

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

"IGNORANCE IS THE CURSE OF GOD; KNOWLEDGE THE WING WHEREWITH WE FLY TO HEAVEN."

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VOL. I.

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NO. 7.

A Book-Marker.

It holds my Bible leaves apart,
This poor shorn tress, so sad to see,
As memory murmurs to my heart
How you died, love, and left for me
A barren waste of weary years,
Sown with dark doubts that sorrow breeds,
I grasp at hope, but vex my ears
With jangle of discordant creeds,
And wonder is it quenched, that sweet
Soft radiance of a life benign,
That made my grosser pulses beat
In humble harmony with thine?
And are they dead, the nameless bliss
That only foolish lovers know,
Live lips that quivered to my kiss
In those bright summers long ago?
Or, haply, past the nether wave,
Shall sundered spirits meet again?
Is there no knowledge in the grave,
Or promise for the sons of men?
The wintry sunset sheds a ray
Across the Book. I read and trust
That you shine somewhere, far away—
I cannot think that you are dust.

Faith.

Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft
Like yonder tower built high above the reef,
Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds blow
Soft,
Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief.
For darkness passes; storms shall not abide.
A little patience and the fog is past.
After the sorrow of the obiding tide
The singing-flood returns in joy at last.
The night is long and pain weighs heavily;
But God will hold his world above despair.
Look to the east, where up the lucid sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be
fair!
—Scribner.

PLAYING EDITOR.

Time, twenty-fifth of June; hour half-past two; scene, balcony of a popular hotel; *dramatis personae*, a young gentleman sipping a glass of iced lemonade with his feet on the railing. Above rose the stately spires and steeples of the neighboring buildings; below lay the bustling panorama of a street scene, and hither the eyes of Cliffe Huntly, millionaire, were dreamily bent. "Twenty-fifth of June" he soliloquized at opposite ends of a yawn, "Heigho, how time passes away. June four years since I received that eventful birthday present from Mattie in the shape of a letter, coolly informing me that 'our engagement was, on her part, merely a little flirtation to pass away time; that she could not endure poverty even with me; that she must marry a rich man.' Hal hal was it an accident I wonder, or a just recompense, that the next mail brought the announcement that Uncle Jacques had died, leaving me sole heir to his extensive property! However, I escaped a mercenary wife, for I was dejected utterly. Fool that I was, I would have staked my life that she was as pure-minded and guileless as an angel. But bah! I have vowed never to speak or think of her again. I'll run down and see Hal Pixley, the editor. He is jolly and entertaining, and will drive away the blues."

Cliffe brought down his chair with an emphasis which scattered the remainder of the lemonade over the balcony, and started down the street.

"Gertie's Adventure"—old contributor—first page. "Autumn Loves"—orthography deficient—that goes into the waste basket. "The Lost"—Hello Huntly—"Noah," said the editor of the *Review* to a small boy in waiting, "take that pile of papers off that stool and give this gentleman a seat. Fly around, now."

"Now, don't distress yourself," said Cliffe, lazily; "Shades of Nelpi! what a perspiration you are in!"

"Do I?" said Mr. Pixley, rather confusedly. "Well, business is pressing to-day. But it appears to me that you are looking unusually sober. Has anything happened?"

"Nothing, only this is my twenty-eighth birthday. I am getting old, you know," said Cliffe, fanning himself with a stray *Review*.

"So I should think," said the editor reflectively. "Why, you will soon be an old bachelor. Why don't you get married?"

"Really, now, I can't. The ladies are all to good for me," replied Mr. Huntly modestly.

"Nonsense! That's all a prevarication. There are a dozen of young ladies of my acquaintance who would be only too glad of a chance to become Mrs. Huntly. There's Cora Adams, for instance; isn't she nice enough?"

"Nice; indeed she is—charming."

"And then there is Judge Dellafield's daughter," continued Mr. Pixley, "a beauty and an heiress, and as proud as Lucifer."

"And as cold as an iceberg. It freezes me to think of her," said Cliffe, turning up his coat collar.

"Well, there's Kate Williamson; she has life enough, I fancy," suggested Mr. Pixley.

"A hoidenish coquette. I tell you, Hal, all the noble, true-hearted women have gone out of fashion, and the young ladies of to-day are a mercenary class, as grasping as Midas. Possibly, as you say, any one of the ladies mentioned would become Mrs. Huntly for the asking, but why? Not for any good qualities I might possess, but simply for the sake of poor old Uncle Jacques's money," said Cliffe with a sneer which spoiled half the beauty of his dark face.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Pixley, making diligent search for his pencil, which was balanced nicely behind his left ear. "At this rate you will become that most abominable of all mankind—a cynical old bachelor."

"But by the way, Cliffe, you don't know what you escaped when your uncle left you that nice little million which spoiled you for an editor."

"Why so?" questioned Mr. Huntly, lifting his dark brows.

"Oh, for a great many reasons. One has so many cares and vexations. For instance, I have been receiving contributions lately from a young would-be authoress, which I did not print, as I have so much surplus matter on hand. And the other day, if you believe me, she came to see why her piece hadn't been published. Well, we fell into conversation and somehow before I knew it I had partially engaged her next manuscript, and she's coming again to-day," concluded the editor with a groan.

"Why didn't you tell her you couldn't accept it?" inquired Cliffe, soberly.

"Well, I can't explain just why. She was the loveliest creature I ever saw, and it always was hard for me to say 'no' to the ladies," said the editor apologetically. "Now, don't look so disgusted. You probably would not have done any better in my place."

"Indeed! I fancy myself capable of saying No, when No is needed, in spite of a pretty face," said Cliffe, scornfully.

"Oh, no doubt it seems very easy," said Mr. Pixley, with an injured air. "Just take my place for a couple of hours, and you will change your mind."

"I'll do it," exclaimed Cliffe, springing up. "But stay! possibly I might be recognized."

"God," said the editor, "I'll manage that; Noah, run up stairs and get Uncle David's wig and spectacles, and here is some false whiskers I wore to a masquerade last week. There! I fancy your best friends wouldn't know you in this disguise if they should chance to call in my absence, which is not likely. I declare she is coming now," he added, looking out of the window.

"Who?" inquired Mr. Huntly, placidly.

"Why, our young contributor, of course. Good-bye, I'm off," and Mr. Pixley put on his hat, and under the pretense of leaving the room, slipped discreetly into a tall cupboard used for packing away back numbers of the *Review*.

Meanwhile a forest of gray whiskers partially hid the handsome face of our hero; a long duster concealed the elegant suit, and he stood transformed from a fashionable young man into a gray-haired, benign old gentleman. Feeling rather amused than otherwise at the absurdity of his position, Cliffe stepped behind the desk and commenced looking over the *Mss.*, as Noah showed the lady in at the door.

"Is the editor in?"

"Something in the sweet, low tones seemed strangely familiar. Cliffe started and looked up.

Surely that graceful figure, the proudly poised head rippling with bronzed-brown hair, the changeful violet eyes under the darker brows and lashes—no, he could not be mistaken. Before him stood the love of his boyhood, his betrothed bride, and the heartless coquette of four years before. Mattie! false, no doubt, mercenary no doubt, but lovelier than ever.

"Is the editor in?" she repeated.

"No," said Cliffe, recovering himself in part. "He—he is gone, he went away this afternoon."

"Indeed! How unfortunate!" said the visitor in a tone of disappointment. I wished very much to see him. I have a short sketch here which he promised to look over this afternoon."

"I am manager in his absence," said Cliffe politely, "and will, if you will permit me, attend to it myself."

The old familiar handwriting danced for a moment before Cliffe's eyes as he glanced eagerly at the bottom of the page for the signature. Yes, there it was, "Mattie E. Raymond." She was not married then. Perhaps a lover sufficiently wealthy had not yet made his appearance.

All this passed through Cliffe's mind as he glanced the manuscript over, and also the disagreeable fact that it was his duty to criticize and reject it. He would

have given worlds to have escaped the ordeal just then, but it was too late, so he laid down the *Mss.*, saying in a loud grim voice, "I am sorry, miss, to disappoint you, but I cannot accept your contribution."

"Not accept it!"

The tones were slightly tremulous, and Cliffe saw the lovely face grow white, and noticed for the first time that she was thinner and paler than when he had seen her last, four years before, during which time he had been abroad.

"Excuse me, but you look tired and ill. Pray be seated. Noah, a glass of water for the lady. Pardon me what I am about to say," said the old gentleman, as his guest wearily accepted the offer, "but I believe that we each have some special mission, or vocation, if you please, in life. Yours may not be of the literary kind, but may, nevertheless be just as important."

"Vocation!" said Miss Raymond bitterly. "There was a time indeed when I might have sat down with folded hands and waited for my vocation to come to me; but that time is now past. I am not, sir, as you seem to imagine, trying to acquire wealth and fame. Far from it. My mother has been very ill for some time, and if I should leave her, she would die; so I gave up teaching. Fortune has petted me so all my life that I was unaccustomed to other employments, even could I get them, so as a last resort I tried this, but—"

She paused for a few seconds for self-control, then rose with perfect composure.

"My manuscript, sir, if you please."

"Wait just a moment, please," said the old gentleman, retaining the desired article. "Your story has touched me strangely. I would gladly assist you. May I not be your friend?"

A flash of crimson dyed the young contributor's face. "Thank you, sir, but I did not come here to solicit friends or aid. I spoke of my troubles before I thought," she said.

"So I perceived. But I should esteem it a privilege to be of benefit to you. I believe I have never done any good in my life, so do not, I beg of you, forbid my beginning now."

Miss Raymond's face dimpled into a half smile. "What a strange old gentleman," she thought, "perhaps he is going to remember me in his will."

"I spoke of vocations a moment ago," continued the vociferous editor. "It seems to me that you are fitted to adorn home society. You are too young and beautiful to toil amidst poverty and disappointment, and from the first moment I saw you I felt an interest in you. I am rather eccentric as you see, and though you may think it strange—have never seen a lady I wished to make my wife until—until—"

"Until when?" demanded Mattie in bewildered surprise.

"Until I saw you. Nay, listen one moment. I am rich. As my wife your life of toil and taxation will be over. No wish shall remain ungratified. You shall be looked up to, bowed down to, by those who have slighted you in adversity—in short you will reign a queen in society. Forget the disparity in our ages; forget the temerity of my proposal—remember only that I offer you my hand and fortune. Do you consent?"

"Never sir." And oh! the indignant scorn of lips and eyes! "Were you possessed of all the wealth of the whole world I would not sell myself for it. I thank you for the meaning kindness of your proposal, but sooner than consent to it I would beg, or starve. My hand and heart shall go together or not at all."

"But surely you will reconsider this—you will!"

"Cliffe," said a sepulchral voice from the closet, "are you beside yourself?" and the next instant the horrified editor of the *Review* emerged covered with cobwebs, and seizing wig and whiskers with a relentless hand, Cliffe Huntly stood once more, flushed and handsome, before them. There was a glance, and a recognition.

"Cliffe!"

"Mattie!"

"Forgive me, for the deception I have practised upon you," Cliffe said eagerly. "I could not, after all, believe that you would be the heartless, mercenary creature that your letter proved. But why, oh, why did you write it?"

"What letter? I do not understand you. I never wrote any such letter as you describe this to be. After coming into possession of your uncle's fortune you sailed for Europe without one farewell word, so I concluded you wished our engagement ended. But what does all this mean? Are you masquerading?"

"Permit me to crave pardon just here, for my part in this transaction," said Mr. Pixley coming forward.

"My friend Huntly, here, is leading a lonely, cynical sort of a life, and wish-

ing to reform him, I took this novel way of introducing you, little dreaming you would prove to be old acquaintances. Am I forgiven?"

"God bless you," said Cliffe, grasping his hand, while an eloquent pair of blue eyes opposite, more than granted pardon.

Three months after there was a quiet wedding whose announcement found due place in the *Review*. The bridegroom was Cliffe Huntly, Esq., millionaire, a universal favorite in all select circles; the bride, Mattie Raymond, whose father had failed miserably years before, leaving the family in destitution. And 'all the world wondered.'

But they did not know, reader, as do you and I, of the little episode in the editor's sanctum, while Cliffe Huntly was playing editor.

A Stranger's Nose.

Some of those chaps who wear their elbows down thin leaning on saloon counters, have an artificial fly with a fine thread attached to the back; and sometimes these toys can be handled to the amusement of a small crowd. When an unknown man yesterday fell asleep in a saloon on Michigan avenue the young man with an artificial fly was there. He took position behind his victim, who was lying back on his chair, and presently the fly alighted on the stranger's nose, walked up the bridge and down, and settled for a moment on the tip end. The sleeper never moved a finger. The fly went over the old route, dove into the corner of the left eye, galloped over to the right, and came down to the grand stand on a dead run, but the sleeper slept on. It began to appear that he was used to flies, and so the game was changed. By sticking a pin through one of these toys you can make quite a bee of it, the pin being the stinger.

When the 'bee,' descended on the stranger's nose everybody expected to see a sudden start, but it did not come. After a jab at the tip-end the 'bee' crawled along up, waiting for developments and getting in an occasional sting, but not even a sigh escaped the sleeper. The young man with the insect was getting tired when the stranger lazily opened his eyes, slowly rose up from his chair, and coolly remarked:

"Now, then, if you have got through fooling with my nose I'll fool with yours for awhile!"

It isn't likely that particular young man will ever dangle artificial flies any more. He was doubled up, straightened out, choked, mopped and slammed so thoroughly that his appetite will run to chicken-broth and amica for some days to come. When the cyclone had passed the stranger called for gin, drank it, and said to the white-faced crowd on the bench:

"Gentlemen, if any more of you see anything peculiar about my nose please call around and let me know.—*Free Press.*"

A Disgusted Suitor.

A writer detailing anecdotes of prominent actresses, gives this little account of an admirer of Miss Neilson, the celebrated English actress who made so many friends in this country: Miss Neilson made many conquests in New York, and her parlors in the Fifth Avenue were never without her admirers, in seasonable hours. A New Yorker fell madly in love with the actress while she was playing as Rosalind and Amy Robsart. Every night he was in an orchestra chair, with a big floral emblem for her, and every afternoon, after having obtained an introduction, he called, bearing more flowers. The charming actress liked nothing better than to loll back on the divan with a rich bouquet to pick at while the admiring eyes of several gentlemen beamed on her from ottomans and easy-chairs about her.—The love-lorn young man was annoyed by a big fellow who used to sit off in one corner, apparently abstracted, yet ever too near to permit any passionate declaration to be properly made. The big fellow smoked his cigars, read his foreign papers, yawned, looked at his watch, but never left the room. He was there when the lover came, and there when he went. Everything was marked Miss Adelaide Neilson. The flowers all came to Miss Neilson. Her pictures were labeled Miss Neilson, and the lover had never heard of Mrs. Lee. One day, when he had spent enough on flowers and presents to pay a winter's board, he impatiently said to his adored actress, "Miss Neilson, who is that stupid fellow who is always hanging about you? Why don't you send him off?" "Oh, never mind him," answered the actress; "he is only my husband!" The love-lorn young man showed the top of his opera hat out, bowed himself as graciously as he could under the circumstances, and shot out the room.

Prince Louis Napoleon's Prayer.

A prayer in the handwriting of the prince imperial has been found among the papers in his desk at Camden Place. The following is a translation:

"My God: I give to Thee my heart; but give to me faith. Without faith there is no strong prayer, and to pray is a longing of my soul. I pray, not that Thou shouldst take away the obstacles of my path, but that Thou mayst permit me to overcome them. I pray, not that Thou shouldst disarm my enemies, but that Thou shouldst aid me to conquer myself. Hear, oh, God! my prayer. Preserve to my affection those who are dear to me. Grant them happy days. If Thou only givest on this earth a certain sum of joy, take, oh, God! my share, and bestow it on the most worthy, and may the most worthy be my friends. If Thou seekest vengeance upon man, strike me. Misfortune is converted into happiness by the sweet thought that those whom we love are happy. Happiness is poisoned by the bitter thought while I rejoice those whom I love a thousand times better than myself are suffering. For me, oh, God! no more happiness. Take it from my path. I can only find joy in forgetting the past. If I forget those who are no more, I shall be forgotten in my turn, and how sad the thought that makes one say, 'Time effaces all.' The only satisfaction I seek is that which lasts forever, that which is given by a tranquil conscience. Oh, my God! show me ever where my duty lies, and give me strength to accomplish it always. Arrived at the term of my life I shall turn my looks fearlessly to the past. Remembrance will not be for a long remorse. Then I shall be happy. Grant, oh, God! that my heart may be penetrated with the conviction that those whom I love and who are dead shall see all my actions. My life shall be worthy of their witness, and my innermost thoughts shall never make them blush."

The Art of Bouquet Making.

It seems an easy thing to make a bouquet as one looks over the garden and sees the beautiful flowers. But after all it is a difficult matter and one sometimes forgets that flowers have their affinities and preferences, as well as the human race. Above all give them room and not crowd them. When flowers are massed together all lose their beauty. I saw an arrangement of flowers yesterday where two lovely day lilies that would have been beautiful if grouped alone in a slender vase with a few ferns or green spikes, but whose effect was ruined by being put in the center of a mass of larkspurs and common garden flowers. The common flowers only looked the more common in contrast with the lilies, and the lilies looked as though caught in very coarse company.

For vases and bouquets of any sort there should be plenty of white for the foundation. When stemless flowers are used, like a tuberose or a single geranium, stems can be made by putting the ends inside of straws and then wiring it in: when arranged in the bouquet the straw cannot be seen, but the flowers can be kept fresh by absorbing the water. A pretty arrangement is to take a spike of scarlet gladioli, with its brilliant coloring, arrange it with feathery grasses and gleams of white feverfew here and there, and you will have a lovely spot of coloring for some dark corner. Again, petunias and morning glories are difficult to combine with any flower, but give them a wide-mouthed vase and a few leaves and they are positively graceful. All lilies I think are prettiest if no other flowers are mixed with them.

For small vases a very good way is to clip them off and put them in carelessly as they come, then they will look natural; too much arrangement often spoils the looks of a vase of flowers. For either hand or vase-bouquets do not put too many colors together.

An Ice Mission.

A novel and seasonable charity has just been organized in St. Louis in the shape of an ice mission. At the suggestion of the *Globe Democrat* a subscription fund for the purpose was started, and when a sufficient sum had been raised an arrangement was made with the police to distribute ice tickets among the deserving poor on their beats, and with the city ice companies to honor these tickets when presented at any of their local ice depots, the orders to be redeemable in cash by the committee in charge of the fund. Tickets are printed in such form as to make counterfeiting difficult, and each calls for five cents worth of ice. It is believed that the charity, trifling as it seems, will not only accomplish a great work for the health and comfort of the recipients, but will effectively promote the cause of temperance.

An incised out is much more easily healed than a lacerated or torn wound.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Dress with the weather, no matter how often you must change your clothing.

The total membership of the Baptist churches in the United States is 2,102,031.

Reading in the twilight has been the means of straining and ruining many good eyes.

Blowing down a lamp chimney to extinguish the light is a frequent cause of explosion.

A colony of 100 persons has been formed of the operatives of Lowell, Mass., to emigrate to Coffee county, Tenn.

The mines in Spottsylvania, Va., have just shipped twenty good-sized bags of gold dust to the Philadelphia mint.

Recently Senator Gordon, of Georgia, was seen partaking of the communion in church beside an old colored woman.

During an investigation into the evil effects of ailantus trees in Atlanta, it was demonstrated that only the male trees of the species were harmful.

An Iowa man tied his mare to a tree, when a swarm of bees alighted upon her, and stung her so severely about the head as to cause death in a few moments.

England has got to explain the presence of her rifles in the hands of the Turcomans. Russia thinks it rather equivocal friendship that supplies her enemies with arms to oppose her with.

Lawrence Schuster, a youth of eighteen, took oath before a Newark, N. J., minister who married him to a woman of twenty-four, that he was twenty-one years of age, and is now under arrest for perjury.

Maud Crossland, a beautiful young lady of Indianola, Texas, sang very patriotically to her friends the song "See that my grave is kept green," went upstairs, procured a pistol and blew out her brains.

Chas. Harriman, one of the contestants in the great international walking match in New York, has eloped with the wife of a prominent merchant of that city, whose acquaintance he made during the tournament.

As an evidence of the large amount of surplus capital idle in Europe it is announced that the Bank of Paris has agreed to furnish the capital for the construction of an underground railway in New York, provided that the company shall raise \$500,000 for the first expenses and establish validity of the franchise.

The second beet sugar factory in New England is being built at Northampton, Mass., and over 300 acres of beets are growing in the neighborhood for its use. Good beets, closely worked, will yield about ten per cent. of sugar, and it is thought that with improved machinery twelve or fourteen per cent. may be realized.

Santa Cruz, California, has a gallant baby. A little two-year-old girl was playing with a three-and-a-half-year-old baby near the water's edge, when a breaker carried the little girl out into it. The manly little fellow went immediately into the water to the rescue, and saved his companion, to the admiration of those who witnessed the scene.

During a Friday night and Saturday morning the American Union Telegraph company erected about six miles of telegraph poles in the several streets of Newark, N. J. Saturday afternoon all the poles were taken down, by order of the mayor, who claims that the requirements of the city ordinances were not complied with in the erection of the poles.

During the recent dry weather in Manatee county, Fla., the lower Miaka lake dried up all to one hole. The hole was deep and was the only resort of the cattle for water. The hole was full of alligators, and as the stockmen feared depredations on the cattle, a number of them went there one day and killed 723 alligators from six to fourteen feet in length.

The largest ferryboat in the world is ready for launching at San Francisco. She is 424 feet long and 116 wide; double ended, carrying eight steel boilers. Four tracks will be placed upon her decks, capable of accommodating twenty-four passenger cars. She will run between Martinez and Benicia, shortening the distance between San Francisco and Sacramento fifty-five miles.

A novel idea is proposed by the Massachusetts society for the prevention of cruelty to children. The society requests that at least one article of the children's clothing be marked with their full name and residence, in order to aid the police and the officers of the society in returning lost or stolen children to their homes. If this advice would be followed by all parents they would save themselves a great deal of uneasiness during the unexplained absence of their children and their little ones much suffering.

A DELIGHTFUL DRIVE.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever: Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into nothingness; but still will keep A bower quiet for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

Among the many pleasant drives in the neighborhood of Emmitsburg, there is none of more surpassing interest and loveliness, than that which has its course up and down the valley of Friends Creek.

Taking the Waynesboro' road for about two miles, you diverge directly south, cross Tom's Creek at Carrollsburg Mills, and enter the celebrated grove, formerly McDivits, now Mr. Donahue's. It is a place such as the old mythology would have assigned to the *Oreades*, the *Naiades*, and the *Dryades*.

The Fairy Queen might have held her court there in the olden time. North and East it is bounded by Tom's Creek and on the South by Friends Creek, the two enclosing it in a quadrangular form. The ground is nearly level, with some small undulations, and it is densely shaded by tall poplars, oaks, sycamores and beeches of large proportions, just such a grove throughout as "Tityrus" may have extended himself in, at length, on a warm summer's day "sub tegmine fagi."

There is no other such shade as a beach tree affords; under these you may recline at noon-day in midsummer, and be effectually screened from the sun's rays; here you may lounge, there sitting on the bank by the babbling brook, you can lave your feet in the refreshing water, or you can play at rickochetting, with the round, smooth, flat pebbles which abound, or mayhap you would prefer to try the angler's sport, all this, and other occasions for pleasing exercise, or calm quiet, do nothing at all repose are at hand.

Following the course of the creek you are led along a roadway lined with pappaw and alder bushes, through a narrow valley, confined by lofty ridges, at whose bases the creek meanders musically over its rugged bed, in such curves and windings that you cross it several times, while driving through the ranks of dark pine trees, whose sombre beauty and delicious fragrance invite the traveler to linger in their protecting shade till summer heats are over.

Here are fulfilled the conditions for fern gathering as laid down in a recent number of "The Churchman." Ferns love to grow where the land is musical with running water, where great woods fling their shadows upon the hill side, and hang darkly over stream crossed valleys.

Farther on the scene is varied by enormous chestnut trees with their fading blossoms still hanging; mighty oaks, both white and black, gum trees with their bright green waxen leaves, butter-nut trees, black walnut and sycamores—of which Walter Scott wrote, as to how they bent not to the storm, but reached their boughs out straight in opposition to its force, and the ever present beech; whilst overspreading the ground, are the sumac and the laurel.

Here and there a grape vine, has elevated itself into a beautiful bower above the shrubbery, and herein the dusky brown Thrush delights to dwell, and to pour forth his sweet and tender songs.

As you proceed on your way, which is remarkably level for a mountain road, you behold rock-work of a gigantic order, at which the eye of a painter would rejoice; you reach stretches of deep water where, if your tackle be at hand, you must needs—"cast a line," and at length while your patient horse drinks from the clear cool stream across which you now drive, just cast your eyes to the left and behold that lovely miniature lake, pelucid as crystal, with those large boulders jutting into it, the driftwood, dry and decaying extending away off from the upturned roots. See! that rock-work at the back ground which extends perhaps sixty feet upward in an almost perpendicular direction, from whose base, lofty trees have grown, which screen the rocks be-

hind them and afford you glimpses only of their stern grey sides.

This we call Edith's lake; transferred to canvass in its just and natural proportions, it would make the reputation of an artist.

Here ends for us the pleasures of the drive, but you can follow the road in interest for miles to Sabillasville, or you may cross the mountain spur, and go over into Eyles's valley and come home in that direction, with continued enjoyment, and thus you will have accomplished a drive of about ten miles.

POLITICAL.

Now that our political parties are reconnoitering the grounds, and arranging the fields for the fall campaign, in the way of the usual primaries and conventions, it behooves the people to be up and doing.

There are always plenty of gentleman on hand who seem to think they are specially endowed with every necessary qualification, to serve the county, and that its affairs can only be safely and properly conducted by themselves. The people however have the determination of all these matters in their own hands, and with them lies the responsibility of the selection of good and proper agents to conduct their business.

In the sending of delegates to conventions, let there be calm deliberation in the choice of those who are expected to determine the selection of candidates, and all will be well.

Let the worthy and the competent be brought forward; let the candidates be men of known probity and general fitness for office. Who can be depended upon to exercise good judgment and just discrimination in the conduct of affairs. The offices are not for the needy, the idle, and the helpless ones, but for those who have ability to fill them successfully. With good officials at the helm the public business must go forward successfully. Outside of this all is but a question of party preference. We care less for party than for good and efficient government. There must be much disappointment where there are so many applicants for public favour, but the spirit of high-toned gentlemanly consideration will calm the feelings of discontent on the part of the unsuccessful, and the helpful influences of all good men will carry things forward to the best results.

The people wish and demand lower taxes. To this end there must be a curtailment of expenses, which ever party can accomplish these ends most successfully, will most likely carry the needful majority of votes.

AFTER HARVEST, IN THE DROUGHT.

Change is written on the side, On the forest's leafy pride; On the streamlet glancing bright, On the jeweled crown of night;— All, where're the eye can rest, Show it legibly imprinted.

To one who delights in wayside loveliness, and goes abroad now, on witnessing the changes which have recently taken place on the face of the country, then comes a sense of sadness akin to what occurs over the loss of some valued treasure or some fond object of affection.

We have gotten upon this train of thought from contemplating the desolate aspect of the country, consequent upon the in-gathering of the crops, which lately gave so much beauty to the landscape. The green meadows and the golden grain fields, have been despoiled of their beauty. Instead thereof vast tracts of land present an appearance as if desolation and ruin had passed over.

The magnetic and electrical influences, though but one in reality, are supposed to pervade all space, if so there can be but little doubt that a sympathetic power of that kind extends to the remotest bounds of the universe. It is to be imagined therefore that there has been no small commotion among the inhabitants of the moon lately.

Over the most recent telegraphic despatches respecting the state of affairs on this our terrestrial planet, they may have read:

THE LATEST FROM OUR MOTHER EARTH—MADNESS RAMPANT THERE ON—THE INHABITANTS SAVAGELY RAVAGING THE WHOLE TERRITORY—IMMENSE DESTRUCTION OF BEAUTIFUL SCENERY—UNHEARD OF RIGOROUS CONDUCT, FOLLOWED BY A REPOSE LIKE TO THAT WHICH FOLLOWS IN THE WAKE OF A VICTORIOUS ARMY.

We learn that vast armies of terrene creatures, as if by concert, suddenly rose up on all sides, and by the aid of enormous troops of horses, and gigantic and thundering machines, got to work and quickly cut down all the grasses and rich golden grain fields, devoured all the fruits which but lately ornamented and made glorious the face of our Mother Earth, seem to have been taken themselves to their caves, their mountain shelters, or along by the seaside; for where lately they appeared in crowds, nothing but silence and desolation now remain; nor man, nor living being is visible, their forests, and their maize-crop are now the only green things to be seen on the earth.

It is to be feared the people are only taking a rest, like the volcanoes after an eruption, when they will again sally forth and lay low their great pride and glory—the said corn-growth, as well as vast tracts of their forests. On earth they deem us lunatics, but a more heartless, rapacious and rude set of beings than those which exist on the earth, is not to be found in all creation.

FISH LAW.

Through the kindness of our friend Squire Stokes, we obtained an abstract of the Laws given below, and have condensed them for ready reference as follows:

By the Act of the General Assembly approved March 25th, 1878: It is unlawful for any person to take, catch or destroy any fish in the waters of Frederick or Carroll counties, except with hook and line, or by dip net. The Potomac river is exempt.

Penalties: On conviction before a Justice of the Peace of said counties, the violator of the law is liable to a fine of not less than five, nor more than ten dollars for each offense; failure to pay the fine and costs of prosecution, results in imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding ten days. Act remains in force for two years.

GAME LAW.

To shoot or in any manner catch, kill or have in possession, any partidge between the 24th day of December inclusive, and the first day of November next ensuing in each and every year, or any Woodcock between the first day of February and the 15th day of June, or any Pheasant between the first day of August, or any Rabbit between the 15th day of January and the 15th day of October, or to destroy the eggs or nests of said birds at any time, will involve the violator in a fine of not more than ten dollars, recoverable before a Justice of the Peace, and in default of payment the party is to be committed to the county jail for thirty days for each offence, one half of the fines go to the informer.

FENCE LAW IN EMMITSBURG DISO'R.

All landholders and their tenants are required to make and keep in good repair, a good and substantial fence at least 4 1/2 feet high around their outside premises, any person failing to keep such fence shall not recover any damage done through trespass, by neat cattle, horses, swine or sheep, except when such fence is destroyed by freshet, in such case, the owner is allowed 60 days to repair the same.

MIDDLE Tennessee has 300 brandy distilleries in operation.

On Friday the 11th inst. there occurred a terrific boiler explosion in Baltimore, in the establishment of Adams & Setzer, packing-box manufacturers, located in Stevens furniture factory. Two men, one of them a member of the firm, and the other, the engineer were instantly killed, while thirteen others were wounded.

An extraordinary march in sanitary matters has been made in England of late. An owner of cottages at Sherborn, a country town in the poorest county, Dorset, did not think it necessary to comply with the local Board of Health's demand for certain improvements, costing \$300, to his thirty cottages. The board did the work, and the magistrate at once ordered payment.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Out of 536 missionaries in China 310 of them are women.

Out of the nineteen window glass factories in Pittsburg, fifteen are in operation.

The funeral of the late Prince Louis Napoleon took place at Chiselhurst Saturday.

Garibaldi, whose health is much improved, will pass the summer in the environs of Naples.

John Gosnell, employed at a lime-kiln in Frederick, was overcome by heat Wednesday, and his recovery is doubtful.

It is stated that Capt. Isaiah Rynders, a once noted New York politician, is now an earnest member of the M. E. Church.

FATHER Hyacinthe has made application to the French Government for official recognition for the Gallican Catholic Church.

Sir John Lubbock is a great authority on the habits of ants. His views on sisters and cousins have not yet been given to the public.

THE Countess of Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugenie, is still living in Madrid, at the advanced age of 80 years. She is an invalid and nearly blind.

TEN white men and five negroes died from sunstroke in Charleston on Saturday. Last night a heavy rain and thunder-storm lowered the temperature twenty degrees.

A first-class cremation took place in Ceylon. The body of Hon. Sir M. Coomara Swamy, the Tamil representative in the Legislative Council, was burned on an altar of sandal wood, lighted with kerosene. The funeral cortege was very imposing.

DEATH OF A COAL KING.—John B. McCreary, the millionaire coal operator, died at Philadelphia yesterday, in his sixtieth year, having been born in Adams county, Pa., Nov. 23, 1819. He began business at New Oxford, Pa., as a country merchant, and subsequently at Tremont entered the coal trade. In 1847 he leased the Swatara colliery and began to branch out in his operations, which finally reached a climax in the merging of his lands and collieries with those of the famous Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, of which he became the president. His interest he sold out in 1872 to the New Jersey Central railroad for \$800,000, but this represented only a portion of his wealth. It was Mr. McCreary's collieries that first brought into popularity the grade of coal known as "Honey brook." The deceased contributed liberally to charitable and church objects, and was instrumental in the erection of the fine white marble Methodist church at the corner of Broad and Arch streets, Philadelphia. His wife, two sons and a daughter survive him.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, NEAR EMMITSBURG, FREDERICK COUNTY, MARYLAND.

THIS Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and picturesque part of Frederick county, Maryland, half a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. It was commenced in 1829, and incorporated by the Legislature of Maryland in 1836. The buildings are convenient and spacious.

TERMS: The Academic Year is divided into two sessions of five months each. Board and Tuition per Academic Year, including Bed and Bedding, Washing, Mending, and Doctor's Fee, \$200.00. For the first session, payable in advance, \$100.00. ALL PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Academic Year is divided into two Sessions of five months each, beginning respectively on the first Monday of September and the first of February. Letters of inquiry directed to the MOTHER SUPERIOR, St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg.

Marble Works! U. A. Lough, Proprietor.

ALWAYS on hand, and made to order.

MONUMENTS, TOMB AND HEAD STONES, AT VERY LOW PRICES. ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. ALL WORK DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I HAVE just received by steamer from England the following goods: 100 TEA SETS. 46 pieces each, at from \$3.00 to \$4.50; 106 dinner sets, from \$4 to \$7.50; 250 chamber sets, from \$4.00 to \$15.00; 250 chamber sets, 11 pieces each, at from \$2.50 to \$9.00. These goods are all of the latest patterns, warranted not to craze, and are of the very best English.

WHITE GRANITE WARES, imported directly by myself, and will be sold at the rates given above. House-keepers will find it to their advantage to call and see for themselves, as my assortment is the best, not only in this city, but in

Western Maryland, and prices unprecedented. All goods packed free of charge, and safe delivery guaranteed. Respectfully JOHN EISENHAUER, Near corner Church & Market Sts., ju 14-ly Frederick, Md.

All kinds of Job work done here.

THE Emmitsburg Chronicle, IS PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

\$1.50 a Year in Advance— If not paid in Advance, \$2.00. \$1.00 for 6 Months.

No subscription will be received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISING:

Cash Rates—\$1.50 per square of ten lines, for three weeks or less. Special rates to regular and yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING

We possess superior facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing, such as Cards, Checks, Receipts, Circulars, Notes, Book Work of every description, Druggists' Labels, Note Headings, Bill Heads, in all colors, etc. Special efforts will be made to accommodate both in price and quality of work. Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention.

SALE BILLS

OF ALL SIZES NEATLY AND PROMPTLY PRINTED HERE.

All letters should be addressed to Samuel Motter, PUBLISHER, EMMITSBURG, Frederick County, Md.

KNABE Grand, Squ are and Upright PIANO FORTES.

These instruments have been before the Public for nearly fifty years, and upon their excellence alone have attained an

UNPARALLELED PRE-EMINENCE Which establishes them as unequalled in TONE, TOUCH,

WORKMANSHIP & DURABILITY. Every Piano Fully Warranted for 5 Years. SECOND HAND PIANOS.

A large stock at all prices, constantly on hand, comprising some of our own make, but slightly used. Sole agents for the celebrated

SMITH AMERICAN ORGANS AND OTHER LEADING MAKES. Prices and terms to suit all purchasers.

WM. KNABE & CO., 204 & 206 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore. July 5-ly

C. V. S. LEVY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, FREDERICK, MD. Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. ju 12-ly

W. G. HORNER, CHARLES S. SMITH,

HORNER & SMITH, Western Maryland Livery, EMMITSBURG, MD.

THIS Livery is connected with Western Maryland Hotel, and has lately been replenished with fine riding and driving Horses & Ponies

Also fine carriages, buggies, phaetons, &c. Persons coming to Emmitsburg, and wishing to visit St. Joseph's Academy or Mt. St. Mary's College, or any part of town or country, will always find carriages at the depot, on the arrival of all trains, to convey them to either place. We have also added to our stock a fine

BAND WAGON omnibus. Teams of all kinds always in readiness, and on the most reasonable terms. All orders either by DAY OR NIGHT

will receive prompt attention. ju 14-ly HORNER & SMITH. SPECIAL TERMS TO TRAVELING SALESMEN

Western Maryland Railroad

SUMMER SCHEDULE. ON and after SUNDAY, June 1, 1879, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Mail, Acc., Exp, Acc. Daily except Sundays. Rows include Hillen Sta., Union depot, Penn'a ave., Fulton sta., Arlington, Mt. Hope, Pikesville, Owings' Mills, Reisterstown, Glen Morris, Finksburg, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Fred'k Junct'n, Rocky Ridge, Emmitsburg, Mechanicstown, Sabillasville, Blue Ridge, Pen-Mar, Smithburg, Hagerstown, Williamsport.

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Acc, Exp, Acc, M'l Daily except Sundays. Rows include Williamsport, Hagerstown, Smithburg, Pen-Mar, Blue Ridge, Sabillasville, Mechanicstown, Emmitsburg, Rocky Ridge, Fred'k Junction, Union Bridge, New Windsor, Westminster, Finksburg, Glen Morris, Reisterstown, Owings' Mills, Pikesville, Mt. Hope, Arlington, Fulton sta., Penna. ave., Union depot, Hillen sta.

EMMITSBURG RAILROAD.

Trains South will leave Emmitsburg at 7.00 and 10.20 A. M., and 3.10 and 5.55 P. M., and arrive at Emmitsburg at 8.30, and 11.30 A. M., and 4.20 and 7.15 P. M.

Sunday Trains—Westward—Leaves Hillen station, Baltimore, for Union Bridge and intermediate stations at 5.00 a m., and 2.10 p m.

Sunday Trains—Eastward—Leaves Union Bridge for Baltimore and intermediate stations at 6.10 a m., and 4.20 p m.

Trains for Frederick leave Junction at 8.05 a m., 1.04, 5.37, and 6.35 p m. For Hanover and York leave Junction at 10.00 a m., and 4.26 p m.

Through car for Frederick leaves Baltimore at 4.00 p m., and leaves Fred'k for Baltimore at 7.00 a m. Baltimore time given at all stations.

JOHN M. HOOD, General Manager B. H. Griswold, Gen'l Ticket Agent

Clothing, Hats.

FURNISHING GOODS, AND NOTIONS.

If you want to get well made, fashionable, and good honest goods, and also to save money, call on us at the old stand, under Photograph Gallery, W. Main St., where you can also get pictures and frames of all sizes, mountings, stereoscopes, graphoscopes, views, etc. Lowest prices and satisfaction guaranteed.

J. C. F. ROWE, Emmitsburg, Md.

WEST END

Grocery and Notion Store,

CHAS. M. HARBAUGH, PROPRIETOR.

HAS always on hand, choice groceries, sugar, coffee, syrups, teas, spices, etc., together with a fine assortment of Confectioneries. Also wooden-ware—tubs, buckets, washboards, brooms, &c. All which will be sold cheap, that is certain, as I sell only for cash. "Country produce take in exchange for goods."

Notice!

Flouring Mill.

ALL ORDERS FOR

FLOUR AND FEED when left with either Messrs. Geo. W. Rowe or D. Lawrence, will receive

PROMPT ATTENTION. SATISFACTION

Guaranteed. And prices to the suit the economical demands of the

TIMES!

GEO. GINGELL, At Motter's Mill, (Locust Grove.) ju 21-6m

Guthrie & Beam.

Livery, Sales and Exchange

STABLES

EMMITSBURG, MD.

ARE always prepared to accommodate the public with conveyances of all kinds on

Reasonable Terms! We will have carriages and omnibuses at the depot on arrival of each train, to convey passengers to St. Joseph's Academy, Mt. St. Mary's College, or any part of town or country. Fine horses for riding or driving.

ju 14-ly

What Happens About Us.

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

- 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers wish their papers discontinued, publishers may continue to send them until charges are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office or place to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they settle their bills and give due notice to discontinue.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, they are held responsible. Notice should always be given of removal.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED IN THIS COLUMN WILL BE 10 CENTS PER LINE, UNDER BUSINESS LOCALS 5 CENTS PER LINE, CASH.

To those who are not subscribers:— On receiving THE EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE for the first time, if you desire its continuance, retain it, if not, please send back, marked "returned," which will be evidence of your non concurrence in our enterprise.

MAGISTRATES Blanks printed and for sale at this office.

Howard Danner dropped in the other day. He's a funny boy.

The mind that is truly noble descends not to mean resentment.

PICNIC bills, printed here neatly, promptly, and on short notice.

THE obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government.

Mr J. T. Hays has erected a neat and substantial porch in front of his store.

MANY persons have taken advantage of the dry spell to clean their wells and cisterns.

CARDINAL MANNING preached the funeral sermon of the late Prince Louis Napoleon.

MRS. BENJAMIN EYLER will please accept thanks for a lot of delicious apples received by us.

THE best way to rent a house, or sell a farm is to advertise it in the "Emmitsburg Chronicle."

ON Sunday 5,000 people baited at Brighton Beach and 6,000 at Manhattan Beach, Coney Island.

A seventeen-months old child fell out of a window in Pittsburg, a distance of twenty feet, and escaped injury.

THE Republican State Convention will meet in Baltimore September 12, to nominate candidates for State offices.

PAUL BOYNTON, the swimmer, will accompany Prof. King on his proposed balloon expedition from New York to Europe.

There is a boy in Kanakee so exceedingly bright that his mother is obliged to use a piece of smoked glass when she looks at him.

THE yellow fever has again broken out in Memphis, Tenn., but the hope is entertained that it will not become so violent as last year.

CHARLES E. FINK, Esq., will deliver the charge to the knights at a tournament to be held in Winfield, Carroll county, Md., on the 26th inst.

THE Sun rises 5.52, sets 7. 8, Saturn rises 10.14. The days are 24 minutes shorter than they were a month since. The moon is in the first quarter now.

THE Frederick-Town Savings Institution is now paying the late dividend declared. This institution is admirably managed, and is in a flourishing condition.

THE Legacy to M. Jefferson Davis it seems is to be contested: Things are not always sure, until they are down one's throat, and even that can't always be depended upon for certain.

OBSTRUCTION.—There are those who would like to know, by what right or authority, travelers are fenced off, week after week, from the bridge over Middle Creek, on the Taneytown road?

THE Williamsport "Pilot" says, the new iron bridge across the canal at this point, of which we spoke some time back, will be placed in position in a few weeks, so says Mr. Jessie J. Moore superintendent of this division of the canal.

DEATH OF MRS. THOS. L. BAYNE.—We have learned through the "Mountain Echo" of the decease of this highly esteemed lady: Mrs. B. with her honored husband and family, used to spend the entire Summer in Emmitsburg, and was highly respected and loved by all who knew her.

"THE SUNDAY NEWS" has been exercised about the habits of flies, and lays particular emphasis, upon the delight that insect finds in perching upon the tip of the nose early in the morning, before the bees are a flying, or even chattering has whistled up creation. But after all even the flies dont go where the surroundings dont invite them there was something wrong about that nose somehow.

MR JACOB L. HOKK has been repairing the gutter in front of his dwelling; and Messrs J. & C. F. Rowe are continuing the same on their premises and also renewing their footwalk in front of their clothing store.

A wrench was accidentally pushed off the scaffolding around the Presbyterian church steeple, just finished on Tuesday, which falling upon the head of Mr. Jacob Hahn, blacksmith, cut an ugly gash in it, he is doing well however.

JOSEPH DEBART GREEN has gone to the House of Reformation and Instruction for colored boys in Prince George county. He went of his own free choice and with the advantages which the institution affords Bart may make a useful citizen.

Just in the corner of the field where the R. R. crosses the Middleburg road, the stubble caught fire from the Engine on last Saturday and burnt over the surface to the extent of perhaps one acre—a blackened and dismal aspect the ground presents, but fortunately the fences were not injured.

OUR young townsman Mr. H. G. Beam left on Monday to try his fortunes in the West. He goes to St. Joseph, Mo., in company with Mr. A. C. Guthrie who has ended his vacation. The best wishes of a numerous circle of friends attend these young gentlemen, and with them we unite our own for their success and well-being.

ABOUT 9 o'clock on Tuesday night, The brass band enlivened the town with the sweet strains of music. It was a most fitting contribution to the delectation of the population, fairly worn down by the exhausting heat of the day which was but little relieved by passing breezes at night. We wish the band abundant success in their commendable efforts.

A SNAKE was killed last week on the mountain, about three miles west of the college, by John Jackson and Cornelius Landis. A black snake which measured 11 ft. 3 in. long with 14 inches circumference in the middle of the body. John hit him on the head with a rock just as he was elevating himself for a fast run. We defy competition on this insinuating item.

THE Washington county Democratic convention met in Hagerstown on last Tuesday to select delegates to the approaching state convention to nominate a candidate for Governor. Dr. A. Will Linkin, of Boonsboro' (?) Col. Henry Kyd Douglas, of Hagerstown, District No. 17; Thomas J. Warfield, of Tilghmanton district No. 3; Robert Bridges, of Hancock being put in nomination, were declared elected.

TO SPREAD LIME ON LAND.—We are indebted to Edward McIntire, Esq., a practical farmer and a skillful surveyor, for the following tabulated statement for the distribution of lime on land. It should be preserved for reference.

Table with 4 columns: Ba. on heap, Feet apart, Gives bu. per aero., and a list of values for different measurements.

ACCIDENT—A painful accident occurred on the farm of Mr. Joseph Mickley, in Highland township, on the 9th inst. Whilst unloading hay, the harpoon or fork became detached from the rope, and, falling, struck Mr. David Mickley, (son of Joseph), inflicting an ugly wound in the chest, running from a little to the right of the centre about eight inches downwards, between the flesh and the ribs. Dr. Scott, of Fairfield, was summoned, and the case is doing well, without any probability of a serious result.

COMPTON.—The Drought continues, its influence is visible in all directions; wells are exhausted, the corn is suffering, the vegetables perishing; we are told that numbers of persons have abandoned all care of their gardens, deeming their products injured beyond the hope of resuscitation; we expect to hear next that corn will be cut down to save what can be saved for fodder. The pasture is so dried up, that some of the cattle have to be fed. Prayers for rain are in place now, with or without the required change of the wind.

OFFICIAL.—At a meeting of the Town Council held at Messrs. Isaac Hyder & Son's, on Monday July 21st, 1879, it was resolved to reply to a communication in the EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE of July 5th cover the signature of "Timely Warning," which article rather reflected on this body as being derelict in their duty. We would respectfully request Timely Warning hereafter, or any other person or persons to be more careful in making charges of negligence, &c., as regards the sanitary condition of our neat and much improved village. As upon thorough investigation by our worthy Burgess and Town Council, "The corner" on the public square being in such deleterious condition, it has not yet been found. Not a single party has left town for the reason assigned by "Timely Warning."

By order of the Town Council, Jno. T. Gelwick's, Sec.

BORROWING.—We have great admiration for generosity of disposition, and are always attracted to that which manifests itself in kindness and benevolence of feeling. We are willing to loan almost anything at our disposal, provided the borrower will come and let us know when he is done with it. But there are exceptions to all rules. We think the borrowing or loaning of a Newspaper, comes under the exceptions. We submit the point to the calm judgment of the reader, whether they think we should meet the expenses of our establishment, at our own cost? Provide first for the permanence of what relates to the public good, such is the true character of a good local paper, and then let consequences take their course.

[COMMUNICATED]

EMMITSBURG, July 24th. DEAR CHRONICLE.—The County School Commissioners have determined to build a new and handsome Public School House in our village this summer, and it is desirable to get the sense of the patrons of the school as to the location. There are two sites offered for the purpose, one very far down town and the other very far up. If those interested will meet the Commissioner at the Emmitt House on Saturday the 26th inst., at 3 o'clock, p. m. the matter can be settled satisfactorily. There is no time to be lost, as the new building must be put under contract and finished by the last of October. J. TAYLOR MOTTER, Trustee.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for August has been received, as regards literary merit as well as artistic style and finish, it stands in the front rank of American Periodicals. The Midsummer Holiday Number just received, is particularly attractive, fully equalling if not excelling any former Midsummer Holiday issues. Whistler in Painting and Etching, with ten engravings, of his pictures, a Story by Henry James, Poem by Dr. Holland with short Stories, Illustrated Articles, Scientific items &c. &c., make up a highly attractive and desirable addition to our Library of Summer reading. Price of this number 35 cts, for sale by all Booksellers or sent post paid on receipt of 35 cts., by Scribner & Co., New York.

St. NICHOLAS for August, is as usual full of fun, as well as instruction for young folks, while there is much that older one's can enjoy without any sacrifice of dignity. The illustrations are exceedingly apt and amusing, and this number on the whole fully maintains the reputation of St. Nicholas as one of the best Periodicals for the young that could be introduced into the family. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GETTYSBURG, Pa. July 21, 1879.—Returning from the trout streams of the South Mountain, we take up our pen to Chronicle the events, which have occurred in our absence. Leaving a place, where fire was essential to comfort in the early morning, and where cool breezes fanned us at all hours, imagine our surprise at finding the town just emerging from a wave of heat, during which the mercurial column had playfully alternated between 102 and 103 degrees F. Involuntarily "the oldest inhabitant" flourishes his bandanna over his forehead as he tells, that Wednesday, the 16th of July was the hottest day, known in the town, within his recollection.

The colored population of our town are not to be left behind by their brethren of Emmitsburg or Chambersburg. One week after the disturbance, reported in your columns, "Africa" was the scene of a fray, which resulted in numerous arrests, but probably nothing worse. The hero (there were heroes as well.) made good his departure, fleeing to the kinder protection of your own State.

Another item is furnished from the same quarter of the town. "Mag Palm" has for years been celebrated for her ability to manage a drunken husband by sheer force of muscle, but of late she has become reduced by sickness, so that the scales have turned in favour of her better (?) half. This domestic troubles had multiplied and life had become a burden. She has startled the town by three unsuccessful attempts at suicide; two by water and one by fire. On one occasion she threw her child with herself into the water, and a passer-by being attracted to the place by the cries of the child in time, both were rescued.

On Saturday Skelly Post G. A. R. conducted a "bean-bake," on Culp's Hill. It was chiefly attended by country folks, and the dancing floor continued to resound, until close upon Sunday morning.

Last week the Athenaeum, a society of the young professional men of town spent some days on the banks of the Comowago, and were visited by many of the Gettysburg ladies. On Monday morning a party, consisting of twenty-two, in regular camp attire, marched to the depot headed by music, and took the train for Stony Point, (on the Potomac,) via Frederick. They will return on Saturday.

MARKETS.

EMMITSBURG MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various goods like Bacon, Ham, Sides, Lard, Eggs, Potatoes, Peaches, Apples, Cherries, Blackberries, Pears, Country soap, Beans, Pork, Mink, Skunk, Raccoon, Opossum, Muskrat, House cat, Rabbit, Fox, Wood fox.

EMMITSBURG GRAIN MARKETS.

Table listing grain market prices for Flour, Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Clover seed, Timothy, Mixed, and Hay.

I. S. ANNAN & BRO.

WE would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Emmitsburg and vicinity, to our large and varied stock of

DRY GOODS.

Notions, queensware, woodenware, glassware, hardware, boots and shoes, hats and caps, etc. Also a full line of

Fresh Groceries

consisting in part, of sugars, coffees, teas, syrups, spices, etc. A full line of ready-made

CLOTHING!

kept constantly on hand. Butter, eggs, lard, posts, rails, etc., taken in exchange for goods. S. W. corner of the Diamond, Emmitsburg, Md. July 14-ly

18 For Register of Wills, 79.

To the Voters of Frederick County: GENTLEMEN.—I announce myself as a candidate for Register of Wills for Frederick county, subject to the decision of the Democratic Conservative Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit your support. PETER SAHM. June 21-7c.

A. A. ANNAN, I. S. MOTTER, Emmitsburg, Md. Williamsport, Md.

ANNAN & MOTTER, DEALERS IN

Washington Co., Lime

THE attention of farmers and builders is called to this superior lime, produced at our kilns, situated near

Williamsport, Md.

Our furnaces have been repaired and are in complete order to turn out the best quality of lime, at the

Lowest Prices.

Contracts promptly filled. Address either as above, or

D. ZECK, DEALER IN

Fine Groceries,

Notions, hardware and general merchandise, best brands of Isabella flour, feed of all kinds, fish, potatoes, grain, cradles, scythes, produce of all kinds bought and sold, taken in exchange for goods, or cash paid. Butter, eggs, country calves, furs, shoemakers supplies, full line of moroccos, linings, french calf skins &c. Emmitsburg, Md. July 14-ly

S. A. PARKER, Fashionable Barber,

AND HAIR DRESSER.

ALSO shampooing and dyeing done in fine style. Shop in Annan's building, a doors west of the square, where he can at all times be found ready for all business in his line. Give him a call. July 14-ly

Henry Stokes, Saddle and Harness Maker.

Always on hand and made to order, all kinds of plain and fancy.

SADDLES, HARNESS,

the best of home made collars, whips fly nets, and gears of every description, at the lowest rates, repairing neatly and promptly executed at the old stand. July 14-3m W. Main St., Emmitsburg, Md.

G. W. MYERS, D. C. MYERS, Geo. W. Myers & Bro

CONFECTIONERS & FRUITERS, S. W. CORNER SQUARE, EMMITSBURG, MD.

Ice Cream and Oysters in Season. Finest Stock of Cigars in Town. Over two hundred different articles on Five-cent Counter. July 14-ly

CARLIN HOUSE,

Opposite the Court House, FREDERICK, MD.

FRANK B. CARLIN, Proprietor, TERMS:—\$1.50 PER DAY.

Free Bus to and from all Trains

Referring to the above card, I respectfully announce to my friends and the travelling public generally, that in consequence of my increasing business at the City Hotel, I have purchased the right, title and good will of the Dill House, which I also purpose conducting in the best manner, assuring the friends of the Dill and City Hotels that no pains will be spared on my part to cater to the wants of every visitor. The terms will be the same as heretofore.

Both the Carlin House wagonette and the City Hotel omnibus will be at the command of any one wishing the use of either at any hour, day or night. July 12-14 FRANK B. CARLIN.

Look Here!

All persons who love good bread should bring their wheat to Geo. Gingell's, at Motter's mill, which is now in prime order to make

GOOD FLOUR.

All wheat entrusted to me to be ground will be made into prime flour, if the wheat is good. Should the flour not give satisfaction, I will pay them for the wheat, full market price in cash, when the flour is returned to me. Having now gotten my burrs to grind to my satisfaction, and the entire mill in complete trim, I am certain, by the strict attention I give to my work, to please all who will give me a trial. GEO. GINGELL, July 19-4t. At Motter's Mill.

CHAS. J. ROWE, DEALER IN

Paints, Oils, Putty, Glass, Butter, and Eggs, and agent for

SEWING MACHINES

Of the most approved styles, and at prices that cannot be beat. He also manufactures superior Cigars, which he can sell at low figures, by the hundred or thousand. July 14-ly

Dr. Chas. D. Eichelberger, S. E. Corner of the Square,

Offers a full assortment of drugs, medicines, toilet and fancy articles, perfumery, soaps, Brushes, Combs,

Stationery &c. also proprietary or patent medicines and ointments: Tobacco, cigars, confectionery and toys. Your attention and call are solicited. July 14-ly

THE EMMITSBURG Provision Store.

KEEPS on hand flour, feed, corn meal, and all articles of the mill, also Bells' patent flour. Hams, shoulders, sides, breakfast bacon, sliced to suit; dried beef tongue, Bologna sausage, pickles, canned fruit, cream cheese, rice, shad, herring, mackerel and white fish. Rabbit soap, favorite oils, cinnamon, lemon and peppermint essence. Butter, eggs and chickens always on hand, and for sale at market prices. water and soda crackers, ginger snaps, hot cakes, sugar and ginger cakes. Also brooms, baskets and buckets. July 14-ly

J. H. T. WEBB, Emmitsburg, Md.

CITY HOTEL!

Private Parlor, Reading Rooms, Billiard Rooms, shaving Parlors, etc., etc. All the

Modern Conveniences of the Day. Terms Moderate. Buses to and from all Trains.

F. B. Carlin, Prop'r FREDERICK, MD.

June 21-1y

M. G. Urner, E. S. Eichelberger, Urner & Eichelberger

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. OFFICE—Record St., adjoining offices of Wm. J. & C. W. Ross, Esqs., Frederick city, Md. July 14-ly

DILL HOUSE,

PICKING & DEAN, Proprietors, OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE, FREDERICK, MD.

TERMS: \$1.50 per day. Free Bus to and from all trains. July 21-1y

T. Fraley & Sons, FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS.

AND repairs of all kinds. Manufacturers of all kinds of presses, and thrashing machines. Iron rattring of all kinds at the lowest price. Emmitsburg, Md. July 14-ly

CENTRAL HOTEL!

West Patrick Street, opposite Court Street, Frederick, Md.

HENRY BIAYS, PROPRIETOR.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS—FREE BUS TO HOTEL. July 14-1y

EMMITSBURG STOVE HOUSE.

ALL kinds of heating and cooking stoves, ranges, furnaces of the most improved pattern. Repairs for all kinds of stoves at the lowest prices; iron and tinware of all kinds; copper, brass and preserving kettles, wash kettles, farm bells, pumps for all kinds of wells, Roofing and spouting, and every kind of work pertaining to the tin and stove trade, at bottom prices. Call and see before purchasing. I sell five different kinds of cook stoves. JAMES T. HAYS, July 14-ly Emmitsburg, Md.

COIN SILVER HUNTING-CASE! AMERICAN WATCHES! Only \$12—Guaranteed for two years.

ALSO A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Watches and Clocks, FINE JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, SUCH AS— Cake and Fruit Baskets, Castors, napkin rings, pickle stands, butter dishes, knives, forks, etc. Strict attention paid to repairing; all sales and repairs guaranteed as represented. G. T. EYSTER & BRO. July 14-ly Emmitsburg, Md.

The Eighmie Shirt, THE BEST IN THE WORLD, TRY ONE, ONLY \$1.00. CAN BE WORN A WEEK WITHOUT A BREAK OR WRINKLE. J. E. Walker, Sole Agent. THE FINEST AND CHEAPEST DRESS SHIRT MADE IN THE WORLD. THIS wonderful invention gives a Bosom hand—its shape and latest style, and is so placed upon the shirt that it can be worn for a week without a break or wrinkle. Made from 2100 linen, Wausatta Mshlin, and bosom lined with heavy butcher linen. Every bosom guaranteed to outwear the shirt. July 14-6m

Geo. E. Shipley, Cor. Market and Third Streets, FREDERICK CITY, MD. FAMILY groceries and housekeeping goods, fine teas, pure spices. Vines, brandies and whiskies, a specialty. My Motto: "The best goods at the lowest possible prices."

S. N. McNAIR, DEALER IN Blank Books, Stationary AND BRITISH AND AMERICAN INKS, Revolvers, Razors, and Knives. Also, a large line of CIGARS & TOBACCO AT THE POST OFFICE, Emmitsburg, Md. July 14-ly

Dry Goods! MY stock comprises all kinds of Dry Goods, cloths, CASSIMERES, cottonades, great variety of Ladies dress goods, notions, HATS AND CAPS, boots and shoes, queensware, groceries, of all kinds, HARDWARE, etc., all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Purchasers will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere. GEO. W. ROWE, July 14-ly Emmitsburg, Md.

Look Here! D. S. Gillelan, BUTCHER, EMMITSBURG, MD. Best quality of Butchers meat always to be had. Families in the town and vicinity supplied every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays, at the door. July 14-ly

Motter, Maxwell & Co AT THE DEPOT, DEALERS IN GRAIN & PRODUCE COAL LUMBER AND FERTILIZERS. SOLE AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED MEXICAN MORANT KIBYS GUANO. July 14-ly

CASH HOUSE. R. H. GELWICKS. I HAVE always on hand a complete assortment of dry goods, notions, queensware, woodenware, etc. Particular attention paid to Hardware. Come and examine my goods, and learn prices, before purchasing elsewhere. ROBERT H. GELWICKS, July 14-ly Emmitsburg, Md.

Froissart to His Lady-love.

Lady of worth and beauty fair,
In whom dwell all sweet gifts of grace,
My heart, my love, my thought, my care,
Are slaves before thy gentle face;
Therefore, oh lady of land and praise,
I pray for guerdon great to me,
The gift of kindly thought from thee.

From day to day I make no prayer,
At night no other hope finds place,
But evermore and everywhere,
To serve thee in thy works and ways;
And though I plead in lowly case,
Yet dare I ask, oh grant to me,
The gift of kindly thought from thee.

By words, by songs, by prayer,
A lover's faith and truth you trace;
Go ask and search out everywhere,
All that I say, my deeds, my ways.
Should these unworthy seem, and base,
Forgive me, nor withhold from me
The gift of kindly thought from thee.

FOR THE FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD.

Care of Young Turkeys.
A farmer's wife complains of want of success with young turkeys. They seem strong the first week, when the middle toe begins to draw around like a fish hook, and in a few days the other toes turn the same way; they lose all use of their feet and die in a few days. Others seem well in the morning when let out, but sicken and die before night. This is cramps or rheumatism. The trouble is brought on by dampness and cold. These two conditions are furnished by wet grass and damp ground. The chicks must be kept in proper places, where it is dry and warm, for the first week of their lives; after this they may be allowed to go abroad with their dam in dry warm weather, but they should not be let out until the grass is dry in the mornings, until they are a few weeks old, after which they are out of danger from cramps. Young turkeys are quite tender at first, and need nice care and attention. The best feed for them for the first week is scalded corn and meal crumbs. It must not be wet and sticky, but of a crumbly consistence. Curd is good food for young turkeys, and after they are a week old they may have as much of it as they will eat three times a day. Cracked or broken corn may be mixed with the curd or fed separately. Good wheat screenings or sound wheat, or buckwheat or barley, are a good and proper food for young chicks of any kind. In cool, damp weather a few drops of tincture of acornite root, and the same of tincture of iron may be added to the water with which the food is mixed.

Handling Sheep.

There is a right way and a wrong way, a hard way and an easy way, an awkward way and a skillful way, to catch and handle sheep. A great many men will catch the sheep by the wool on the back with both hands, and lift the animal clear from the ground by the wool only. Barbarous! Let some great giant grasp you by the hair of your head and lift you from the ground by your hair only? Would you not struggle and squirm worse than the mute sheep does when lifted by the wool? And would there not be a complaint of a sore head for a week or two? If you do not believe it try the experiment. We have slaughtered a great many sheep in years past, and when removing the pelts of such sheep as had been handled by the wool, we never failed to observe that beneath the skin wherever the animal had been caught by the wool, blood had settled. In many instances, the skin had been separated from the body so that inflation was apparent. We have known proprietors of sheep to be so strict in regard to handling them, that he would order a helper from the premises if he were to catch a sheep by the wool on any part of the body. Some owners of sheep direct their helpers thus: "When about to catch a sheep, move carefully toward the one to be taken, until you are sufficiently near to spring quickly and seize the beast by the neck with both hands, then pass one hand around the body, grasp the brisket, and lift the sheep clear from the ground. The wool must not be pulled. If the sheep is a heavy one, let one hand and wrist be put around the neck and the arm pressed against the leg." We have always handled sheep in the way alluded to. We never grasp the wool. Others seize the sheep by a hind leg, then throw one arm around the body and take hold of the brisket with one hand. But ewes with lambs should never be caught by the hind legs, unless they are handled with extreme care. When sheep are handled roughly, especially if their wool is pulled, the small bruises and injuries will render them more wild and more difficult to handle.—*Maryland Farmer.*

Kicking Cows.

When my patience becomes exhausted in coaxing and scolding a cow that kicks, I put a leather strap around her body, forward of her bag and behind her hipbones, and buckle it tight. Then she can do no harm, for she cannot raise her feet more than two or three inches from the floor. When she becomes satisfied that she can do no harm she will stand perfectly still; then you may loosen up on the strap by degrees, and soon leave it off entirely, for she soon learns to stand still to be milked.

Domestic Notes.

CREAM CABBAGE.—Wash, cut fine, boil until tender, and drain the water from it. Brown two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; put in the cab-

bage and pour over it a teacupful of good cream, season, and let simmer for half an hour.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Weigh equal proportions of powdered loaf sugar and raspberries, put the fruit into a preserving pan and with a silver spoon mash it well; let it boil six minutes; add the sugar and stir well with the fruit. When it boils, skim it and let it boil for fifteen minutes.

SILVER CAKE.—The whites of five eggs; one cupful of sugar; two and one-half cupfuls of flour; one-half cupful of butter; one-half cupful of milk; one-half teaspoonful of soda. Mix the butter and eggs together; add the milk; then the flour, in which has been mixed the cream-tartar, then the whites of the eggs; then the soda, dissolved in a little boiling water.

The Way to Wealth.

The Rev. Dr. R. D. Hitchcock, who is not only a prominent theologian, but a profound thinker, says: "Suppose no muscle is put into the land; no sweat moistens it; it goes back into its original wildness, and that which formerly supported one hundred civilized men, affords support for one savage. The value which land possesses has developed by labor. Have you considered how short-lived labor is? Crops last no more than a year. Railways, so long as you stop work upon them, go to pieces rapidly and cease to be valuable. Houses have to be made over constantly. St. Peter's church, at Rome, one of the most solid of structures, is repaired annually at a cost of \$30,000. [The reverend doctor might have added, mechanics actually live in houses erected on the top of St. Peter's, that they may watch for any defect and attend to any leak in the roof.] A great part of the wealth of the world is only twelve months old; when men stop working it passes away. Suppose you earn \$1.25 a day and spend the same; at the end of the year you are no better off than at the beginning. You have only lived. Suppose you spend \$1, or, better still, eighty-five cents; then you have become a capitalist. Capital is wages saved, and every man can become a capitalist. I began to preach at \$550 a year; I've been there, and know what it is. My rule was then, and has been ever since, to live within my income. So it would have been, no matter what my business. Spend less than you earn; then you will acquire capital, and your capital will be as good as that of any other man."

A Great Actor's Parsimoniousness.

In money matters, Edwin Forrest, the eminent tragedian, is said to have been close and grasping to a degree which thoroughly disgusted the warm-hearted, open-handed men and women who were his associates on the stage. At the end of one short engagement at the Tremont theater, Boston, his share of the receipts amounted to \$4,000, and though the managers lost by their contract with him, and for the moment were unable to pay the stock company, he exacted the prompt payment of the last penny which was his due. The money was handed over to him, a few odd dollars being in rolls of twenty-five cent pieces, and he left the box-office. Half an hour afterward he returned with one of these rolls, and, taking a piece of silver from it, said to the treasurer, in his own peculiarly pompous manner, "This quarter, sir, which you have given me, is not good."

"What's the matter with it?" asked the treasurer, curiously.

"It has worn smooth, sir, and the people at the bank refuse to take it.—You must give me another for it."

The treasurer, who was a good deal of a wag, handed Mr. Forrest a bright new quarter, took the worn piece, and, with the words, "I wouldn't sell these two shillings for five dollars," slipped it into his pocket. That night the story of Forrest and the smooth quarter was known all over Boston.

A Phase of City Life.

A bright-looking boy, twelve years old, who said his name was Tommy McEvoy, went alone into the Jefferson Market police court last evening and said to Justice Morgan: "Judge, your honor, I want to give myself up." "Why, my boy?" asked the court. "Because," replied the lad, "I ain't got no home, and I don't want to live in the streets and become a bad boy." "Why don't you stay at home?" "I ain't got no home. Father's been dead nine years, and mother died before that." "But where have you been living since?" "With my aunt. She lives in Forty-first street.—But she gets drunk. And she won't let me stay indoors. To-day she chased me out and said if I ever came back she would do something awful to me. I'm afraid of her, and so I've got no home. Nobody will take me in because I ain't got good clothes and don't look nice. I can't get any work, and I can't get anything to eat unless I beg or steal it.—Then the cops'll take me in. I don't want to be arrested. I don't want to stand, nor to be a bad boy. Won't you please send me somewhere where I can learn something and get to be a man? There's places like that, ain't there?" The justice told the boy there were such places, and, taking the little fellow under his protection, promised to find him a home in some good institution.

The dreaded phylloxera has made its appearance in the vineyards of Switzerland, and the authorities are doing their utmost to stamp it out.

Railroad Ethics.

There is no relation of life in which the natural selfishness of man comes out so strongly as in traveling. People who, when at home or among their friends, are not only polite, considerate of the comfort of others, but even self-sacrificing in trifles, often become grasping, repellant, morose, when they get on a railroad train to go traveling. Too often they seek their own comfort to the disregard of the rights of others. A man will enter a train and take a whole seat and so arrange his baggage as to cover the whole of it, so as to keep any one else from occupying a part of it. He only pays for one seat and he knows perfectly well that he has no right to occupy two, and yet he does so frequently until he is forced to yield, and then he does so with as bad grace as possible. It matters not that other men may be standing up in the cars, he rarely has the grace to invite one of them sit by him. He sits and looks as forbidding as possible or turns his back and gazes out of the window, so as to prevent if possible any one from requesting him for a seat beside him. The ladies are in this respect no better than the men, and they are more perfectly masters of the situation. She is protected by her sex in her selfishness and her disregard of the comfort of her sisters. A gentleman does not like to ask her for a seat, though he has a perfect right to do so. Even another lady is at a disadvantage in asking her for a seat. A cold, haughty, inoffensive manner and an intrenched air of possession usually enables her to hold her double seat against all comers. The politeness of men to women rarely fails in America, and it is no unusual thing for two gentlemen to rise to give a lady a whole double seat because another lady fails to offer her seat. Now in this case each lady secures her double seat at the price of the discomfort of two fellow travelers. When it is a man who behaves thus the remedy is comparatively simple. There is even a sort of pleasure in applying it. The passenger who on entering the car finds all the double seats occupied by men who refuse to make room for him is often tempted to pick out the most exclusive looking of them and go up and coolly and business-like tell him to make room and then sit down by him in as roomy and spacious a style as possible and then hum and whistle some slow plaintive air—kind o' sad like. This inflicts agonies upon the exclusive traveler and gives to the newcomer that calm inward repose which comes from the infliction of righteous punishment. Yet how much better it would be for the ladies to make place for their fellow female travelers and to exchange the little courtesies that brighten a journey; how much better it would be for men to promptly make room for the newcomers and get into friendly chat by the way. This selfish exclusiveness in traveling does not pay. One doesn't get the most out of the voyage in that way.

A Sharp Witted Minister.

Rev. Dr. Macleod, passing through the crowd gathered before the doors of a new church he was about to open, was stopped by an elderly man with: "Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you." Asked if he could not wait until after worship, he replied that it was a matter upon his conscience.

"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, Duncan," said the good-natured minister, "I will hear what it is."

"Well, doctor," said Duncan, "the matter is this. Ye see the clock yonder on the new church. Now there is really no clock there, only the face of one; there is no truth there, only one in twelve hours; and in my mind that is wrong, and quite against the conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."

The doctor promised to consider the matter. "But," said he, "I'm glad to see ye looking so well, man. Ye're not young. I remember you for many years; but you have a fine head of hair still."

"Eb, doctor!" exclaimed the unsuspecting Duncan, "now you're joking. It's long since I had my hair."

Dr. Macleod looked shocked, and answered, in a tone of reproach: "Oh, Duncan! Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie on your head?" He heard no more of the lie on the face of the church.

An Idyl of the Fourth.

The Springfield Union thus drops into poetic prose: "The boy stood on the back yard fence, whence all but him had fled; the flames that lit his father's barn shone just above the shed. One bunch of crackers in his hand, two others in his hat; with piteous accents loud he cried, 'I never thought of that!' A bunch of crackers to the tail of one small dog he tied; the dog in anguish sought the barn and mid its ruins died. The sparks flew wide, and red and hot, they lit upon that brat; they fired the crackers in his hand and eke those in his hat. Then came a burst of rattling sound—the boy! Where was he gone? Ask the winds that far around strewed bits of meat and bone, and scraps of clothes, and balls and tops, and nails and hooks and yarn, the relics of the dreadful boy that burned his father's barn."

An inexplicable epidemic in prevailing in New Orleans. It is a catarrhal inflammation of the eye.

A Struggle With a Mad Dog.

Near Gold Creek, Faulkner county, Ark., lives a man named Rhea, a farmer on a small scale. While Rhea and his wife were sitting in front of their door, two dogs jumped over the fence and ran under the house. At first very little notice was taken of the animals, there being several fox hunters in the neighborhood, and the Rheas supposed that the dogs belonged to them, but presently a terrific howling and fighting began, inasmuch that Rhea threw chips and pieces of wood under the house. The howling and fighting continued for some time, when at last one of the dogs darted out, leaped the fence, and ran away.—The other dog, a large brindle, of decidedly ugly type, followed as far as the fence, but stopped, turned around, and started toward Rhea with mouth half open. Rhea stooped and picked up an old churn-dasher lying upon a stump, and as the dog sprang at him struck the beast over the head. Stunned, the animal recoiled, but only for a moment, for he sprang again before Rhea had time to prepare himself. Grappling the dog by the throat, and holding his mouth as far away as possible, a desperate struggle began. The dog's eyes glared, and his mouth emitted that frothy known to hydrophobia. Mrs. Rhea ran into the house and soon returned with a case-knife, which she handed to her husband. Then the 'combat deepened.' The blunt-pointed and dull-edged weapon went time and again against the animal's throat without drawing blood or lessening his fury. The strong grasp of the man kept his teeth away, but such a grip could not last long. Again the woman entered the house, and this time returned with a shotgun. Cooking it and rushing up to the dog, she placed the muzzle close to the animal's flanks and fired. There was a sudden give way, and a seemingly additional glare of the eyes, but no sound. Taking advantage of the first shot, the gun was advanced, and the animal fell over dead.

Dame Fortune's Caprices.

A letter-writer states: It is rumored that the wife and daughters of ex-Senator Stewart are to return to Washington and inhabit that great pile of sandstone known as Stewart Castle. It is the largest and most expensive house in Washington, but, as the ladies would think, the \$300,000 expended upon it was a sinful waste. It has been closed since the expiration of the Senator's term of office in 1875, and has been advertised for rent at the modest sum of at first \$20,000 per annum and later at \$15,000 and \$10,000. But no one has had the money to pay such a rental and keep up the house besides, for it will require several thousands a year to heat it alone. The moths have destroyed the greater part of the furniture, which was very handsome and costly, having been made to order in Paris, the fabrics of upholstery having been purchased at the exposition of 1873. The house was occupied only one year. Miss Stewart was married there and her baby was born in the house, but after the Senator's term expired and the Emma mine pulled down his fortune the family moved to the Pacific coast, where they have since been.

A Good Place to Cool Off.

A correspondent of the Pittsburg Post writing from Butler, says there is within about four miles of Millerstown and a like distance from Buffalo Furnace, on Buffalo creek, in that county, a place where natural ice forms in a few minutes upon water exposed in shallow vessels, even in the hottest months. This is no recent discovery, as it is mentioned in the Encyclopedia Britannica, but it is known to but few in this country. Several men of undoubted veracity have tested the matter carefully and no doubt can be entertained of its correctness. It seems that the heat of the sun has no influence, as the experiments were made, as we are reliably informed, in full glare of the sun and the thermometer actually indicated but three degrees above zero, having fallen to that point in less than ten minutes and going down through some seventy degrees in that time. There is no body of ice discoverable and we do not attempt to account for the phenomenon, leaving that to professional scientists.

A Singular Pet.

Samuel Childers of La Crosse, Wis., has a rat in his boot and shoe shop which he has trained to wonderful perfection. The rat comes to him at his call, no matter how many are present. It has been trained to jump up on Mr. Childers' hand, where it eats its regular meals. It will run about Mr. Childers while at work, jumping on his shoulders and head, diving into his pockets as familiarly as a pet kitten. When told it will sit up in the middle of the floor and squeal and perform many more tricks.

The house of Samuel Wood, late of New York, now residing in Chesterfield, Va., was destroyed by accidental fire. Wood's wife, an old woman, was so much confused and alarmed that, though she carefully removed the cooking utensils and the things she was cooking, she forgot a package of \$3,000 in the house, and it was consumed. Wood, who was an eccentric character, hearing the loss, refused to quit his work in a neighbor's harvest field, saying he guessed he had better earn his full day's pay.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Foot print—a press worked by foot power.
Mumps are plural, yet they often look singular.
'That's too thin,' said the boy when he tasted the picnic lemonade.
A marble statue to Prince Louis will be erected in Westminster abbey.
Tobacco stems placed with hay in the kennel will dispel all fleas from dogs.
It takes something more than good clothes to make a gentleman; he can be distinguished in any garb.
The young fellow who devotes his time to complimenting the girls is classed by the census-taker as engaged in she praising.
The manager of a burlesque troupe will tell you that seeing his show will drive away sorrow, and yet he'll get mad as a wet hen if you suggest that it is a woe-be-gone company.

A New Haven, Conn., harness maker has a two-legged cat which propels itself in a lively manner on its fore legs, with its hindquarters elevated sufficiently to preserve its balance.
A young man, the other day, got married against the wishes of his parents, and, requesting a friend to break it to them, said: 'Tell them I'm dead, old fellow, and gently work them up to the climax.'
Several colored girls, sent North by the pastor of a colored church in Orangeburg, S. C., to obtain situations as housemaids, have returned. They hired out for a time, but the moment they raised sufficient means they turned back home.

This is the season of the year when the good little boy refuses to go in bathing with his companions, because his mother forbid him, stays on the bank to mind their clothes and scoots for home after tying knots in the sleeves of their trousers.
President Hayes was arbitrator in a case of disputed territory between Paraguay and Argentine Republic, and decided in favor of Paraguay, which so delighted the people that they have changed the name of the principal city of the disputed country to Villa Hayes.

North Perry, Maine, has an infant giantess in perfect health, which though but a year old, is three feet high and weighs as much as a healthy twelve year old boy. At its birth it weighed only nine pounds. Its great-great grandfather was a man of extraordinary size.
About this time of year city people are getting terribly anxious about the welfare of the country cousin. This anxiety and solicitude will grow as the season advances, and when they can bear it no longer they will pack up four children and two trunks and go and see about it.

Peter Igo, of Lawrence, Mass., was very poor and very proud. Being out of work and money he did not make his plight known, but fed his wife and child on bread and water, and went without any food at all himself. A messenger, who went to tell him of a chance for work, found him dead from starvation.
The novelty of ornamented hereshoes having worn off, wooden smoothing-irons have just been introduced, on which are handsomely painted flowers, figures, landscapes, or monograms.—They make very pretty mantel ornaments. The large wooden surface permits of more elaborate decoration than the horse-shoe.

People who went up Mount Washington, N. H., on July Fourth, were surprised to find the Summer house windows, on the exposed side, all snowed up and frozen up, and the promenade platform like the rocks about, still almost overshoes in snow, and every post and northwest facing rock still covered to a depth of nearly half a foot.
While swinging their hoers in the weed-haunted rows,
Where beans and tomatoes are growing,
The son to his father set out to remark,
As warmly the sunbeams were glowing,
'Why like is this spot to the place that was not known to fame till that apple proceeded?'
'I pass!' quoth the parent: then answered the son,
'Because 'tis the garden o' woedien!'

For years the fate of the ship Alaska, which cleared from British Columbia for Japan, was a mystery, when recently a drunken sailor boasted of having been one of the crew, who mutinied, killed the officers, secured what plunder was on the ship, burned her, and escaped to the shore in a boat. The case has been investigated and the participants nearly all arrested.
Mrs. Hooper says in her last Paris letter: 'Master Isaac Bell, Jr., the young nephew of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, is just five days old. The day after the young gentleman's advent his uncle called to see him and laid on his cradle 100 United States bonds of \$1,000 each as a christening gift, or rather a gift of 'joyous arrival,' according to the old medieval custom at the accession of a king.

Some fishermen in the harbor of Barnstable, Mass., discovered a number of blackfish, a species of whale, disporting in the water, and succeeded, by a united effort, in scaring the monsters into shallow water, where they killed eight of them with axes, pitchforks and knives. The largest was twenty feet long and the smallest about fourteen. The amount of oil extracted from the animals realized quite a handsome sum for the captors.

Went Up on the Cellar Door.

A farmer of Cynthian township went to town to make a few purchases. It happened that he called at an establishment where an elevator is in use. In order to furnish the articles desired it was necessary to go into an upper story, and the salesman said to his customer, 'Just get on; and we will go up.' The startled granger looked around and said, 'Oh where?' He was given the desired information, and they started up. The upward flight was evidently something new to the farmer, who attested his appreciation of it by remarking, 'This beats all nation, don't it?' The salesman smilingly said he rather thought it did. In the meantime, a son of the farmer became impatient, and came into the storeroom below looking for him. The farmer seeing his son, stepped to the hatchway and said, 'You can't come up here, son; I came up on the cellar door, and it's up here yet.'

A female African elephant in the Philadelphia zoological gardens died a few days since. A post mortem examination proved that her death was caused by having swallowed a number of pebbles, fish bones and sticks. There is good reason to suppose that these indigestible things, concealed in paper bags, were thrown into the mouth of the animal. The elephant has been one of the pets of the visitors for four years, and it was one of the delights of the childish visitors to feed her cakes and apples, and she received such contributions with a confidence that proved fatal.

During the Monmouth park races, the promising filly Magnetism was struck in the hind leg by one of the other horses and the flesh and tendons cut to the bone, thus disabling her.

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