

G. W. Reisner & Co.

Coats and Capes Less Than Cost

Will sell, while they last, their Capes and Coats at less than cost.

CAPES

that sold for \$12, now \$8; \$9 Capes at \$6, and cheaper ones at a proportionate cut.

COATS,

This season's goods—that sold for \$10, now \$7; \$8 coats for \$5; \$6 coats for 4. Children capes as low as 25c. Children's capes as low as 75 cents.

The stock of these goods is limited. If you are interested, come quick.

Men's and Boys' Winter Suits and Boys' Overcoats.

Overcoats that sold for \$14, now 10; and so on down to 2. In boys' we have them for 1.25, 1.50, 2.00 and up—not many left. We will close out a lot of

Ladies Rubbers at 20c.

just half price—that are as good as the best—if we have your size. Come soon.

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.

THE JOB DEPARTMENT IS COMPLETE. SALE BILLS, POSTERS, DODGERS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, ENVELOPES, CARDS, &c.

KIDNEY DISEASES are the most fatal of all diseases. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.

What God Gives a Boy.

A body to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, kindness, charity, and business but not to loiter in places of mischief, temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure from foul language and unpolluted by tobacco or whisky, and to speak true, kind words.

A pair of ears to bear music of bird, tree, rill, and human voice, but not to give heed to what the tempter says.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true, God's finger prints in the flower, field, and snow.

A mind to remember, reason, decide, and store up wisdom and impart it to others.

A soul pure and spotless as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good, and to develop faculties of power and virtues which shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.

What can a man do more than die for his countrymen? Live for them. It is a longer work, and therefore a more difficult and nobler one.—Charles Kingsley.

Useful Hints.

Old oak furniture can be thoroughly cleaned by being washed with hot beer. When all spots and dirt have been removed, polish in the usual way with bees-wax and turpentine.

To economize soap in the larder a little pipe clay may be used for kitchen clothes and other much soiled clothes. It has a very cleansing effect, and if a little be dissolved in the water only about half the usual amount of soap will be required.

The white lead that is used in painting in oils, and which may be bought at any shop where art-paints are sold, is the best and simplest sort of cement to men-china. It is so durable that dishes mended with it can withstand water.

Where a sewing room is not available the seamstress will find a rug of linen crash perhaps two yards square a great convenience. This may be put under the machine, sewing chair and cutting table, and will keep scraps and bits of thread from the carpet, and in turn protect delicate fabrics from the dust of the floor. It can be laundered spring and fall and kept in service indefinitely.

A True Soldier.

During the Civil war a Confederate soldier one day saw a boy in the Union army uniform lying wounded in the hot sun. As the man passed the boy had the courage to ask:

"Neighbor, won't you get me a drink of water? I'm very thirsty."

"Of course I will," said the man, and he brought the water.

Encouraged by this, the boy asked again: "Won't you get me taken to the hospital? I'm badly wounded."

The man said: "Well now, my boy, if I get you taken care of and you get well, so that you can go home again, will you come down here and fight me and my folks once more? How about that?"

It was a hard test for a wounded prisoner boy, but that boy stood the test. Looking his captor in the eye, he said firmly: "That I would, my friend."

"I tell you," said the soldier, when telling about it afterwards, "I liked that pluck. I had that boy taken to the hospital and good care taken of him."—Youth's Chronicle.

The story is related of a certain girl who went to a physician a few days ago to be vaccinated and when he asked her, "Will you have it done on the calf?" she "budded" in before he got a chance to finish his sentence and snapped out, "No, I want it done on myself." The innocent physician had merely intended to ask the young lady whether she wished to be vaccinated on the calf of the leg or on the arm.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

After the surrender of Appomattox, General Lee came riding down the road furiously to where General Lee and his staff were grouped. He was splashed with mud from head to heels, and there were great splashes of mud dried and caked upon his face. Addressing General Lee, he asked in a theatrical voice, "Is it true, General Lee, that you have surrendered?"

"Yes, General Lee, it is true." "I wish, then, to ask you one question. What is going to become of my brigade and what is going to become of me?"

General Lee looked at the splashed warrior for a full minute and then said calmly and in a low tone, "General Lee, go and wash your face."

While a good housekeeper always has her table so neat and clean and well provided that a chance guest may be invited to sit down to it without feeling he has made trouble by extra preparations, she makes no mistake and misses the true spirit of hospitality, if she can say of invited guests, "I never make any change for visitors: if I was going to have pork and cabbage, I have them." Although most people say they do not like to feel that a change has been made in the usual manner of living when they are guests in a home, they do not really mean it. They like to feel that their hostess valued their coming enough to make a little extra preparation. The air of being expected, the evidence that one's visit has been looked forward to as a special event are pleasant, and it is the observance of small matters and the giving of small pleasures that help us to return our friends, and that make a visit pleasant to look back upon, both for the visitor and the visited.

A little six-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Yoder who resides on Coal Hill, Somerset county, was horribly and fatally burned about six o'clock Sunday evening while asleep in his crib. Mrs. Yoder had left the house a few minutes before, going to the stable to milk a cow. During her absence another child aged about three years, managed to get hold of a match, and, striking it, set fire to the blanket in which his younger brother had been rolled. The flames burned rapidly and soon reached the body of the helpless infant, roasting his left arm and side almost to a crisp.

We are not done with life as we live it. We shall meet our acts and words and influences again. A man will reap the same as he sows, and he himself shall be the reaper. We go on sowing carelessly, never dreaming that we shall see our deeds again. Then some day we come to an ugly plant growing somewhere, and when we inquire, "What is this?" comes the answer, "I am one of your plants. You dropped the seed which grew into me." We shall have to eat the seed that grows from our sowing.—Rev. J. R. Willer, D. D.

From Bristol, Bucks county's live town, comes the report that a weather prophet, David Mausides, has been making accurate prognostications. Mausides, in the past twenty years, it is said, has predicted the wrong way in but three instances. Every Saturday his neighbors call at his old homestead to learn, with an eye to the family wash-day, what the weather probabilities will be for the succeeding Monday, and upon his advice depends the date of cleansing of linen. Mr. Mausides has predicted 19 snows for this winter, five of which have already fallen. He says the most severe storm of the season will be in February.

A farmer along the line of the West Branch railroad, which is now being built from Clearfield to Williamsport has sued the contractor for \$900, damages. The farmer claims that he and all his family have done little else for three weeks than kill snakes, driven on his land by the blasting and as evidence exhibited, strong on a rail fence, 502 of these reptiles, chiefly copperheads and rattlesnakes. For disturbance of sleep, distress of mind, and interruption of farm work, the farmer claims \$900 as compensation.

Proper Way to Perform an Unpleasant Part of Housework.

By system and by making use of the many little helps now to be had at trifling cost even dishwashing, which most women pronounce the most onerous duty of the whole routine of housework—and one ceases to wonder at the verdict when contemplating the way the work is ordinarily done—may be robbed of its unpleasantness.

That there is a right way to accomplish this task should go without saying, and as it must go on interminably, to a greater or less extent, in all homes the right way is well worth knowing. The process should begin instead of end, as is the common practice, with the cooking vessels, says Katherine McGee. "Clean as you go" is the motto every cook should conscientiously follow. There is no saving economy of time, to say nothing of labor.

As soon as the contents of a pot or pan are turned into the serving dish the vessel should at once be washed, wiped and placed on the back of the range to dry thoroughly. This can be easily and speedily accomplished if a wire dishrag and pot scraper are used.

If, as is sometimes the case, this plan is not feasible, fill each vessel with water and cover closely, the greasy ones with hot water, but those in which eggs, potatoes or any flour mixture had been cooked with cold water. In the latter instance hot water would serve only to form a crust and make the work of cleansing doubly hard.

Iron or porcelain lined vessels are best for cooking purposes. Tin, brass and copper are liable to be affected by acids, oils and salt, and in the hands of the careless are very dangerous. Tin vessels should be kept free from rust. This can best be accomplished by rubbing them well when new with lard, then standing them in the oven until they are thoroughly heated. Wipe dry after each washing. When brass vessels for cooking are in daily use, they require not only to be well washed in hot suds, but also in a hot solution of vinegar and salt, then to be rinsed well and carefully dried.

Usefulness of Lemons.

If you have a throbbing headache, slice a lemon and rub the bits over the brow and the pain will soon go away. If your hair is falling out, rub slices of lemon thoroughly into the roots and over the scalp, washing the head afterward with warm soft water. Squeeze lemon juice into milk, rub the mixture over the face and neck every night and you will rejoice in the fresh glow of your complexion.

Mix lemon juice and glycerin, rub your hands with it at night, and if you are not too nervous wear large old gloves, and you will wonder at their dazzling whiteness.

If you have a wart or a venetous corn, rub lemon juice on with unflinching zeal and bid defiance to mosquitoes with the touch of your little yellow friend.

A cup of tea is always improved by slices of fresh lemon, and we all know how a well mixed lemon squash can revive the weary stomach. If you go on a water voyage, you must certainly take it with you, for pure lemon juice will rout all giddiness and seasickness.

Care of Plants.

The first thing necessary to keep house plants in the preparation of the soil. It is said that a good soil is made by putting together equal parts of the three following things: Soil from the sides of a barnyard, well rotted manure and leaf mold from the woods, or earth from the inside of an old tree or stump. Add a small quantity of sand. For cactuses put as much sand as of other materials and a little fine charcoal.

To make house plants grow a most excellent thing is said to be to saturate the earth around them every day with the coffee left over at breakfast.

Five to six drops of ammonia to every pint of water once a week will make house plants flourish. A good way to keep geraniums in winter is to take the plants out of their pots, trim off the leaves and outer branches, shake off all the soil from the roots, hang them in bunches, roots upward, in a dry, dark closet or cellar where they cannot be touched by the frost. In the spring repot them in good rich soil.

A Bouquet of Herbs.

In French cookery books we are often directed to use "a bouquet of herbs" in making little dishes. The term is perplexing to the unskilled cook, and she may be glad to know that the "bouquet" means a few sprigs of parsley, a piece of thyme, a little bit of garlic, a bay leaf, a couple of cloves and some peppercorns. The parsley is wrapped round the other herbs and a thread is tied round all.

To soften water for laundry purposes when you have no rain water supply it is a good plan to draw the water three or four days before it is needed for use, and to expose it to the air. This will render it quite soft, and will make soap either entirely unnecessary or, at any rate, will make a very small quantity of it sufficient.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

A Philadelphian who knew Dr. Rixey, Mrs. McKinley's physician, when he was a student in that city called on him in Washington and was invited to luncheon. The Philadelphian asked to be excused because of chronic indigestion, which prevented his eating luncheon.

"Nonsense," said Dr. Rixey. "I have asked you to luncheon because I want to give you a good lecture. You are suffering from restlessness, not dyspepsia. In the five minutes you have been sitting opposite to me you have looked at your watch four times, fumbled with the seal on your watch chain, twirled the handle of your umbrella when you didn't stop to run your fingers through your hair and have talked incessantly without having anything particular to say. You simply waste your nervous force. Learn to keep still when you can and not to bother yourself about trifles that do not concern you. If patients knew how to do nothing at the proper time, half the nerve doctors' occupation would be gone."

A Nice Little Boy.

Trust a messenger boy to be up on expressive slang. The particular one who had a message to deliver the other morning at the office of the general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad was as tough looking a specimen as you could find in a day's journey. His cap was placed at a perilous angle on his frowny head, tobacco stains lurked about the corners of his mouth, and he was puffing a cigarette stump. The dignified clerk who took the message scowled.

"Sign dat," demanded the boy, holding out his slip and expectorating copiously on the floor. "I'll have you put out of here if you don't know how to behave," said the clerk severely. A look of scorn passed over the boy's grimy features. "Aw, don't git icy wid me, or I'll slide all over youse!" he exclaimed. Then he sauntered out whistling "Go Away Back and Sit Down."—Philadelphia Record.

A Vicious Smuggler.

Readiness of resource is not a characteristic with which one is likely to credit the Russian peasant, but this story of a smuggler on the Russian frontier comes from Silesia and indicates that they may in some instances possess a nimble brain, although they use it mostly in criminal practices. The smuggler, who was carrying a number of bladders on a stick, was challenged by a customs officer. He said the bladders were not dutiable; but, the officer persisting in wishing to examine them, the smuggler detached one and dealt the officer a blow on the head with it.

The bladder, which contained pure spirit, burst and saturated him. Quickly the smuggler lit a match, and the officer was in a blaze. Another officer, who saw what had occurred, ran up and succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but the man's life is despaired of. The miscreant succeeded in escaping.

Burning Tobacco.

A revivalist named A. Wagge has been preaching in Roanoke, Va., and advising the farmers to burn their tobacco crop in order to avoid burning themselves in the next world. Matthew Searce, a well known farmer, emptied eight barns which were filled with fine tobacco, piled it in one immense heap, invited his neighbors in and then set fire to the whole crop. It was valued at \$8,000. The other farmers, however, are selling their tobacco, preferring that some one else should burn it after they get the money for it.

St. Louis Nutcrackers.

In St. Louis the nutcracking industry gives employment to a considerable number of persons. There are three plants in the city. The nutcrackers are driven by electricity, each nut being fed individually into the crusher. After the shells are cracked the nuts are winnowed by an air blast, and the meat is picked from the cracked shells by hand, women and girls being employed for this part of the work.

One More "Less."

The Belle Plaine (Kan.) Defender remarks: "Horseless carriages, wireless telegraphy, smokeless powder, hornless cattle, seedless raisins and brainless dudes have long been the vogue, but this year the fad seems to have taken hold of the farmers all over the country, and they have raised earless corn."

Tapped the Silo.

Farmers about Cortland, N. Y., a prohibition district, were puzzled to find that their hands got drunk without any visible liquor supply. They finally discovered that the employees had tapped the silo for the juice of the green cornstalks, which, fermented, makes a liquor that is pleasant but most terrible.

Dredging rivers in gold bearing countries for gold has become a great industry, and dredges of wonderful power and capacity are being built to dredge sixty feet below the water line and to reach sixty feet above it, along the banks. Gold seekers in all countries where gold exists, even in very small quantities, are now organizing dredging companies to dredge for gold at relatively trifling cost. Millions upon millions of gold dust are to be reclaimed in this way.

All He Asked Was to Have a Grave Rigged Up For Him.

"There are funny incidents in the life of a photographer," said a well known artist. "A man came in the other day and looked over all the samples, asking the price of each. 'Do you want a sitting?' I asked.

"I don't see nothin' like what I want," he replied.

"I told him if he would indicate what he wanted that I might arrange it.

"I don't know as you kin," he said, 'for I don't see nothin' at all like what I want.' "I repeated what I had already said. He asked me to sit while he told me.

"You see, it's like this," he began. "I had a girl that I loved, and we was goin' to git married. She had her things made up, and as we was all but ready she was taken ill and died. And what I wanted was a picture of me sittin' on her grave weepin'."

"I was touched at the homely story of grief and told him I could send a man with him to the grave and have the picture taken as he desired.

"It's some distance," he said. "It's over in Ireland. I expect it 'ud cost a lot to send over your traps for what I want?"

"I said it would.

"I thought," he answered, 'that maybe you could rig up a grave here in your shop, and I would weep on it, and it would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere.'"

Obeying Orders.



Mabel—What on earth are you doing there, Pat? Pat—Faith, Miss Mabel, yer mother tould me to see how high the thermometer was, and I'm just after measurin' to see.

Gave Him an Idea.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. Henry Peck. "This paper tells of a man who was declared insane, and his wife got a divorce, and now he gets the courts to declare him sane again! Now, what do you?"

But Mr. Peck was out of the room and walking swiftly through the hall, murmuring: "I wonder where they give short time rates on padded cells."—Baltimore American.

Cool.

Mrs. Klose—Good morning, madam, you'll pardon my calling so early, but I saw your advertisement for a cook.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Surely you are not after the place! Mrs. Klose—Oh, no. I need a cook myself, and I thought you might send to me all the applicants you reject.—Philadelphia Press.

No Heroics.

She (eagerly)—And what did papa say when you asked him for me? He—Consented at once. She—Glorious! He—Oh, I don't know. He might at least have given me an opportunity to tell him that I'd marry you even though we had to elope.—Ohio State Journal.

Preparing For Ma's Visit.

Mrs. Todd—Dear me, why did you buy all those hideous things to fill up our only spare room? It's like a bear's den.

Mr. Todd—You know, dear, your mother is sure to visit us some time and I wanted to make her feel at home.—Chelsea (Mass.) Gazette.

Cause For Grief.

Mr. Binks—Why so unhappy? Mrs. Binks—I hate that Mrs. Nextdoor with a deadly hate, and I'm perfectly miserable over it. Mr. Binks—She doesn't know it. Mrs. Binks—That's why I'm unhappy.—New York Weekly.

Figuring on His Average.

"How long has Graphter been in politics?" "Well, let me see. He's worth now about half a million. He must have been in politics ten years."—Chicago Tribune.

A Luxury.

Elderly Spinster (coolly)—I think there should be a tax on the "single state," don't you, colonel? Ungallant Bachelor—Yes, as on all other luxuries.—Detroit Free Press.

His Gift of Gab.

A gentleman desiring to compliment a certain old Scotch farmer who had brought up his only son to the ministry commented flatteringly on the young cleric's eloquence and suggested that his fluency was an inheritance from the male side of the house. "Na, na, sir; it's no from me he took the tongue," was the modest reply. "It's from the mither. She is never done blethering."

CUMBERLAND VALLEY

TIME TABLE.—Nov 25, 1901.

Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and various stations including Winchester, Martinsburg, Hagerstown, Greenbush, Mercersburg, Chambersburg, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc.

Additional east-bound local trains will run daily, except Sunday, as follows: Leave Chambersburg 6:00 a. m., leave Carlisle 6:45 a. m., 7:05 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 2:15 p. m., 3:15 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 7:15 p. m., 8:15 p. m., 9:45 p. m.

Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and stations including Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, etc.

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg and Hagerstown. Intermediate stations at 5:45 a. m., 5:55 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 11:05 p. m., also for Mechanicsburg, Dillsburg and intermediate stations at 7:40 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.

Nov. 1, 3 and 9 run daily between Harrisburg and Hagerstown. Pullman palace sleeping cars between New York and Knoxville, Tenn., on trains 1 west and 10 east.

Through coaches to and from Philadelphia on trains 2 and 4 east and 7 and 9 west. * Daily except Sunday. † On Sundays will leave Philadelphia at 7:30 p. m.

SOUTHERN PENN'A R. R. TRAINS.

Table with columns for Pas. (P.M.), Arr. (A.M.), Pas. (M.), Arr. (P.M.) and various stations including Harrisburg, Carlisle, Mercersburg, etc.

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In fact anything and everything in the best style along that line. Sample copies of the NEWS sent to any of your friends on request.