To drink the honey sweetness, to dream the old, sweet dreams; shadow in the sunlight moves to the breath of sight,
And unseen spirits ever kiss down our dreaming

Oh, dreams, like plantoms flying where only shadows throng! Oh, life too brief for sighing, and life too brief for song!

And the green world at our feet, dear, and overhead the sky.

And love that says good morning only to weep

-Atlanta Constitution.

### DRESS THEIR OWN WOUNDS. Birds That Possess Great

Knowledge of Surgery. There are not a few birds that possess a knowledge of the principles of surgery that is not far from supernatural. The woodcock, the partridge and some other birds are able to dress their wounds with considerable skill. A French natwere, when shot, convalescing from wounds previously received. In every instance he found the old injury neatly dressed with down to wounded or broken limbs.

One day he killed a bird that evidently had been severely wounded at some recent period. The wound was covered and protected by a sort of network of feathers which had been plucked by the bird from its own body and so arranged as to form a plaster completely covering and protecting the wounded surface. It had evidently acted as hemostatic in the first place and subsequently as a shield covering the wound. The feathers were fairly netted together, passing alternately under and above each other and forming a textile fabric of great protective power.

Birds are often found whose limbs have been broken by shot with the fractured ends neatly joined and ligated. M. Dumonteil tells of a woodcock that had been shot by a sportsman on the afternoon of a certain day. After a long search the bird was given up, but it was discovered the next morning by an secident. In the meantime the wounded legs were found to be neatly ligated, an exquisitely neat bandage having been placed around each limb. The poor bird had in dressing its wound entangled its benk with some long, soft feathers, and had it not been discovered it would have died of starvation .- Toledo Blade.

The Race of Life. I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail and not drift, nor lie a anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships to every mind which is really moving onward. It is this: That one cannot help using his earlier friends as the seaman uses the log to mark his

Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a string of thought tied to him and look-I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion-to see the rate at which the string reels off while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows; the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamond stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter, for grow we must if we outgrow all that we love .- Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Parched Mouth. It is not alone hot weather or hard work that makes your mouth dry. Anxiety, serious trouble generally, will parch your mouth and throat more quickly and effectively than anything else.

There are persons who will not betray in the least degree by their looks and general demeanor that they are worried. Many criminals, for instance, appear as cool as cu-cumbers, although they are inwardly much perturbed, but to an attentive observer the state of their minds is made clear by the parched

You may take it for granted that a person who is a prey to deep anxicty will show signs of difficulty in speaking. That is because his mouth and throat are dried, and you will see that he rolls his tongue about in order to moisten it. He must be a very cool individual who can prevent that sign of anxiety.

Judge Simonton presided over a session of motion court in Dauphin county Monday morning. Seventeen decrees in divorce were handed down and as soon of having a menu has spread all over as the costs are paid, separation the civilized world. were handed down and as soon will be granted.

Foley's Kidney Cure

### A GHOST STORY.

The Black Lady of the Royal Castle of Darmstadt.

The most distinguished ghost of all royal specters appears to be the Bluck Lady of the castle of Darmstadt. • In deep mourning she comes to announce the death of some members of the families of the grand dukes of Hesse or of the Bavarian royal family. The apparition of this lady has from time immemorial produced a sort of panie among the troops of the garrison. The boldest sentinels are afraid of her. One day a young officer of the grena-diers solicited from the Grand Duke Louis I the favor of acting as sentinel at the door of the chapel through which the mysterious visitor was expected to pass. "If it is not a genuine ghost," he said, "I will cure the practical joker of his nonsense.'

It was agreed that the officer should order the phantom to halt and if it did not obey fire upon it, The grand duke and a few courtiers posted themselves in the vestry of the chapel, from which they could see the path that, according to the legend, the Black Lady always followed. As midnight approached the gayety of the royal group de-creased. The clock struck 12. Benralist says that on several occa- fore the sound of the last stroke had sions he has killed woodcock that | died away they heard in the distance "Halt! Who goes there?" Then

there was a shot. The grand duke and the people of his suit came out from their hidplucked from the stem of feathers ing place and ran into the courtand skillfully arranged over the wound evidently by the long beak of the bird. In some instances a solid plaster was thus formed, and which was torn from the stock and in others ligatures had been applied | twisted like a corkscrew. There was no wound of any sort on the body. Shortly afterward Louis I died suddenly in the ducal palace.

The title of naval officer as applied to one of the officials of the custom house has always been an enigma to most people, and very few have any idea of how it was created. The office dates back to the colonial days when Charles II was king of England, and his brother, after James II, was duke of York. James received a percentage of all customs receipts in America, and was also the lord high admiral of the English navy.

He had very little confidence in the men whom his brother selected as collectors of customs in this country, and in order to protect his own interests he insisted on appointing a man whose duty it would be to approve every permit issued by the collector before it would be valid. As lord high admiral he naturally selected these men from his own officers and placed a naval officer in every custom house in the British provinces in America. Both the office and duties remain practically unchanged to this day, and the "naval officer," who is merely an auditor, must still countersign all permits.

## Mincing Parsley.

There is a right way to do this as well as in doing everything else. If the parsley is wet, dry it thoroughly in a towel; then pick the leaves from the stems; gather the leaves closely between the thumb and two fingers, press tightly and hold on a ard with the fingers slanting in such manner that the nails will protect the ends of the fingers from the knife. With a sharp, pointed vegetable knife cut through the parsley as close to the fingers as possible. In this way each stroke of the knife does the work completely, the parsley is minced fine and evenly and does not have to be gone over again. So many minutes are saved and perfect results obtained. This is what "knowing just how" means to the busy housewife. Twelve times five minutes saved makes an hour to rest from the busy routine of household cares, and surely that is worth the striving for.

Looks Are Deceptive. Visitor-I've been in many asylums, but I've never seen such a dangerous, wild eyed lot of lunstice as that group over there, and they're without guards too!

Attendant - Why, man, those ain't lunaties. Visitor—They ain't?
Attendant—I should say not;

they're visitors. Visitor-Visitors!

Attendant — Yes, sir; they're some of the leading members of the chess congress which is holding its convention down town.-Detroit Today.

## The Origin of the Menu.

A German gastronomical publication gives the following account of the origin of the menu: At the meeting of electors in Regensburg in the year 1489 Elector Henry of Braunschweig attracted general notice at a state dinner. He had a long paper before him, to which he referred every time before he ordered a dish. The Earl of Montford, who sat near him, asked him what he was reading. The elector silently handed the paper to his inter-rogator. It contained a list of the viands prepared for the occasion which the elector had ordered the cook to write out for him. The idea of having such a list so pleased the illustrious assembly that they introduced it each in his own household, and since that time the fashion

# The most healing selve in the world.

## SCARED BY THE POPE.

One Occasion When Kaiser Wilhelm

Lost His Self Posssesion. Kniser Wilhelm, always a self possessed character, was even as ... lad equal to almost any emergency, but there was one time in his life when his aplomb failed him completely, and that was when he was received in a private audience by Leo XIII. Strange to say, the self possessed young emperor felt com-pletely overawed by the presence of the holy father and his entourage. A gentleman who was present and witnessed the whole scene said that a student coming before a row of examiners or a culprit appearing before a court could not have looked more frightened than did the emperor when he stood between the folding doors of the audience hall as they opened before him.

he caught sight of the Pope in white garments, stiff, immobile, almost unearthly, surrounded by half a dozen cardinals in red robes, who were looking at him curiously, his half powerless right hand, in which he held his present for the pope, a gold snuffbox, with his own so violently that he dropped the treasure. The monsignore who was nearest, in stooping to pick it up, bumped his head against that of the emperor, who was similarly engaged, and the shock so unnerved his majesty that he quite forgot the hel-

At last everything was put straight. His holiness was still quietly smiling his everyday smile, and William advanced a few steps to deliver his little speech, which he did with a sulky voice. He looked as furious as if he just suffered from the awkwardness of somebody else, and they say that 24 hours afterward his brow remained as closely knitted as those of a bear.— he was forced to trade with them Modern Society.

### Episcopal Heraldry.

Canterbury there appears a decoration somewhat like a clergyman's collar with an extended linen band, but it is intended to represent a narrow, circular strip of white wool supposed to be shorn from the the title to his land was clear. lambs of St. Agnes at Rome, which was worn round the shoulders, and had two such hanging bands, one becrosses upon it are thought originally to represent the pins by which it was fastened to the vestment. This precious strip was called a pall or pallium, and was peculiar to archbishops conferred on them by of a high market value.

for by the decretals of Pope Gregory no act of an archbishop was valid without it. If he had not received secrate churches or summon a council. The small staff, the head of which appears inside the half circle formed by the pallium as it falls over the shield, is the crozier, a staff with a cruciform head that is borne by or before an archbishop alone, though the simple pastoral staff with an ornamental crook, which crozier .- Quiver.

A Wonderful Steam Engine. In 1874 D. A. A. Buck, an ingenious mechanic of Worcester, Mass., constructed a perfect steam engine of such lilliputian dimensions as to gain for its maker the plaudits of the world. To go into exact details the engine, boiler, pumps, governors and all were so exceedingly small as to only occupy a space seven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, or about the area of an old fashioned silver three cent piece. It was only five-eighths of an inch high, yet it contained 148 distinct parts, nearly all of which were silver and gold. It was held together by 52 screws, the smallest being but one-hundredth of an inch in length. The engine had all the valves, gearing, etc., to be found on the ordinary horizontal engine. Three drops of water filled the boiler. The engine weighed but 15 grains when clear of the base plate. diameter of the cylinder was but one-sixteenth of an inch; length of stroke, three-fifty-seconds of an

## Vanishing Bird Races.

The flamingo and the pink curlew are no more, the parrakeet and egret are going fast, the white pelican is a tradition only, like the dodo. Some birds increase under the protection of man because he wages war on more destructive encmies. The quail sets at naught the breachloader and the trap if allowed to forage in the grainfields, but there are others that vanish before the face of man as does the mist before the morning sun. We may delay the end perhaps, but it is at last the survival of the fit.—Florida Times-Union.

## Tests For Precious Stones.

Very little reliance can be placed on color as a test for precious stones. All red stones are not rubies nor white stones diamonds. There are yellow sapphires, green diamonds and blue spinels. In thediagnosis of precious stones it is al-ways advisable to apply as many different tests as possible and to be guided by the result of them all, as almost any single test may mislead.

—Exchange.

## -----

ANNA TORGESON'S NOTE

By H. I. CLEVELAND.

Of the thousands of Norwegians and Swedes set upon the prairies of the Dakotes 20 years ago comparatively few read or understood English. It was surprising, though, how quickly they adjusted themselves to their new environment. While the women worked in the prairie fields with the men, while all vere tillers of the soil and carriers of burdens, they vet found time to master much of the new tongue, to open American schools and to purchase American books and newspapers. When the first hard winter came, many of the men and women willingly went to school on such days as the blizzards permitted and pored over spelling books and arith-

metic with the children. In the Hay Meadows school district was a Norwegian family of the name of Torgeson. The mother, Anna, was perhaps 22 or 23 years old. The father was 30. The portrait framed in rubies, shook three children were toddlers, too young for school and books. Nevertheless when winter school opened, Anna Torgeson, with one child at her breast and two at her skirts, forced her way across the prairie to the sod schoolhouse and asked for admission. Torgeson himself did met which he held in his left hand not go with her. He was one of and which fell to the ground in its | the few who opposed any effort to change the order of things that had prevailed in the home land. He proposed to be a Norseman to the last of his days. He would speak in no tongue but his own. He would go to no church but the "kirk," and that not existing on the prairies he would do without worship.

He wore his peaked hat, his eiled Although he soon understood a few words of English when a land office collector came for the last payment In the arms of the archbishop of on his final proof notice, he would speak to him only in the Norse tongue. Then the strong arm of the government reached out and Torgeson was frightened. He broke his vows and spoke in English until

The hay meadows district was a temperance community. The settlers from the distant lands of the fore and the other behind, while the | north were strongly religious, hard workers, moderate in all habits. kindly to all who met them. That Torgeson should be the one among them to fail to rightly accept the new life in the republic pained them. They earnestly labored with the pope, and, like most papal gifts, him, but he would not listen. When Anna Torgeson made known her de-Expensive as was its possession, sire to attend the district school, he it was by no means a mere luxury, swore loudly and at first said she should not go. Later he answered her pleadings:

"Go if you will, but you put someit, he could not confer orders, con- thing between us two you will never get over. I am as my fathers were. If you would be different, all right, but it will go hard with both of us

Anna Torgeson was straight of his bride. Motherhood but added forever. to her charms. She had mind, too merely denotes the office of a -quick witted intelligence, a rare bishop, is often mistakenly called a aptitude for knowing the best and clinging to it. For her children's sake she believed she ought to attend the district school. When Torgeson finally gave his consent, she wound her arms about his neck and kissed him long, but Torgeson pushed her away and growled. He would not surrender. He came to America but for gain; when that

> folkland unchanged. All through November and December of that dreary winter. Anna Torgeson made her way to the schoolhouse and worked for mastery of the English tongue. Torgeson staid at the farm minding the cattle and their fodder or brooding over his pipe and cups. That his wife should not side with him was the bitterest thing he had to endure. He was not a bad man, only a cruelly obstinate one, and, having started on the wrong path, he would not turn back and find the right one. He might have made his wife's winter a bright one. He could have taken out the sledge and driven her and the children the short mile to the schoolhouse, but he would not. No matter how deep the snow and fierce the winds, he let them go alone, unaided, un-less neighbors gave a helping hand.

> When January, the worst month of the season, came, he made no effort to assist them. So wide was the gulf between husband and wife now that he even let the New Year's day pass without the home celebration they had never missed before. Even that night, when Anna Torgeson came to where he brooded in his chair and, weeping, begged him to be the man of their first days, he pushed her from him and answered:

"I am not of yours. I have not changed. It is you that has changed. Let it be."

Anna Torgeson went on with the Anna Torgeson went on with the school, praying every night to her Goe, that her husband might yet was and be one with her again. The school she was the most apt apil. She was the first to learn to write English, the first to be able to send. spell English rightly. Her neighbors, many of whom had known her before her marriage, rejoiced over

er progress. "Torgeson will be proud of his

wife yet," they said.

But Torgeson remained bitterly against her. Only the babies gave her love and comfort.

A January day came when the sun rose warm over the snow covered prairies and in the air there was a false whisper of spring. The hay meadows folk on their way to the school shook their head. They had learned that this beauty of nature at such a time meant coming terror of blinding sleet and deathly cold. All through the morning the sun-shine flooded the interior of the schoolhouse and the water dripped from the snow covered sod eaves, but the pupils within did not trust the warmth. At noon they ate their lunches by the open door, but none failed to notice the growing grayness of the sky in the north and the change in the sweep of the

When school closed, a frightful blizzard was upon them. The thermometer had fallen to far below zero and the air was filled with sleet that cut the skin like chopped glass. The twelve pupils of the school looked at each other in the growing darkness. Every woman present had a man to guide her home but Anna Torgeson. Every child had a man protector but the children of Anna Torgeson.

"The rest of you will go on," said Anna Torgeson. "There is some fuel here. I and my children will

stay until this is over." Some offered to guide her home before they went their own way, but she said the storm was growing worse every minute and they must hasten for their own safety. They scraped together such food as they had left from noon and gave it to her. It was not much for four mouths, but for the baby there was Anna Torgeson's breast. Just as

the others prepared to leave Anna Torgeson called to one: "Say a moment. Torgeson will worry. I will send him a note. Get it to him somehow when you can that he may know I am safe."

And she wrote in English. "Duar Husband: I am safe in the school with the babies. Don't worry about me. Annie Torgeson.' Late that afternoon, with the most awful storm he had ever known howling about his home, Topeson got that note, and the better did not dare to leave him for his life so fierce was the blast.
"I can't read it," grumbled Tor-

So the other read it to him, and then Torgeson crumpled it in his hand and said:

"Let her stay there. She cares more for the school than for me." He sat before his good fire hour after hour, and once in awhile when he thought he was unobserved he would glance at the writing of the note he could not read. At midnight he could stand it no longer. He was Torgeson, the obstinate, but his wife and babies were over in that schoolhouse without much fuel or food. He took with him the man who had brought the note, and they brought the horses out of the stables, and they fought as men never fought before against snow and cold, and they gained the school, a mile away, in two hours, and Torgeson beat open the door, and the limb and blue of eyes. She was blast came with him, but the anger beautiful when Torgeson made her | and the old pain had gone from him

Bending over the stove to keep herself and babies alive, Anna Torgeson heard his voice, knew by its note that out of the horror he had struggled with to reach her new love and hope had come, and she leaped to him and was caught in his arms, never to be put from him again.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## FISHING DOWN CHIMNEYS.

A Sinker as Necessary on the Lines as was had, he would return to his on Those Dropped In the Sea.

"Fish lines," said a man standing on a roof and apparently fishing with a drop line down a chimney, "are, as you will observe if you will wait here a minute, not the only ones on which sinkers are used."

As he spoke he ceased alternately raising and lowering the line a little as he had been doing as though making the bait active to attract some fish below and hauled up the line altogether, and on the end of it was seen not a bait, but a stubby, cylindrical brush of red splints, and below that a heavy sinker. What the man was fishing for in the chimney was soot-not to haul it up, but to dislodge it so that it would fall to where it could be taken out at the chimney openings below.

"In the old days chimneys were bigger," this roof fisherman contin-"They used to go down inside of chimneys to clean them, men or boys, oftenest boys. You've heard, no doubt, of people being stuck in a chimney, but now, with the burning of hard coal and with less soot and less need for big chimneys and with the economy of space due to the increasing value of land, chimneys are made smaller. The flues are new so small that you can't go down 'em, and you have to clean

'em from the top.
"Of course the brush has got to he used enough to reach the sides of the flue and clean the soot off, and if there are projections inside the flue or there is any change of direction in it the brush, being itself pretty large, but not very heavy, might lodge there and not go beyond that point. Hence the attaching of the sinker to carry the brush down through the flue and past obstructions that otherwise might stop it and a pretty good big one it must be. In fact, a sinker is as necessary in fishing down a chimney as a fishing on the sea."—New direction in it the brush, being it-

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 Mercersburg
 8 00 10 10 3 30

 Chambersburg
 7 34 9 45 1 05 4 45 9 06 10 56

 Waynesboro
 7 05
 12 00 3 35

 Shippeasburg
 7 53 10 05 1 25 5 66 9 24 11 14

 Newville
 8 10 10 23 1 42 5 25 9 44 11 30

 Carlisie
 8 30 10 44 2 03 5 50 10 06 11 51

 Mechanicsburg
 8 50 10 10 6 2 23 6 11 10 25 12 11

 Dillsburg
 7 52 1 40 5 10

 Arr
 Hall
 8 30 17 47 10 20 4 25 4 25 4 25 4

Additional east-bound local trains will run daily, except Sunday, as follows: Leave Chambersburg 6.00 a.m., leave Carlisle 5.45 a.m. 7.00 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 8.15 p.m.; leave Mechanicsburg 6.08 a.m., 7.29 a.m., 81.31 a.m., 1.04 p.m., 2.30 p.m., 2.36 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 8.37 p.m. teave Mechanicsburg 6.08 a. m., 7.39 a. m., 8.12 a. m., 1.04 p. m., 2.30 p. m., 3.36 p. m., 5.30 p. m., 8.37 p. m. Trains Nos. 8 and 110 run daily between Ha-serstown and Harrisburg and No. 2 fifteen minutes late on Sundays

+ Daily except Sunday. Leave | no. 1 no. 8 no. 5 no. 7 no. 9 

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg as follows: For Chambersburg and Intermediate stations at 5.15 p. m., for Carlisic and Intermediate stations at 9.37 a. m., 2.00 p. m., 5.15 p. m. 6.30 p. m., 11.07 p. m. islee for Mechanicaburg, Dilisburg and intermediate stations at 7.00 a. m. and 3.15 p. m.

Nos. 1, 8 and 9 run datiy between Harrisburg

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on trains 2 and 4 east and 7 and 9 west.
Daily
Daily except Sec.

+ Daily except Sunday. † On Sundays will leave Philadelphia at +2

SOUTHERN PENN'A R. I	R TR	AIN	5.
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