the drunkest man I ever saw to be still standing on his feet. As soon as I got hold of him he wanted to make trouble. He was just like many others from the old sod when they get full of bad 'booze' and they think there is a chance for a scrap. He made a pass at me, but I reached over and tapped him once on the head with my stick. He became quiet right away, and he looked up at me and said:

"'And what toime is it?' "Of course I couldn't help but answer, 'Just struck one.' "Well, if that's so,' he answered, 'O'm glad yer didn't hit me an hour sooner.'"—Louisville Times.

Bird Hunting on Horseback. Kentuckians of the blue grass region hunt birds on horseback. A Kentuckian's hunter must not only be willing to stand while the owner dismounts and goes to look after a covey of birds, but must also allow the owner to fire a shotgun from its back.

A great deal of the hunting in the blue grass region is now done in this way, and many of the sportsmen are as good at wing shooting from the saddle as from the ground.—Exchange.

Sick of Tigers. A cynical old man once found himself in the company of a large number of Anglo-Indians, and he proceeded to ask each guest if he had shot a tiger. At last one gentleman declared he had never even seen the royal beast.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the questioner. "May I sit next to you at dinner? I am so weary of hearing about the deaths of tigers."—Atheuicum

Do not forget that there are always two parties to every conversation, she who talks and she who listens. A good listener is invariably popular, and to listen well one must pay attention and be interested in what is said.

December Ladies Home Journal.

THE TEAMSTER OBEYED.

General Miles Didn't Want to Break Precedents on a Wild Drive. Shortly after his wonderful campaign against Geronimo General Miles was forced to travel a distance of twenty miles through a wild country in an old "prairie schooner."

The teamster who had been engaged to drive the wagon was not acquainted with either the name or fame of his passenger, and, like most teamsters, he was extremely careless of any one's comfort saving his own. He seemed to intentionally aim the wheels of the wagon at every big boulder in the road, much to the annoyance of the general, who was bouncing around amid the freight in the body of the "schooner" like a grain of popcorn in a "cracker." Miles, however, remained silent and watched for the big rocks as the wagon approached them and then waited for the shock, as the wheels would pound over their uneven surfaces like a sailboat in a heavy sea.

Finally one immense boulder hove in sight. The general was in a hurry, but he hoped down in his heart that it would take a wheel off the careless teamster's wagon. Nearer and nearer they approached the obstruction in the road, and then, just as the driver dropped off to sleep, the wheels missed the rock by a sparse inch.

Nothing could equal the general's disappointment. "Hey! Whoa!" he yelled. "What's the matter?" exclaimed the frightened driver, starting up. "Indians?"

"Never you mind what's the matter," replied the general fiercely. "You back, back!"

The teamster did as he was ordered. There was something in the man's voice that precluded question or explanation.

"Now, drive over that boulder! It's the only one you've missed since we started!"

The teamster obeyed, but he didn't so much as graze a rock during the remainder of the journey.—Chicago Tribune.

The jury in a recent trial in Wales comprised one man named Hughes and eleven named Jones. Seven of latter bore the Christian name of John. The prisoner's name was the same as that of seven of the jurors.

A Seal's Narrow Escape.

A few years ago some fishermen were following their vocation off a harbor on the Maine coast when they observed a commotion on the surface and soon made out a seal leaping from the water as if followed by some enemy.

It came near the boat, swimming around it several times, and then, making a leap, the men saw that it was being chased by a large fish.

One of the fishermen dropped his line and, stepping into the bow, leaned over and held out his hands. To his amazement the seal immediately dashed toward him and, with his help, scrambled out of the water into the boat, just in time to escape the sharp weapon of a swordfish that darted by, its big eyes staring, probably in wonder at the method of escape, to its fishy intelligence it being evidently a case of out of the frying pan into the fire.

But the little seal apparently knew better, and it need not be said that its confidence was not misplaced, as the men were so pleased with its action in coming to them that they kept it as a pet, and the seal became a familiar object about the shore.

Paderewski's Triumph.

An interesting story is told of the minut, which is, perhaps, the most popular of all Paderewski's compositions. Paderewski, while a professor at the Conservatoire of Warsaw, was one evening at the house of the Polish poet, Swietochowski, who expressed the opinion that no living composer could compare with Mozart in beauty and simplicity.

At that moment Paderewski merely shrugged his shoulders, but the following evening he appeared and asked permission to play his host a little thing of Mozart's, which, perhaps, he did not know. He played the minut. Swietochowski was enraptured and cried triumphantly: "Now, you must acknowledge that a piece like that could not have been written in our time."

"Well," said Paderewski quietly, "that happens to be a minut composed by me."

Nearly all the men and women in Japan smoke tobacco. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes a whiff, hands it to him and lets him smoke.

For the Ladies.

We have the largest and best assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Wraps we have ever shown. We can show you a Fur and Bead Trimmed Cape, good length, at \$1.00. Children's, as low as 50c. A nice Child's Coat, from 6 to 12 years, at \$1.00.

Our regular stock of Ladies Coats and Capes we believe to be better than any previous year. Ladies' up-to-date Jackets in Blacks and Modes and Blue and Gray, from \$5.00 up. Every garment strictly all right in quality and style.

We have a splendid line of DRESS GOODS for Jacket Suits and Dresses. French Flannels for Waists. Silks in Waist and Dress patterns. Outing Cloths 6c up. Percales for Waists. A very fair Blanket 45 and 50c pair—good size. A large lot of splendid all wool Blankets in White, Red and Gray.

For Men & Boys.

We want to call special attention to our Men's and Boys' Clothing in Suits and Overcoats. We have a line of Men's Suits in Black Cheviott—strictly all wool—

Overcoats

A tremendous pile at any price you want. We have a Storm Coat that we defy the county on, at the price.

Shoes

We would like to talk Shoes. Ladies you know the Carlisle goods. If you want a cheaper shoe we have the Kreider—every pair guaranteed to give satisfactory wear.

Respectfully, G. W. REISNER & CO.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY TIME TABLE—Nov 25, 1901.

Advertisement for The Fulton County News, including a detailed time table for Cumberland Valley and Southern Penna. R.R. trains, and a notice for The Job Department.