

EARTH GROWS SMALL.

Time and Space Annihilated by Modern Methods.

Measured by the yardstick, says Robert B. Armstrong in the National Magazine, the world today is as great as in the days of the Pharaohs. A hundred years ago it still retained that formidable girth. To-day, measured by the hour glass, the planet has shriveled into a mere miniature of its former self. Under the compressure of electricity, steam and steel bridges a spectacle is presented of practical time and space annihilation.

Seas have been dried up, continents pushed together and islands wedded that this might be. Nations once isolated are now in earshot of one another, and the markets of all peoples line a single street. American wheat fields are days, not months, away from British bake shops.—French wines are hours, not weeks, removed from American dinner tables. New York is on the outskirts of London, and Paris is not a block away. Deep sea cables and land wires hem the buyers and sellers of the world into a vortex of competition, whose diameter is a minute, and within whose circumference are gathered all the products and all the purses of mankind.

Into this vortex American energy has plunged, and the splash has been called "American Invasion." Compared with future possibilities in the game of international barter the recent activities of American men of affairs abroad are merely preliminary and almost experimental. That American ingenuity and vigor have contributed much to the dwarfing of the planet is an earnest that Americans will take a keen advantage of every opportunity to produce a still smaller periphery to the globe. Meantime the shortened circumference has brought complications which have a bearing of great importance on the commercial prospects of the United States.

A century has been a revolution in time annihilation. And America, young as it is, has caused many sparks to fly in this greater activity. In 1800 the world was sluggish. Thousands traveled in saddle bags and men crawled at a snail's pace over land and sea. In America there was no such thing as expedition. Kentuckians knew nothing of the election of James Madison to the Presidency of the United States until three months after the last ballot had been counted. There would have been no Chesapeake and Ohio canal but for the argument that by means of it the decrees of Congress were to be speedily transmitted to the cities beyond the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies.

The pony express was the acme of rapidity in the days of George Washington, who required more time to ferry a message from New York to Brooklyn than an American does to-day to flash a message around the globe.—Imagine the amazement of Benjamin Franklin if he could have stood the other day as many modern scientists did, and seen one of the most remarkable exploits of time annihilation on record.—It was a test of thought transmission halfway around the globe. A thirty word dispatch sung over the wires to San Francisco, then to Vancouver, from there to Nova Scotia, whispered under the waters of the Atlantic to London and back to New York. Every wire had been cleared for the test, and before the operator had reached the last word of this test message another operator in the same room was taking the first word of the same dispatch hot from the cable direct from London.

The whole world has caught the electrical contagion of America, and the globe is enmeshed in thought freighted wires. The brine swept cables tied together end to end, girdle the globe eight times. The wires that swing and sway in the wind over every land all told would make eight steel pathways to the moon.

THE TELEPHONE.

The telephone has withered the space that separated cities and towns, counties and states. Trillions of steps have been saved by

this voice conductor, for two billions of telephone messages are exchanged every year. Over plains, over buffalo wallows of fifty years ago, farmers telephone along barbed wire circuits. In Kansas City, every day in the year, a business firm talks for five minutes with its branch in Boston, Chicago stock traders do business on the New York Stock Exchange and complete an entire transaction in thirty seconds.—London brokers, eager to deal quickly on the Paris Bourse, finding the channel cables congested with business, cable to Paris via New York, and win many a pound sterling by this long distance but absolutely prompt action.

Measured in thought transmission this old planet is no bigger than a dot. Steam and electrical pneumatic and hydraulic inventions have so annihilated space that there is but a small earth to clamber over. According to Dr. Emery R. Johnson, Professor Transportation in the University of Pennsylvania, it takes steps only one-fifth as long to get around the world to-day as it did in 1800. In the sunrise of the century it took all but sixty-five days in the year to get once around the world. That was when men traveled in sailboats, post chaise, on horseback and on foot.

Ocean steamers came back in 1838, and they cut the ancient time table in two, for then it took only 160 days to embrace the girdle of mother earth. In 1869 the Suez Canal shrunk the world still smaller, and an enterprising man was able to get around the world in 100 days. Since then Jules Verne has been outdone, for, by the development of the speed of steam vessels and railroad trains, one can box the compass and get home in sixty days. And the end is not yet. With the completion of the new Pacific cable Honolulu, in thought transmission, will be no further away from San Francisco than Oakland is, across the Golden Gate. Manila, then, in the transaction of all business, will be as near to Wall street, the pulse of America, as are the commercial ports of Europe and South America.—Thus the planet is still shrinking beneath the onslaught of modern methods.

All these things mean new conditions for the American merchant of to-day and the American merchant of the future. Every facility at his hand is at the hand of his competitor. The successful American will have to be quick on the trigger. He must stand with his ear to the telephone, his fingers on the telegraph key. He must be extemporaneous in all business, and never meditative. The American merchant, if he will succeed, must speak quickly, and above all, speak first. The time for deliberation and waiting for foreign markets to come to him has gone. The shriveling of the earth has forced his competitors onto his street, and it behooves him to be original if he would win.

Two things he must have:—First, absolutely accurate and timely information as to the industrial pulse beats and commercial temperature of the world; second, he must have a system of distribution by which he may take advantage of this information, and deliver to their destination, with the least delay, the products most suitable for the needs of that particular community.

FEARFUL ODDS AGAINST HIM.

Bedridden, alone and destitute. Such, in brief was the condition of an old soldier by name of J. J. Havens, Versailles, O. For years he was troubled with kidney disease and neither doctors nor medicines gave him relief. At length he tried Electric Bitters. It put him on his feet in short order and now he testifies. "I'm on the road to complete recovery." Best on earth for Liver and Kidney troubles and all forms of Stomach and bowel complaints. Only 50c Guaranteed by W. S. Dickson. Druggist.

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CONDENSED STORIES.

English Actors Seen Through the Eyes of a Pair of Cockneys.

Edgar Norton of Viola Allen's company tells the following story: He happened to be in a bar or saloon in London when he overheard two cockneys discussing the merits of popular English actors.

Said one: "No, we ain't got no really good factors now."
"Git hout," said the other.
"That's stright! 'Oo 'ave we bloomin' well got?"
"Well, there's Beerbum Tree"—
"E ain't nuffink to speak of!"
"Ow do yer like George Halexander?"
"E ain't much."
"Charley 'Awrey?"
"Sumtimes 'e's orright!"
"Well, wot about 'Arry Irving" (convincingly)?
"Well, wot about him?"
"Ow about 'is Macbeth?"
"Rotten."
"Is Looey the Eleventh?"
"It ain't grite."
"Is 'Amlet?"
"Oh, passable, passable!"
"Well (triumphantly), 'ow about 'is Shylock? Ain't that tricky?"
"Yus (musingly), yus; it's werry tricky, I grant yer, but—but it's werry vulgar to my way o' thinkin'."
Curtain.—Philadelphia Press.

Not Good on the N. P.

Talking of railroad mistakes, this is one of the latest stories told by J. J. Hill, president of the Northern Pacific: A station agent on that road had been granted leave of absence for the purpose of getting married. The usual passes for the happy couple had been issued from the main office. On the trip the agent met a new conductor, who demanded his ticket.
"I have a pass," replied the agent, handing out an envelope.
The conductor read it very solemnly and, handing it back, said with a shake of the head:
"Gee, man, that pass is good for a very long and it may be a very fine journey, but not on the N. P."
It turned out that the agent had put his pass and his marriage certificate in the same envelope and the conductor had taken out the former.

A Narrow Escape.

A friend of Tom Dunn tells the following anecdote illustrative of the ex-sheriff's pluck and ready wit: Dunn and a party of friends had been spending a half hour in an uptown cafe and paused at the door for a moment on the way out.
As they did so a man entered, slamming the door so hard that a basket of champagne which stood on the edge of a shelf over the threshold was knocked down by the im-



"ANOTHER SECOND AND THE DRINKS WOULD HAVE BEEN ON ME."

method. There was a general gasp, for Dunn stood immediately underneath.
The ex-sheriff was the only man in the crowd who kept cool. He had seen the basket start and he caught it neatly in midair. Then, turning to the others, the basket still held over his head, he observed calmly:
"Boys, another second and the drinks would have been on me."—New York Letter.

Senator Plunkitt Interprets Latin.

State Senator Plunkitt was receiving his retainers as usual in the rotunda of the county courthouse when one said:
"I don't like this talking about triumphvirs in Tammany Hall. It's worse than the cry of 'boss.'"
"Nonsense!" exclaimed the senator. "Just think what the word means. 'Vir' is Latin for men, and 'triumph-virs' means the men who are going to win. That's what you want, isn't it? Just don't you worry about those 'triumph men.'"—New York World.

FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company is leasing monthly circulars concerning fruit growing, vegetable gardening, stock raising, dairying, etc., in the States of Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. Every Farmer or Home-seeker, who will forward his name and address to the undersigned, will be mailed free. Circulars Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, and others as they are published from month to month.

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WHY HE DIDN'T GO.

The Superintendent asked me to take charge of a Sunday school class. "You'll find 'em rather a bad lot," said he. "They all went fishing last Sunday but little Rand. He is really a good boy, and I hope his example may redeem the others. I wish you would talk to them a little."

I told him I would. As soon as the lesson was over I said:

"Boys, your superintendent tells me you all went fishing last Sunday—all but little Johnny here. You didn't go, did you, Johnny?" I asked.

No, sir.

That was right. Though this boy is the youngest among you, you will learn from his own lips words of good counsel which I hope you will profit by.

I lifted him up on the seat beside me and smoothed his auburn ringlets.

Now Johnny, I want you to tell these wicked boys why you didn't go fishing with them last Sunday. Speak up loud now. It was because it was wicked and you had rather go to Sunday school, wasn't it?

No sir; it was 'cos I couldn't find no worms for bait."

PATIENT.

An eccentric old deacon in a New England town was approached some time ago by a young man who sought his daughter's hand in marriage.

"You can't have my daughter," said the deacon.

"But I love her dearly, and she loves me," pleaded the youth.

"No matter; you can't have her."

"You know, sir, that I am amply able to support a wife, and you know, also, that my reputation is without a blemish."

"I could not ask for a more thrifty or a more upright man—but for all that, you can't have my daughter."

"Well, since you seem to find no fault with me, please explain your objection to my marriage with your daughter?"

"It is simply that she has an ungovernable temper."

"But Sarah is a devout Christian," pleaded the youth.

"That may be true," said the deacon. "But see here, young man, you will come to know before you are as old as I am, that the Lord can get along with many persons that you couldn't get along with."



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