

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. 9.

Sentiment on the Sands.
We wandered away from the crowd,
The blare of the noisy band,
By the loving lips of the ocean,
Over the golden sand;
Talking ridiculous nonsense,
Inspecting preposterous shells,
Flotsam and jetsam, various,
With singular maritime smells.
A bottle, a barrel, some sea-weed,
Some muscular bivalves agape,
The remains of their edible persons
Shriveled and dried out of shape;
Past children interring each other
In jocular tombs of sand,
Digging, and delving, and laughing,
A merry sepulchral band.
"Might I smoke?" "As a matter of course,"
She liked the smell of the weed.
A light from a son of the soil,
And back with impetuous speed.
She was poised in a pensive pose
As I noiselessly neared her stand,
And saw that she wrote, with her parasol
Lines on the golden sand.
My heart it patted my ribs;
She's writing, no doubt, on the sly
The name that pleases her best—
"My own, I'll be bound," thought I.
Over her shoulder I peeped—
Over her ruffling collars,
On the golden sand she'd scrawled:
\$100,000.
—Harper's Bazar.

Fairy Workmen.
When the world is wrapped in slumber,
Through the frosty winter night,
Fairy workmen, without number,
Labor till the morning light.
Cold they feel not though 'tis biting—
Love keeps warm each tiny heart;
All in one bright work uniting,
Each with gladness taking part.
Catching snowflakes earthward speeding,
Carving them with varied grace,
Every spray with pearl-drops beading,
Strewing gems o'er Nature's face.
Tracing forms of fairy bowers,
In which Oberon might reign,
Roofed with ferns, and paved with flowers,
Thickly o'er each lattice pane.
Lulling by their songs the river
To its dreamy winter rest,
Till it sleeps, and not a quiver
Trembles on its placid breast.
Thus the fairies, slumber scornning,
Labor through the long-drawn night,
By their art our world adorning,
Making all things fair and bright.

THE FATAL MIRROR.

Years ago, when I was first in Paris, before I went to study, I was at the opera ball alone. It is rather heavy work to be there alone, and I went wandering about until, growing tired of the noise and nonsense, I found a darkish corner, and leaned against the wall in peace. In a moment or two I saw a couple approaching, attracted, I suppose, by the quiet, as I had been. I had noticed them before; the man was tall, and dressed simply, in a large white burnous with short sleeves, leaving his arms bare—splendid sinewy arms, with a bracelet about an inch wide, just below the shoulder. It was made of yellow gold, and had "Enfer" enameled on it in blood-red fantastic letters. The hood of the burnous was drawn over his head, and a mask with a very long fall of silk disguised him entirely. The girl on his arm wore a white domino and a mask of pink velvet. She was a delicate, fragile little creature, and when she sat on the bench near me, and took off her mask, I saw that she was not more than seventeen, and had the loveliest, happiest little face, set in deep golden hair. He seemed passionately in love with her—he seized her little hands in his as if he would crush them, and once I heard him say, "For heaven's sake don't look at anybody; it drives me mad." I heard no more. I only saw, as I moved away, the happy light die out of those sweet eyes and a deprecating, scared expression take its place; but as I looked back, she had her head nestling on his shoulder, and he seemed to soothe her tenderly; poor little dove.

Later in the evening I was attracted by a sudden confusion and excitement, so great as to be marked, even through the perpetual tumult of the place—a crowd swaying and pressing noisily in one direction. I pushed my way to the spot; and there, with her fair face exposed, the long locks already dimmed by contact with the dusty floor, lay the white domino, her little soft hands falling helplessly. A tall old woman, kneeling down, took the poor little sculler's body in her arms like a baby, and pressed it passionately against her breast. In reply to my questions, they said that her companion, "a great mask in a white cloak," had suddenly shot her—through the heart, monsieur; she fell like a lamb, pauvre petite." The man had fled; they found the white burnous lying near the door, but in the confusion he had well and thoroughly escaped. I shall never in all my life forget the horror of that sight. The happy, innocent, pure little girlish figure lying on the dirty floor, instead of on some dainty white bed; and

then to be so miserably surrounded by hideous, grotesque creatures staring curiously! It was terrible.

Two years after that, I was settled in Paris studying. I had been there about a year, when Anatole Barbey brought a young Englishman to my studio. Some attraction, or accident perhaps, threw us, George Holcomb and me, much together, until we were considered by the rest of the fraternity as intimate friends. We were friends, if constant companionship and hearty affection make friends, but we were not intimate if confidence is necessary to intimacy. He was a gay companion, sympathetic, kindly, loving nature deeply, full of a quaint knowledge on many subjects. I cannot describe him, but I loved him in spite of an ever recurring conviction that a black drop lurked somewhere in that passionate nature. He had one failing: he sometimes drank deeply, and at such times, he had two moods, one of wild, reckless gaiety, in which he did and said most brilliant things; in the other he was gloomy and unreasonable, with flashes of furious, short-lived anger. He painted strange pictures; they were masterly in drawing and in color, but the subject always concealed some deadly surprise or some fatal misfortune. A doe feeding tranquilly beside a stream, while in the thicket a lion lurked ready to spring; a young girl gayly tending her flowers, unconscious of the snake coiled up among them; or a child clapping its little hands, and laughing while the earth crumbled beneath its feet. There were times when I fancied something was wrong with his brain. One evening I was to have a supper in my studio—a farewell to Anatole, who was going to England to try his fortune. I was in luck just then; I had sold a picture, and Anatole's departure was a good excuse, if one was needed. The table was laid in my studio: it was gay with lights and flowers, and other things—things to eat, and too many things to drink, I fear.—George was late. He came at last, answering our uproarious greeting joyously, and took his seat by me. I saw with some regret that he had already been drinking, though he only betrayed it by a certain restlessness of manner, and a deeper flush than usual on his face. We were very gay, and George outshone himself; he was full of an almost boyish jollity, which grew wilder and more boisterous as the night drew on.

It was late when the conversation drifted gradually into a ghostly channel. Our party represented several nationalities, and each one brought his characteristic contribution, until a young Italian, with a pale, delicate face like an old carving in ivory, who sat opposite to George, began to speak of the idea that every face which looked into a mirror left its indelible impress there, until there came to be a confused mass of outlines invisible to unenlightened eyes, but which under certain favorable circumstances arranged themselves in order, and came out into shadowy distinctness, one after the other.

"An ancestor of mine," I heard him saying in his dreamy voice, "had a mirror of Venetian glass, set in a frame carved wonderfully, and swinging between twisted columns. She was a beautiful woman, with great blue eyes, and red gold hair like that of Titian's women. It was said that my ancestor loved her with such jealous rage that he could not bear her to even look at aught beside himself; even the sunlight and the evening sky were hateful to him, because her sweet eyes looked at them lovingly. She must have led a gloomy life at best, in the high castle perched upon a lonely rock; and who can wonder if the painter who came to take her portrait stirred a little blood in those pale cheeks, if only as a sudden stone disturbs the surface of some still mountain lake? Her husband watched her grimly, as she sat in her thick satin dress, sowed with great pearls, and her hair gathered beneath a diadem, and flowing in long locks behind.

"The next morning they found her lying in the great bed—with its dark blood-red hangings—dead. The women who made the death toilette, whispered that the fair neck was dark and swollen, with the cruel gripe of strong hands; and it is said that when she laid in state, her long hair was curiously dressed, so that her neck and throat were veiled by it, and her fair pitiful face was framed like some of the Madonnas of Fra Angelico, in burning gold.

"That night my ancestor shut himself in his wife's chamber, and in the dull dawn they found him on the floor before the mirror; they lifted him, but his dark face was rigid, and his gloomy soul had gone to its appointed place. He had gone alone into the deserted room, and with his dim candle went to search in the secrets of the dead. It was midnight, and as he looked involuntarily in the mirror, out of its shadowy depths suddenly looked forth the face of his

dead wife, with all the lonely wretchedness and despair of her short life gathered into her eyes. She implored him mutely to give rest to her poor wandering soul; she held him with a ghostly strength in the dark room, until she conquered, and he fell and died before her mirror. And so she was avenged."

There was a painful silence for a moment, then George laughed aloud: "Ah, Giovanni, how easy it is for you infidel Italians to believe! 'Tis said, it is said,' that is enough for you; who knows what your grim ancestor saw in the mirror! Did he come back to tell? His own black face might be enough to frighten the soul out of his old body.—And moreover, suppose a man should choose a mirror into which no one he knew had ever looked, what then?"

Giovanni answered tranquilly, "The hand of fate would lead him silently; he would be constrained to choose the mirror holding the face which made or marred the past."

"Look, Jack," George suddenly exclaimed, "it is nearly midnight; if you had a lonely room and a mirror, I would try Giovanni's theory to-night."

I had a mirror and a lonely room; an antique mirror, which I had found the day before in an old shop in the Cite, and brought home in triumph as a veritable work of art. As Giovanni proceeded in his story a strange fancy had taken possession of me—for this mirror swung in its carved frame between two twisted columns.

"Have you a mirror, Jack?"

"Yes," I answered, "there is one in the lumber room, but George, don't try any experiments to-night; it is cold and abominable in there, and it will strike midnight immediately."

"So it will, there is not a moment to lose." He sprang up, and snatched a candle out of an old-fashioned candelabrum on the mantelpiece. As he lighted it, I was painfully struck with his restless, excited manner. As he passed me, I laid my hand on his arm; a strange fear choked my voice and oppressed me. He shook me off hastily, and laughed out: "Why, Jack, are we fools? Do you believe in such rubbish? Bah!" He walked quickly to the door of the salon, and opened it; he looked back and made a mocking gesture of farewell to us, as we sat and stood, in dead, breathless silence around the supper table, with its gay confusion, its light and flowers.—Perhaps the feeling of dread which evidently had taken possession of all these reckless fellows was a sort of contagion from Giovanni and me; for the Italian sat immovable, with burning, horror-stricken eyes, and I, if I had been a woman, would have cried out or fainted.—We listened to his firm footsteps, as they echoed across the wide, empty room. They stopped. The little clock on the mantel and the bell of Notre Dame began to strike. Then there rang through our ears a terrible cry, then a heavy fall, then dead silence. I was at the door in a moment, and the rest followed. I knew, before I could see, that I should find him there before the mirror. The only light was from the studio door, and from the moonlight struggling through the cobwebbed window. He lay on his face, with his arms outstretched. I turned him over, and lifted up his handsome head. His teeth were clenched, his eyes wide open; the face was full of despair and horror, but even as we looked, it settled into the calm repose of death. He was dead. Dr. Laurent knelt down beside him and bared his arm. Not a drop of blood followed the lancet, but as I still held him my heart gave a great leap at the sight of a broad golden band below the shoulder. I hastily pulled down the sleeve. I had no need to decipher the fantastic blood-red letters on it. A flood of light illumined the past moments. No wonder, no wonder! I understood in a moment.—There was a secret in his life, an anguish against which he might well wound himself to death. Dr. Laurent said it was disease of the heart; but Giovanni whispered in my ear, "Giacome, it is Beatrice's mirror," and he crossed himself furtively. After all the necessary formalities were ended, we followed him to his lonely grave. There was one person who stood with us beside the grave; a woman tall and withered, with great bright eyes, set in a brown Italian face; she said nothing, she never took her eyes off the coffin, but as they lowered it, she knelt down and stretched out her withered hands, and muttered something rapidly. Giovanni, who stood by me, said, "Amen." He thought it was a blessing, but I, who saw in her the old woman at the opera ball, knew too well that it was a curse.

The farmers along the shore of Lake Ontario are setting out apple orchards, claiming that the fruit, at \$1 per barrel, is more profitably and easily raised than grain.

A Victim of "Mistakes."
"Something pains me here," said John Dobbs, under arrest in New York as one of the burglars who succeeded in stealing several millions in bonds from the Manhattan bank, addressing his keeper.
"Where?"
"Here," said Dobbs, indicating the fleshy part of his left arm between the shoulder and elbow. The keeper put his finger on the spot and pressing, felt something hard and round. The outside skin was very dark and tender, and Dobbs winced as the turnkey applied his thumb to it. Dr. Hardy, the prison physician, was sent for and told to bring his case of instruments.
The physician, who is accustomed to the eccentricities of prisoners, examined the dark spot carefully. He became convinced that Dobbs was not joking, nor giving him a 'ghost story,' and producing a sharp bladed little instrument from his case he went quietly to work. In about a minute and a half the doctor drew back his knife and a pistol bullet with three rings around it rolled into his hand.
"Why, where did you get this, Dobbs?" asked Warden Finn, in surprise. The warden had just come up and was looking at the bullet as it lay in the doctor's palm.
"It was all along of a mistake, sir," said Dobbs, passing his hand across his mouth apologetically, and clearing his throat. "You see I was traveling through Jersey a year ago, and I met a farmer who mistook me for some one else. He ups with his Smith & Wesson's revolver, and plugs me right in the arm. I ought to have had him arrested, but didn't."
"Have you ever been shot accidentally before?" asked the warden.
"Well, yes; I received several bullets in my legs from persons who didn't know who I was. Two or three of 'em are there now. It's extraordinary, when you come to think of it, that all those people should have fired at me by mistake."
The doctor and warden both coughed simultaneously. They asked Dobbs if there were any more of these metallic souvenirs which he wished to be relieved of. Dobbs said "No," and was locked up again. He is a plump, hearty person of middle height, with rosy cheeks and a good appetite, and is confident that he can convince the courts that his arrest, like the pistol shooting at him, was an unfortunate mistake.

Experiment in Nominating Candidates.
An experiment in local politics was tried by the Republicans of Cincinnati, which consisted of holding a monster convention for the nomination of county officers and a legislative ticket. The convention was composed of nearly one thousand members—one for every twenty-five voters. The experiment did not prove an entire success. To expedite business, a committee of arrangements was appointed to report a plan of permanent organization and rules of procedure. The delegates considered this a 'cut and dried' programme and an invasion of their rights, and promptly laid the report on the table. In the afternoon the first business was the nomination of three State senators and nine representatives. It took two hours to select the senators and over five hours to nominate the representatives. For the latter office there were eighty-one candidates. The first roll-call lasted four hours and twenty-five minutes, and not a single man received the necessary number of votes. The next ballot was made final by ordering that the nine candidates receiving the highest number of votes be declared nominees without reference to majority.

The Rapacious Mississippi.
The town of Covington, Iowa, situated on a bend of the Mississippi, bids fair to soon disappear beneath the current of the Father of Waters. The ground on which the courthouse stood a year ago is now covered by many feet of swiftly-flowing water. The cutting away is done by fits and starts. One day the current sets inshore and slices off thirty or forty feet, and perhaps a week elapses before any further damage occurs. Then about a half dozen buildings are moved back some thirty feet, and the next land on which they stood has all gone. The citizens have tried to moor trees and logs to the bank in the hope of forming a barrier for the flood, but the current is so swift and the water so deep that all these attempts have failed. To give an idea of what the town of Covington has suffered in the past five years, the case of the ferryhouse and principal hotel may be instanced. Two years ago there were 600 feet of land between the buildings and the river bank; now you can toss a stone out of the hotel window into the river, and the buildings are being put on rollers for removal.

The Fashions.
The latest necklace is a simple string of gold beads.
Lace for cheese-cloth dresses must be dipped in coffee.
Onyx is the most fashionable jewelry at the present day.
It is economy to buy the antique lace, as it is always stylish.
The preferred color for Gotham little girls' dresses is light blue.
A cluster of ruby cherries, with a green gold stem, makes a tempting lace-pin.
The glow-worm or fire-fly, is being captured for evening dresses for out-door wear.
Pale straw-colored gloves wear well, as the color is not easily soiled by moisture and use.
The favorite plaiting of the neck and wrists of dresses is Breton lace in two rows, one of which is wider than the other.
Roman sashes and Scotch ribbons are preferred to brighten up the solid colored costumes, especially those of white muslin or of black silk.
The white and black striped silks have black velvet facings edged with black Breton lace of heavy pattern in a striped design that plaits effectively.
Black grenadine dresses are relieved by transparent sleeves of black Spanish lace, and there are beaded sleeves with vest to match worn with heavy black silk dresses.
The Trianon polonaises of figured silk are made exceedingly bouffant, with the fullness beginning directly below the waist line. The front is square in the neck, or else surplice-shaped, with very full drapery.
Lace sleeves are seen on all dressy silks used for dinner and evening. When these are white, they are usually of Valenciennes, but if the scarf or sash is white Spanish lace, the sleeves should correspond.
Pompadour cloth is in small chintz designs of gay colors on a grave-colored ground. It may be either all wool or all silk, and there are mixtures of these two materials under the same name. Pekin is a name for any striped fabric.

France' Objection to England's Mourning.
The objection of the Paris' *Steele* to the official English lamentation over the prince imperial seems to be well taken. There is no French empire, and how could there be a French prince imperial? Would Jerome be received as emperor if he came to England? Yet he is as truly emperor as the son of Louis Napoleon was prince imperial.—There are two other families beside the Bonaparte family which have furnished rulers to France—the older and the younger Bourbons. If Jerome Bonaparte be emperor of the French, the Count of Chambord is king of France, and the Count of Paris king of the French. Now if the Count of Chambord had a son who should die in exile in England, would members of the government officially attend his funeral? Or would the Count of Paris, dying in England, be officially mourned as king of the French? How would England be pleased if some scion of the Sturats, dying in Africa while accompanying the French army, should be honored by France as England has honored the young Frenchman?
The young Bonaparte who was killed by the Zulus was either the rightful sovereign of France, or he was a private Frenchman. But the official presence of English ministers and of members of the British royal family at his funeral is the precise sign of respect which would have been offered if he had been acknowledged to be the French emperor. The *Steele* very properly objects; and the flaneur of the Boulevard, as he drops lumps of sugar in his glass of water at the cafe, will wretchedly muse upon the peridy of Albion.

A Humming-Bird's Nest.
Recently a humming-bird's nest was found by some persons who had sufficient natural curiosity to overcome their compassion, and who captured the nest, two young hummers and the old one, took them home and had them stuffed. They are to be sent to a museum of natural curiosities. The nest is built on a little twig, and scarcely the size of half an English walnut. Both nest and twig are covered with little patches of lichen until it is almost impossible to tell one from the other; and the nest looks like a kind of natural excrescence on the twig. The nest is pliable, like a tiny cup of velvet, and the inside is lined with a white substance as rich and soft as white silk. The little birds are about the size of bumble-bees, very pretty, and they sit on a little perch just outside the nest, with open bills, while the old bird hovers over to feed them.
Illinois claims to have more horses than any other State.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.
Grinnell, Ia., has summoned her militia several times lately to suppress tramps.
A Chicago preacher advertises that his sermons never exceed twenty minutes in length.
The deepest running stream that is known is the Niagara river, which just under the lower suspension bridge, is seven hundred feet by actual measurement.
Four thousand Germans held a meeting in Newark, N. J., to protest against the action of prohibitionists in reference to the granting of licenses and Sunday recreations.
A masked man seized a young girl in Canton, Ohio, and holding her mouth closed to prevent screaming, cut off her hair, which was particularly luxuriant and handsome.
Intelligence from Noumea, New Caledonia, confirms the report of the intention of the French authorities to take possession of the group of islands known as the New Hebrides.
The famous solid silver vase, two and a half feet high, and elaborately fabricated, presented by the Whigs to Henry Clay in 1845, is offered for sale at Boston by the great man's grandson.
The jury of inquest into the death of the workmen who were killed by the falling of the Buffalo, N. Y., roundhouse while in process of construction, declared the builders responsible, owing to indifferent care and supervision.
The proper caper at Newport just now is for the young ladies who belong to the 'cottage families' to play at butter-making in the dairies, and for the young men who make a living by sucking the heads of their canes to look on admiringly.
"Yes," said the horny-fisted granger, gloomily, "last year we hadn't anything to put in our barns, and this year there's so much stuff that we can't take care of it, and a heap's bound to be spoiled.—There ain't any luck for us farmers any-how."
The *Saturday Review* says that the frugality and quickness of intellect of the Welsh often secure them advancement and prosperity, especially in retail trade; and yet it is odd that no Welshman ever attained, in any walk of life, the highest order of eminence.
The inhabitants of Hannibal, New York, are shocked at the conduct of a farmer, who, having bought one of the town cemeteries, is plowing it up. He says it is his by deed, and if people don't want their relatives turned over by the plowshare, they had better dig them up themselves.
William Hurd is conducting revival meetings in a novel manner in New England. He has a tent with seating capacity for 2,000 persons, which he pitches in a town, and then makes a street parade with gaudily painted wagons; the evangelist, Rev. Hugh Montgomery, a very handsome man, appearing on one of the vehicles.
All the anthracite or hard coal of America, of which more than forty-two millions of tons are mined annually in the State of Pennsylvania, from the five counties of Dauphin, Northumberland, Schuylkill, Carbon and Luzerne, that in its area, if joined together, would only form a small county twenty miles wide and twenty four miles long.
Five hundred persons assembled at a point in Alabama, near the Mississippi line, to witness a duel between two gentlemen. The combatants fired at each other with small pistols at a distance of ten paces, without either being injured, whereupon the seconds took advantage of the code regulation and refused to permit a second discharge.
The clause in the new Massachusetts liquor law requiring every liquor dealer to get the written consent of the owner of the premises, is a source of great trouble in the trade, because many real estate owners, while willing to take the money of such tenants, refuse to commit themselves on paper. Some of the most prosperous places in Boston are to be closed.
Allie Cowger recently went to hear a lecture on education at Crawfordsville, Ind. The speaker said that everything else ought to be sacrificed for the acquirement of knowledge. Allie went home deeply impressed by what she had heard, stole a horse and some money, rode fifty miles to a female seminary and had bargained for schooling when a pursuing constable arrived.
Sanitary authorities in Ireland are beginning to put the law into operation with the view of preventing the spread of infection caused by the custom of holding wakes. A man has been prosecuted by the Dublin public health committee for holding a wake on the body of a child who died of smallpox. It was said that a person who attended the wake has since died of the same disease.

TOBACCO.

That man is "fearfully and wonderfully made" is manifest to the daily observation of every person.

To note the incomprehensible adaptations of these delicate arrangements to the varied pursuits and engagements of his necessary course of existence, and those which his desire for excitement, pleasure or personal consolation may prompt, has been the study of the physiologist from the earliest ages of the civilization of the race.

What is strictly food, what is medicine, what is poison, what is to be absolutely avoided, what may be allowed under given conditions, is yet in many aspects of the cases, undetermined. But there seems to be no dispute about the fact that there are certain requirements pertaining to the civilized condition, which are uncalculated for and unneeded in what is known as the state of nature, or that which is normal.

It is a recognized maxim that what is one man's meat, is another man's poison. A perfect organization, a constitution of decided healthful formation must evidently have adaptations which are essentially wanting in one of a weak and delicate character. There are persons who have a decided natural repugnance to the use of many vegetables which are esteemed and highly relished by others.

Most prominent among all the questions which have been and are discussed in the bearing of the subject before us, are Alcohol and Tobacco; the stimulants we use, the sedatives we require betimes; and then the wonder grows, "how use doth create a habit in a man."

To behold now a tobacco plant in its growth, no untainted person could possibly presuppose the use to which it might be applied. A beautiful and a stately plant it is, behold its deep, rich, green, mammoth leaves, with their soft velvety surface, so glutinous to the touch, and then the flower, how beautiful in its rich colorings and delicate formation!

Of course the authorities are somewhat at variance as to its final beneficial or evil effects upon the human system; but in our sphere of action, in as much as we cannot enter into the gravity of the scientific statements, we shall content ourselves with a few general remarks, such as may be adapted to the purpose of our columns.

We assert then as a starting point, that Tobacco rightly and properly used is a blessing and a benefit to man. But right here we have to pause a bit to qualify our meaning, well knowing at the same time that we shall bring down upon us the dissent of the whole vast family of ruminants, who insist that to masticate, the dear delight is the true, proper and original mode of its use, for what more natural from infancy to old age, than to test by its taste everything the hand can lay hold of.

We insist and the best authorities are with us that smoking is the correct, beneficial, decent and manly mode for its disposal. We cannot imagine that any brutal nature first discovered the "divine" virtues of the plant which John Nicot first revealed to the delectation of France in the 16th century. It must, if of aboriginal discovery, been by a genius of a contemplative turn of mind,

given to meditations upon the stars, and whose thoughts went heavenward, following the wreathed clouds of fragrance that way, as they arose from his quiet retirement—

"Amidst the encircling groves," we stand then upon the ground that to smoke tobacco is the proper and most beneficial mode of using it. As to the time, the extent, the greater or less indulgence that may be allowed, we believe that is a question depending entirely upon the personal constitution. The late distinguished Dr. N. R. Smith like most men, had a hobby, his was opposition to the use of tobacco. It runs in the order of human nature, that each person's experience is the rule by which he judges as to what should govern his neighbor; it is a very narrow mode of looking at a question, but nevertheless the case stands thus, and there is no need to combat it. One man sees every question through his democratic glasses, another through his republican ones, they both think they do God service by a rigid adherence to party fealty.

Dr. Smith insisted that tobacco caused cancer of the throat and mouth—of course he had witnessed such cases in his long and extended practice—but he never told us as to the natural proclivities of those cases, whether they may not have tended to that disease independent of tobacco, as we know there are vast numbers so afflicted that have never used it at all. The effects of the plant upon the system are stimulating and narcotic; properly used after meals, it is stimulating and aids digestion, carried too far it becomes narcotic, and therein lies the danger and difficulty. The person who has such self control as to desist in its use before narcosis ensues, is benefitted and the most vigorous investigations have not established a contradiction of this fact; but here now comes the point of warning, there are organizations of various kinds, nervous and otherwise, to whom the habit, indulgence, luxury or whatever you please, is so baneful, so repugnant, they should never attempt it. There are those having the ability to control their appetites, who will have but one smoke a day, others after each meal, and others again who live in a cloud from breakfast till bed-time. It is certainly most prudent not to smoke after four o'clock p. m. to guard against the wakefulness that ensues at night from a later indulgence.

Tobacco is to the system as a barometer is to the atmosphere, nothing so certainly indicates a disturbance of health, as repugnance for, or disagreement with the due order thereof, of the smokers delight. Taken at the ebb, with proper restraint and dieting, this prognosis may ward off sickness. Even alcohol has its undoubted beneficial effects in many cases to those who can rightly apprehend them, and judiciously avail themselves of the same, but the tendency is more or less destructive from continued use. But with regard to tobacco when reasonably and properly used, we mean in all such cases wherein there is not as we have already intimated a natural impediment this destructive tendency has not been revealed.

We do not write to create an influence favorable to the use of the weed, but simply to set forth such facts and ideas as have come under our experience and investigation apart from any scientific pretension. We smoke vigorously, we smoke all the time, have not been able to discover that it affects us injuriously, but think that under the circumstances of our peculiar situation it is beneficial, and we do not allow others from narrow-mindedness, one-sided views, or if you please fanatical considerations to divert us from the tenour of our ways.

But with all this let no one conclude that our liberty is the rule whereby they may measure their own line of conduct or duty. By careful and patient observation, study your own predispositions and follow what is good, avoiding the evil. In a word—be your own doctor.

Dr. Dollinger will not admit that Leo XIII. has yet given the world any evidence of enlightenment and tolerance in the Vatican policy. In a letter to the Old Catholics at Heidelberg he says:—"That nothing of any importance in the sense of an amelioration of the situation of the Church is to be expected from Leo XIII. was clear to me as soon as he had declared to the cardinals—all creatures of his predecessors—that he intended not to undertake any thing without their advice and consent. That he nominates as Cardinal Newman, who stands so high in intelligence and science above the Roman vulgus praelaticum, is comprehensible only through the fact that the real views of the man are not known at Rome. If Newman had written in French, Italian, or Latin, several of his books would be on the Index.

THE Democratic State Convention which met in Baltimore on Thursday nominated by acclamation, Hon. Wm. T. Hamilton, as a candidate for the office of Governor of Maryland. As parties now stand in the State, it is to be presumed that the nomination is equivalent to an election; The choice is without doubt a good one, not only for the party but the State. The man who has so successfully performed the duties devolving upon him in the public trusts he has already held, and maintained a reputation for the strictest integrity in private life, may safely be trusted with the administration of the gubernatorial office, if he should be elected. The Hon. Charles I. M. Gwinn of Baltimore, was nominated for Attorney General; Hon. Thomas J. Keating of Queen Anne's Co., for Comptroller and Spencer C. Jones of Montgomery, for Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

AN AGED HEIRESS MAKING HAY IN THE OLDEN STYLE.—The Reading Eagle says: Elizabeth Leibesberger, aged 92, resides in Richmond township, this county, and is in all probability one of the richest maiden ladies in the county. She owns several beautiful farms in Richmond township, where she has lived nearly all her life. Her brother is also a large land owner. Miss Leibesberger is remarkably well preserved. She was never married, and has lived 92 years in single blessedness, without being dragged down by the cares of married life, domestic troubles and other vexations and tribulations. She has silvery gray hair, is neat and trim in appearance, and, considering her great age, is quite active and alert. A few days ago her farm hands commenced haying. To their great surprise the aged lady and land owner made her appearance in the field, rake in hand. She was suitably attired for the occasion, her skirts and dress being well gathered in and tucked back so as not to drag or give her any trouble in moving freely over the field. She said she was going to show them how to work. This was greeted with clapping of hands and cheers.

Miss Leibesberger went to work in good earnest, tossed the hay over and over, raked it into rows from one end of the field to the other, and then helped to rake it on piles, and finally assisted in loading and raking after the wagons. It was an exhibition of old-time hay-making, the way "they used to do it when she was a young girl," she said, "before the patent machinery was ever heard of." The lady worked in the field the entire day and kept up her pluck remarkably well.

We gather from the Baltimore Gazette, that a druggist of experience and ample opportunity for observation, has advanced the idea that Bright's Disease is attributable to the immoderate use of ice water and cold drinks, that the people of this country use ninety per cent more ice in their drinks than the people of any other country, Greenland not excepted. We have seventy-five per cent more of Bright's disease—That the disease has kept pace with the increased consumption of ice, and that before ice became a common household necessity the malady was scarcely known among physicians. The Editor thinks, the idea is certainly worth as much as the theory which assigns the increase of paralysis in this country to the use of red flannels, and the virulence of cancer to the extraordinary consumption of raw tomatoes.

ACCORDING to the Northwestern Lumberman, 1,000 laths will cover 70 yards of surface, and 11 pounds of nails put them on. Eight bushels of good lime, 15 bushels sand, and 1 bushel hair, make enough good mortar to plaster 100 square yards. A cord of stone, 3 bushels lime, and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall. 1,000 shingles, laid 4 inches to the weather, will cover 100 square feet of surface, and 5 pounds nails fasten them on. One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface, because of the lap in the siding and the matching of the floor. Five courses of brick will lay 1 foot in height on a chimney; 6 bricks in a course will make a flue 4 inches wide and 12 long; and 8 bricks in a course make a flue 8 inches wide and 16 long.

CULTIVATED WHEAT—THE RESULT. Many of our farmers are anxious to learn the result of the Groff process of cultivating wheat, now since the harvest is past and some of the grain thrashed and put on the market. There are many who are willing that others should do the experimenting, and if it turns out profitably they will try it themselves next time. Will, the return by the new process is most gratifying and we are able, through the kindness of Mr. T. F. Snyder, of New Franklin, to give the increase in figures. As has already been stated in these columns, Jacob C. Snyder, Esq. of New Franklin, last fall sowed several acres of wheat by

what is known as the Groff process, with a view to giving the matter a fair test, and the result of the yield has been satisfactory. When it was ripe for harvesting he carefully measured off one square rod of this same cultivated wheat, failed it out and the yield was thirteen and three-quarters pounds, or thirty-six and two-thirds bushels to the acre. A square rod of the uncultivated yielded but ten pounds—an average of only twenty-six and two-thirds to the acre—a clear increase of ten bushels in favor of the Groff plan, while the berry of the new process was brighter, more solid and of a uniform size, a characteristic not noticeable in the uncultivated.

An increase of ten bushels to the acre, better prices and a probability of a higher grade of flower are matters of great importance to our farmers. Mr. Snyder feels satisfied that more wheat can be raised from a small area of our farms by the new process, than by growing the usual acreage by the old method, and his experiment seems to fully sustain this belief.—Chambersburg Public Opinion.

I. S. ANNAN. J. C. ANNAN.

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. ju14-ly

ALL KINDS OF IRON.

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

ANNAN & MOTTER,

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

S. A. PARKER,

Fashionable Barber,

AND HAIR DRESSER.

Also shampooing and dyeing done in fine style. Shop in Annan's building, 3 doors west of the square, where he can at all times be found ready for all business in his line. Give him a call. ju14-ly

Geo. W. Myers & Bro.

CONFECTONERS & 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. ju14-y

Maple 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. ju14-ly

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I HAVE just received by steamer from England the following goods:

100 TEASETS, 46 pieces each, at from \$3.00 to \$4.50; 100 dinner sets, from 54 to 175 pieces, at from \$4.00 to \$15.00; 250 chamber sets, 11 pieces each, at from \$2.50 to \$3.00. 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. Housekeepers 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., ju14-ly Frederick, Md.

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 Carls, 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, Square and Upright PIANO FORTES.

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

UNPURCHASED 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. ju15-ly

C. V. S. LEVY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. FREDERICK, MD.

Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. ju12 1y

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. ju14-ly HORNER & SMITH.

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, poultry, calves, furs, shoemakers supplies, full line of moroccos, linings, french calf skins, &c. ju14-ly Emmitsburg, Md.

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, Penna. ave., Fulton sta., Arlington, Mt. Hope, Pikesville, Owings' Mills, Reisterstown, Glen Morris, Finksburg, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Fred'k Junction, 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 11.50 A. M., and 4.20 and 7.15, P. M.

Sunday Train—Westward—Leaves Hillen station, Baltimore, for Union Bridge and intermediate stations at 9.00 a. m., and 2 10 p. m.

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

Trains for Frederick leave Junct'n 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, mouldings, stereoscopes, graphoscopes, views, etc. Lowest prices and satisfaction guaranteed.

J. & C. F. ROWE, ju14-ly Emmitsburg, Md.

WEST END

Grocery and Notion Store, CHAS. M. HARBAUGH, PROPRIETOR.

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. 277 County produce taken in exchange for goods. ju14-ly

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.) ju21-6m

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. ju14-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...

PERSONALS.—Miss M. Louise Motter returned home some days ago from an extended visit in Franklin Co. Pa.

MAJOR O. A. HORNER of the Baltimore Custom House, and his wife, together with her father Andrew Annan, M.D. are making a trip to the White Mountains, with a stop over at Boston.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—Some days ago as Mr Edward H. Rowe was riding rapidly to head off a bullock, his horse stumbled and fell down, throwing him over the horse's head.

THE TOWN OF VOLCANO a place of 2000 inhabitants, West Virginia, was destroyed by fire on last Monday evening.

THE Democratic county convention which met in Frederick last Saturday, elected as delegates to the state convention, Col. L. Victor Baughman, James Gambrell, Joshua Biggs, John Ritchie, Charles Cole and George W. Smith.

IN answer to solicitude of the Keystone Gazette, at Waynesboro, about that snake of which we made mention lately, we can only say that John Jackson is ready to produce the fence-rail wherewith he measured the reptile, and being an adept at the foot rule, could scarcely have mistaken the number of inches that supplemented the rail.

WHEN David Crockett, after much difficulty on a certain occasion succeeded in capturing a bear that had occasioned him much trouble, he gave it as his opinion "that a dog might some times be doing a good business, even when he seemed to be barking up the wrong tree."

THE Democratic voters of Emmitsburg District meet at their usual place to-day Aug. 9 to select delegates to the County Convention to be held in Frederick on Saturday Aug. 16.

ABOUT two weeks ago, a horse belonging to Mr. Elias Knode, living on the Frederick Road, walked on the platform over his cistern; when pump, flooring, horse and all went down.

THE FESTIVAL.—From the time the readers of our paper in town will have it before them, there will yet remain over a day, in which they may participate in the pleasures of the occasion.

THURSDAY was a day in which Jupiter Pluvialis had full sway, constant showers refreshed the earth. The Festival opened in the evening with the drawback of shower upon shower, however nothing daunted, the ladies gallantly advanced to their work, which began with music by the silver cornet band, and most happily did they acquit themselves, being seated on the back porch of Mrs. H. Motters store room.

INSUNINGS. EAST END. WEST END. R. O. Ed. Hyder, 3d b 1 8; Ed. Sweeney, p 1 3; M. Hopp, c 2 4; J. Topp, c 2 2; J. Lawrence, p 2 3; S. Waddle, 1st b 1 3; J. Gelwicks 4 2; V. Rowe, 3d b 0 3; J. O. Hopp, s 4 2; Jos. Hopp, 2d b 1 3; Jno. Hopp, 2d b 2 2; J. Gelwicks, s s 0 3; E. Nusscar, 1f 3 2; Jno. Cretin, 1f 0 4; D. Gelwicks, cf 1 4; H. Rowe, cf 1 2; E. Seabrooks, rf 0 3; S. Rowe, rf 0 3.

WEST END. R. O. Ed. Hyder, 3d b 1 8; Ed. Sweeney, p 1 3; M. Hopp, c 2 4; J. Topp, c 2 2; J. Lawrence, p 2 3; S. Waddle, 1st b 1 3; J. Gelwicks 4 2; V. Rowe, 3d b 0 3; J. O. Hopp, s 4 2; Jos. Hopp, 2d b 1 3; Jno. Hopp, 2d b 2 2; J. Gelwicks, s s 0 3; E. Nusscar, 1f 3 2; Jno. Cretin, 1f 0 4; D. Gelwicks, cf 1 4; H. Rowe, cf 1 2; E. Seabrooks, rf 0 3; S. Rowe, rf 0 3.

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[COMMUNICATED.] EMMITSBURG, Aug. 5th., 1879. FIRE! FIRE!—Once in a while the enterprising element of the town is aroused by some public spirited native, whose genius rises to the importance of the occasion, and at once proceeds to fire the enthusiasm of kindred spirits.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—We have received the July and August numbers of the Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature. We have been familiar with this periodical for many years, and turn to it with unabated interest.

MARKETS. EMMITSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED EVERY THURSDAY, BY D. ZECK.

EMMITSBURG GRAIN MARKETS. Corrected every Thursday by Motter, Maxell & Co.

USE THE BEST FOR WHEAT AND GRASS. MORE PHILLIPS' GENUINE IMPROVED Super-Phosphate.

Henry Stokes, Saddle and Harness Maker. Always on hand and made to order, all kinds of plain and fancy.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES. CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, NEAR EMMITSBURG, FREDERICK COUNTY, MARYLAND.

DIED. DIELMAN.—On Sunday Aug 3d, at 9 o'clock A. M. at Andora, near Mt. St. Marys college. Mrs. Emily Dielman, beloved wife of Dr. Henry Dielman, and fourth daughter of Captain Philemon Dawson.

PECHER.—In Liberty township Adams Co., Pa., on the 18th inst., Henry Pecher, aged 77 years. FIROR.—On the 26th ultimo near Mechanics-town, Benjamin Firor, Sr., aged 79 years, 3 months and 4 days.

DIED.—On last Sunday morning, our community was startled by the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Dielman, wife of Professor Dielman of Mount St. Mary's College.

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Every kind of Job Work neatly and promptly printed at this office.

CARLIN HOUSE, Opposite the Court House, FREDERICK, MD. FRANK B. CARLIN, Proprietor, TERMS:—\$1.50 PER DAY. Free Bus to and from all Trains.

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

CHAS. J. ROWE, DEALER IN Paints, Oil, Putty, Glass, Butter, and Eggs, and agent for SEWING MACHINES.

THE EMMITSBURG Provision Store, KEEPS on hand four feed, corn meal, and unbolled flour, also Bell's patent flour.

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. M. G. Urner. E. S. Eichelberger.

DILL HOUSE, OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE, FREDERICK, MD. TERMS: \$1.50 per day. Free Bus to and from all trains.

T. Fraley & Sons, FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS. AND repairs of all kinds. Manufacturers of the Hess and other plows, and threshing machines.

EMMITSBURG STOVE HOUSE. All kinds of heating and cooking stoves, ranges, furnaces of the most improved pattern.

AMERICAN WATCHES! 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.

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.

S. N. McNAIR, DEALER IN Blank Books, Stationery AND BRITISH AND AMERICAN ENKS, Revolvers, Razors, and Knives.

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.

Look Here! D. S. Gillelan, BUTCHER, EMMITSBURG, MD. Best quality of Butchers meat always to be had.

Motter, Maxell & Co AT THE DEPOT, DEALERS IN GRAIN & PRODUCE COAL LUMBER AND FERTILIZERS.

COIN SILVER HUNTING-CASE

Alone.

She stands beside the cottage door To watch the dying day. Her raven hair is sprinkled o'er With flakes of silver gray...

FOR THE FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD.

Saving Clover Seed.

The very high price which farmers frequently have to pay for clover seed should induce them to save at least a sufficiency for their own supply...

What the Farmer Should Study.

The farmer should study the laws of concentration. He should learn how to concentrate his crops into the best paying articles.

How to Cure Rippe Hay.

Hay that has been cut late may be improved by curing it in the cook instead of drying it in the sun.

Domestic Hints.

To WASH CHINTZ.—Make a lather of the best soft soap, add one tablespoonful of vinegar and a pinch of salt to every quart.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Half a bushel of ripe tomatoes, quarter of an ounce each of ground mace, ginger, cloves, one-eighth of an ounce of cayenne pepper, one and a third gills of salt, one head of garlic.

SHORT CAKE.—One quart of flour, butter size of an egg, salt, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar.

To CLEAN BRASSES.—Wash with warm water to remove grease; then rub with a mixture of rotten stone, soft soap and oil of turpentine.

METHODS OF DISINFECTING.

Important Rules Laid Down by the National Board of Health.

NATIONAL BOARD OF HEALTH, WASHINGTON, D. C.—The following memoranda on disinfection for limiting the spread of yellow fever are published as a summary of existing knowledge on this subject.

1. It is prudent to assume that the essential cause of yellow fever is what may for conciseness be called a 'germ,' that is, something which is capable of growth and propagation outside the living human body.

2. Disinfection when used in a place not infected, for the purpose of rendering filth or foul soils, waters, &c., incapable of propagating disease germs, is a poor substitute for cleanliness.

3. The two great difficulties in destroying the vitality of the germ of yellow fever are first to bring the disinfecting agent into actual contact with the germ, and second to avoid injuring or destroying other things which should be preserved.

4. When the germ of yellow fever is dry or partially dried no gaseous disinfectant can be relied on to destroy it. It must either be moistened or subject to a dry heat of not less than 250 degrees to obtain security.

5. In destroying infected clothing, bedding or movable articles, move them as little as possible while dry.

6. The best method of disinfecting rooms, buildings, ships, etc., is still doubtful, owing to the difficulty of destroying the vitality of dried germs.

No patented compound known to the board is superior as a disinfectant to the agents above mentioned, and none so cheap.

In districts where yellow fever prevailed last year the following precautionary measures should be taken:

1. Textile fabrics of every description which were exposed to yellow fever infection during the year 1878, and which have remained packed or boxed in a closed place since such exposure, should not be opened or unrolled, but should either be burned or placed in boiling water for half an hour or more.

2. Every house or room in which cases of yellow fever occurred in the year 1878, and since that time have remained unoccupied, should not be opened for occupation until they have been thoroughly cleansed and disinfected by persons acclimated to yellow fever.

3. Every privy vault, underground water cistern, dry well or closed cellar connected with a house in which yellow fever existed last year, and which may not have been opened since that date, should not be reopened; but, if possible, should be covered with several feet of earth.

4. Every suspicious case should be at once isolated, and every precaution taken to prevent infection by providing attendants who have had the disease, and thorough disinfection of all discharges from the sick.

The Difference it Makes.

About this time the men folks are getting ready to join their families in the country or at the seaside, and Everard wonders if Kate will cut him dead when her awful p makes his appearance.

The Use of Tobacco.

Tobacco, now in almost universal use, and enjoyed in one form or another by all races and in all countries, met with the greatest opposition when it had been introduced into the old world from the New World.

Confidence in Leaders Requisite.

General Longstreet, as reported by an interviewer, expresses his belief that more depends on the commanding officer than the bravery of the men under him in order to secure a victory in battle.

Walking Across the Continent.

Peter Carlyon, a stout looking Englishman, with his wife, passed through Greeley, Colorado, recently hauling a small child and all their worldly wealth, weighing fifty pounds, in a rough two-wheeled cart.

One Boston firm sold 16,000 panes of glass at retail the day after the storm.

A Retrospection.

Ah, hum. How the wheels of time speed round—how the gathering years crowd thick and fast—how the maelstrom swirls as we are drawn nearer the vortex—how old tempus does fugit.

The years seem to gather momentum as they pass; each succeeding one being shorter than its predecessor. We see how it is—we are on the down grade, and there are no brakes.

Fear of the Plague.

Dr. H. C. Collins, the inspecting officer whom a vigilance committee compelled to flee from Lagrange, Tenn., arrived in Memphis in an exhausted condition.

Another instance of the fear of the people in the adjacent country of the fever being brought into their midst, is given in the case of H. C. Wehrum, who died of yellow fever at Lucy station, twelve miles north of Memphis, on the Paducah railroad.

Vengeful Families.

The Oldhams and Belts live in Hardin county, Ill., and rival each other in wickedness. There has long been a feud between the families, and a year ago it broke out into bloody hostilities.

Mary (reading): 'And thus we see that history repeats itself.' Tom (with animation): 'Oh, does it? I wish it did, and geography and tables and the whole lot, and save us the trouble.'

The horse Sleepy Tom, during the races at Chicago, paced a mile in the extraordinary time of 2.12 1/2, being two seconds faster than any previous record.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The ragman uses his bells as an adjunct.

The midnight cat never improves his chants.

Outdoor sports—loungers around hotel entrances.

A three-cent stamp becomes a sent stamp after you have mailed your letter.

A college student, when asked what stars never set, replied roosters.

Without contentment there is no wealth, and with it there is no poverty.

The merchant who employs young saleswomen is continually having his goods mis-represented.

A Philadelphia photographer during the past year filled an order for 50,000 pictures of theatrical celebrities.

No stock clerk in a notion house can inventory more in ten minutes than the woman who watches the family moving next door.

It is a malevolent female who will mark another woman's name and a date some thirty-four years back on a turtle's shell and then let the reptile go.

A righteous man hateth lying, hence the editor waxes wrath against the subscriber who promises to call and settle on the morrow, yet calleth not to settle.

The habit of resolving without acting is worse than not resolving at all, inasmuch as it gradually sunders the natural connection between thought and deed.

Pious old lady: 'Just think, Rose, only five missionaries to 20,000 cannibals!' Kind-hearted niece: 'Goodness! the poor cannibals will starve to death at that rate.'

A busy man at Columbus, Ohio, keeps a phonograph ready for use in his office, and when anybody begins to tell him a long story he says, 'Just talk it into the instrument, and I'll listen to it by and by.'

Time makes all things even excepting only a stubborn moustache we know of, which is bushy at one point and bald-headed at another, and grows every day more and more like a worn-out tooth-brush.

'John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?' 'Yes; but I don't think he can read it.' 'Why so, John?' 'Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room he axed me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time.'

While an express train was running at a speed of thirty miles an hour near Bayview, Maryland, a little girl missed her sister, and imagining she had fallen out of a window, ran to the door of the car and sprang off, and strange to say received only a few slight scratches.

False modesty frequently deters women from their share of love making. For fear of being over-bold, they are apt to be over shy, and thus discourage attentions which they secretly desire.

A hen out in the country is laying eggs measuring eight and a half inches around the waist. She is evidently tired of hearing of 'hailstones the size of hen's eggs,' and is determined to inaugurate a reform in this particular.

There are sometimes unpleasant feelings arising from fruit trees standing near and overhanging the boundary lines. In such cases the law is that the tree and its fruit belongs wholly to the one on whose land the trunk stands, and he has a right to pick his fruit from his neighbor's side.

'Bub, did you ever stop to think,' said a grocer recently, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, 'that these potatoes contain sugar, water and starch?' 'No, I didn't,' replied the boy, 'but I heard mother say that you put peas and beans in your coffee and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold.'

'This, dear children, is the shoe of a Chinese lady; see how little it is; what a very narrow sole it has.' 'I'll bet it ain't as narrow as Deacon —'s. Father says his soul will fall through a crack in the floor some day and get lost,' was the shrill comment of a boy given to sharp listening.

A politician remarked: 'I never deny newspaper stories now. An editor on one occasion printed a most dreadful accusation against me in a paper published in my own town, where it reached the eyes of all my family and friends. I denied it, of course, promptly and circumstantially, over my own signature, and what do you suppose the fellow did then? By George, sir, he proved it!'

Among the ladies who went from France to attend the funeral of the prince imperial was Mme. Thayer, the widow of one of the ministers of Napoleon III. She is the daughter of Gen. Bertrand, who accompanied Napoleon I, to St. Helena, and remained by him to the last.

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Our Foreign Trade.

The bureau of statistics has just published returns of exports and imports of the United States for the last fiscal year. The aggregate of these, exclusive of bullion, was \$1,156,220,894, an increase of \$24,313,654 over the fiscal year 1878.

Birds of a feather, etc.—A Michigander married a Portuguese at Detroit last Wednesday.

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