

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

Some people have new leaves to burn. Spring election Tuesday, February 17. The bootblack never shines in society. Looking glasses are flat but never flatter. No man is too weak to turn over a new leaf. The weather man began the new year right. Friendliness is never allied with flattery. Even a light lunch may be heavy after it's down. Sackcloth and ashes improve an icy pavement. The organ grinder is always doing a good turn. It's a good thing to be resolute in your resolutions. Too many people keep their charity in cold storage. A man must be rather loose in his morals to get tight. It's a wise fish that knows when to keep its mouth shut. The value of money is most appreciated when you have none. In the matter of new leaves, one good turn deserves another. It doesn't make a furnace ashamed to heap coals of fire on it. Strangely enough an engine can't get up steam unless it is cooled. Filthy lucre must result from the fact that money is often tight. There was the usual New Year's din: also the New Year's dinner. An icy pavement is calculated to throw a man on his own resources. Even the things you get for nothing sometimes cost you an effort. A man should never allow his future to be overshadowed by the past. The captain of industry has generally risen from the rank of private. A winning smile doesn't prevail against a winning hand in a poker game. The charity that begins at home is often so weak that it stays there. The burnt child need not dread the fire when coal is as scarce as it is now. No man can hope to get up in the world unless he gets down to work. Lawyers are supposed to give advice, but as a matter of fact, they charge for it. Some people won't take a hint and wouldn't know what to do with it if they did. It is better to do one thing well than to do a lot of things that are not worth doing. The trouble with an opportunity is that it doesn't always strike the right man. The doctor and the brewer should be friends, for the brewer makes other people ale. Lots of people never get any bouquets thrown at them until the day of the funeral. Some people will go out of their way to tell the truth, especially if it is unpleasant. It is useless for the manufacturer of calendars to attempt to steal a March on his rivals. The man who is looking for trouble, as a rule, doesn't have to go away from home to find it. The man who is getting bald may console himself with the knowledge that he is coming out on top. There can be no economy from a woman's point of view, without hash for breakfast once in awhile. A lawyer always tells the jury not to consider his remarks if they are not in accord with evidence, and they take him at his word. Did you ever notice that old men still use the kind of pocket-books that were in style during the war, when all the money was in greenbacks? Don't let your horses stand out in the cold without being blanket-ed. It is not only a cruel thing to do, but it also endangers the health of the animal. The progressive person who always wants to take things into his own hands is seldom satisfied unless he is taking the things that don't belong to him. It's a poor wind that does not blow good for somebody. When the roads are covered with ice and sleet the blacksmith reaps his harvest, and he has already enjoyed several of them this winter.

Letter Written for the C. E. Society of Boone Iowa. (Continued from First Page) take us across. The camels were made to kneel down and my baggage was put on one of them and I mounted the other. The Kurds gathered around me and examined my hat, shoes, umbrella and everything else visible. Then they instructed me how to hold on when the camel got up. Then the camels were made to get up and the procession started to cross and I enjoyed my first camel ride—crossing the river on "the ship of the desert." That night we staid in a house consisting of one room in which three families lived and the next day we reached our destination. We crossed several other streams which were not so deep but unfortunately the loaded horse which carried our bedding fell while crossing a stream and our bedding went into the water.—That evening we stopped in the home of another native preacher and remained with him two weeks visiting the surrounding villages. We found three small churches and held a communion service in each one. It was a great joy to join these little companies in commemorating the death of our common Savior. This large plain has a mixed population of Turks, Kurds, Nestorians, Armenians and Jews. There were Kurds living in the village in which we staid. One night while there, there was a partial eclipse of the moon. Soon after retiring I heard a great din. Upon inquiring I was told that the Kurds were out on the roofs of their houses beating drums, singing, shouting, saying prayers &c., to frighten away the dragon that was about to swallow the moon. As soon as they were satisfied that they had accomplished their object they returned to their houses. I happened to be there on Easter Sunday. The Armenians and Nestorians have a beautiful custom of greeting one another on this day. The Armenian greets another with the words "Christ is risen," the other replies, "to you and to us a great joy." The Nestorian greeting is, "The Resurrection of Christ," the reply, "Christ's love and joy." These people have retained some of the forms of godliness but have lost the power thereof. One day a young Nestorian called on me who had been in America seven years. I had not heard my native tongue for five weeks and was very glad of the opportunity. I was called upon to take a part in the release of a twelve year old Nestorian girl who had been kidnapped by a young man, with the help of his friends, who wanted to make her his wife, but that is a long story. I will simply add that the young man was beaten with many stripes. We returned to Meandvob and remained there eleven days. The chief of the Telegraph office and the postmaster called on me. I was told afterwards that the postmaster can neither read nor write but he has an assistant who looks after these minor details. I went to this postoffice once just after the mail had arrived. The mail was placed in a heap on the floor and all those who were interested in it came and picked what they wished and took it away. We expected to spend about two weeks more visiting Moslem villages but a telegram came saying that Mr. Wilson was sick and I should return to Tabriz. Thus the tour was unexpectedly ended. It had lasted three days less than two months. I reached Tabriz in three days and found that Mr. Wilson was very sick with Appendicitis and that Dr. Cochran, of Urumia had been summoned and an operation was being performed when I arrived. During the summer I had charge of the Turkish preaching in Tabriz.—About the middle of September I left Tabriz again and attended our annual mission meeting in Urumia and then came to Salmas where I am touring at the present time. Mr. William H. Nycum, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Simon Nycum and brother of John Q. Nycum at Rays Hill died at the home of his uncle John Nycum in Chicago on the 6th inst., and was interred at Rays Hill last Friday. He was a veteran of the Civil War, and was aged 62 years.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

He Curried Mules, but Afterward Won a Fortune. Once there was a boy of the name of Hugh McGowan who went to Kansas City in search of work. He found this at the stables of the street car company, and the work consisted largely in currying mules. The currying of mules is not an attractive vocation, but Hugh never grumbled, and he sent them out to work looking more fit than they ever had in all the history of rapid transit in Kansas City. He curried those mules so faithfully that now he does not have to curry mules any more. McGowan is now a rich man with millions of dollars under his control. He had reached the age of forty before he had earned so much as \$100 a month. No man can rise to fame by the mere process of currying mules, but if this duty fall to his lot he can do it so well as to show what is in him. Thus did McGowan; he attracted the attention of his superiors and was promoted to the driving of a car. Then he got on the police force; all stations humble enough. After awhile the agent of a big concern visited Kansas City and while there sought to find a suitable man to represent his concern. McGowan was chosen not merely because he had curried mules well, but that he had gone into every field inspired always by the motive to do the best he could. He is now forty-three years of age, a solid citizen with a long bank account and a reputation that is of far greater value than any great sum of money. A Young Newsboy. On the corner of Tenth and Arch streets, in the heart of the city of Philadelphia, is seen "Little Joe," as he is called, tending a newsstand. On an opposite corner is seen his mother, who has charge of the main stand. Joe is six years of age, quick and active and always ready with his customers' favorite newspapers. He is up bright and early to tend to business. He consented to pose for our picture only when it would not interfere with his business. However, Joe believes that all work and no play makes a dull boy, and at certain hours he can be seen riding his tricycle or romping around with his companions in the neighborhood.—Philadelphia Press. Applied Science. One evening at supper little Lester said to his grandmother: "Grandma, do your glasses make things look bigger?" "Yes, dearie," said grandma. "Why?" "Oh!" said Lester, "I only thought if they did maybe you'd take 'em off when you're cutting the cake."—Helen H. Pretl in Little Chronicle. A Puzzling Address. There is a man in Representative Knox's district who wrote a letter addressed to himself as follows: WOOD, JOHN MASS. It took some time for the postal clerks to decipher the address, but the letter was finally delivered to "John Underwood, Andover, Mass." My Baby Girl and Little Boy Blue. My table is spread for luncheon; Whom think you will lunch with me? Why, my little Boy Blue, whose work is o'er, Whose sheep lie asleep on the nursery floor, Whose herd through the newly tasseled corn He homeward led by his flutlike horn. Then he fell asleep in my easy chair And dreamed 'twas a haystack tall and fair, But now he's awake and wants his tea; My little Boy Blue shall lunch with me. And another, his sister. Did you not know That he had a sister some time ago? With rosy cheeks and floulike curls, To us the dearest, best of girls, A dainty lass to love and kiss, To fill our hearts and home with bliss? Many carresses to her befall, But little Boy Blue gives most of all. Ever bonny and winsome, fresh and sweet, From her shining head to her dimpled feet, She sits by my side in her tall high chair Like a graceful lily, pure and fair; Yes, Baby Emma of summers three, And little Boy Blue shall lunch with me. Ah, the years may pass as the years before, And many a guest pass through my door, And pause at my board for lunch and tea, But none will be ever so dear to me Or do my life with such joy as you, My baby girl and little Boy Blue. —Mrs. Mary Felton in Good Housekeeping. DR. KING'S TRY NEW DISCOVERY FOR THAT COLD. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, La Grippe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. NO CURE, NO PAY. Price 50c, and \$1. TRIAL BOTTLES FREE.

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FULTON COUNTY NEWS \$1.00 a Year in Advance.

FEBRUARY NUMBER. New Idea Woman's Magazine. UNBREAKABLE GLASS. The principal features of the NEW IDEA WOMAN'S MAGAZINE for February are, as always, the utilitarian, and in patterns, descriptions of costume, fancy work, and domestic affairs there is nothing more helpful to the home-maker now published; but the literary features are equally as valuable. The stories are charmingly told and well illustrated. Mrs. E. A. Osborne's paper upon Lincoln, entitled "A Nation's Patron Saint," is especially appropriate, and Ernest Neal Lyon's poem on Washington emphasizes the patriotic element of the contents. Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's article upon Mrs. Fiske as "Mary of Macedonia" continues the series upon the prominent women of the stage. Louis Kauffeld, a Bavarian glassworker, says Tit-Bits, makes extraordinary claims for a new kind of glass he has just discovered. It is a glass of such nature that it will not break, that can be moulded into any desired form, that can be hammered without catastrophe—in short, a glass that will be as malleable as lead or any other metal. With an ordinary goblet made of this new material you can hammer a nail into a tough board. You can bore a hole in a glass pane and then patch it with another piece of the same kind of glass. Coffee pots and tea kettles, it is claimed, can be made of the new substance, and will no more crack, even under the most intense heat, than would steel.

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