

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. 29.

The Loved and Lost.

The loved and lost! why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway rood,
Looked on us all, and loved them to the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost, they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself, their Lord, and Judge and King!

And this we call a 'loss,' Oh, selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! Oh, we of little faith!
Let us look round, an argument to borrow
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles whereso'er we turn:
What trials and what terrors, what wrongs and
What struggles and what strife the journey
hath!
They have escaped from these, and lo! we
mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasures strove the shore to
reach,
While with the raging wave he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every sorry seemed gone
To see his loved one landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had bailed by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed
to dwell;

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering
twin,
Then pitying spake, 'Give Me the little lad,
In strength renewed, and glorious beauteous clad,
I'll bring him with Me when I come again.'

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
'Nay, but the woe I feel he too must share!
Or rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing and made strong
To struggle on since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise; death has made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust.
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues
be dumb.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the
strain:
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

JOE CONQUERS.

A Holiday Sketch.

'Well, girls, there is one way we can help both father and ourselves these hard times,' said Bessie Foote, while her elder sisters looked up from their occupations with kind, interested faces. 'We can give up our birthdays or Christmas,' began Bessie, slowly.

'That is a good idea,' broke in Emily, the older sister. 'These numerous gift-days and pleasure-makings draw too heavily upon our pockets.'

'But what will Joe say?' This time they nearly all spoke in concert.

After a little pause, Bessie said, with hopeful decision: 'Oh, perhaps he won't care.'

Now Joe was the last, but by no means the least member in Mr. Foote's family. He had arrived late, after this goodly row of girls, and after his parents had given up an earlier and often-expressed desire that a boy might be among the number. And if helpful hands and warm hearts make the reception, Joe came.

'To the world as a gentleman comes
To lodging ready furnished.'

He was now twelve years old, but had not "worn out his welcome." Of a pliant, pleasant nature, he fully answered, so far, all the demands made upon him. No one had ever heard him speak a rough or unkind word, and in all the little affairs of every day, he was easily helpful enough to satisfy his loving family. It is true Mr. Foote, who had struggled through a hard and self-denying youth to an honorable position in the world, began to have some uneasiness about his son's character, and to suffer the first disturbing, perplexing doubt as to the future of a boy to whom life was such a holiday affair, and who would never be able, he feared, to take any other view of it.

But these fatherly doubts and fears Mr. Foote carefully kept to himself. His family was very loving and confiding, and Mr. Foote was not without courage; but I doubt if he would have been willing to contemplate, even in the retirement of his own thoughts, the shock that would have come to all if this beloved son had been closely criticised. So Joe spent his thoughtless pleasant days undisturbed by criticism, and when Bessie broached the question of the morning for her brother's decision—Christmas being nearly a year away and birthdays close at hand—he chose in his easy way to keep the near pleasure, and so it came about that there

was to be no Christmas celebration that year in Mr. Foote's house.

Bessie's plan worked admirably. The birthdays, scattered through the year, had been made much of, and Joe's, coming late in September, had really been a great affair. Joe himself had enjoyed it wonderfully—even beyond his usual happy way. It was very gratifying to have so many new things in advance of all his playmates; even the latest fashioned sled had been procured by extra trouble and expense, and the balls, and the books, and the knives, and the marbles, were of the best, for 'Joe is to have no presents at Christmas,' was the often-expressed reason for extra indulgence on this particular birthday. It was all very delightful, and it made Joe quite the hero of the autumn, creating any amount of envy in the minds of other boys who must wait till Christmas.

But Christmas was drawing on and Joe soon found himself face to face with an anticipation which was not pleasurable; an entirely new position in his experience. In fact, the numerous preparations in the world outside began to produce a slightly depressing sensation in the members of Mr. Foote's family; even Bessie, usually firm in her decisions, could not help wishing they had chosen Christmas and given up the birthdays. But it was too late now, so they all carefully avoided any allusion to the coming festival, each hoping by silence to create the impression in the others that the whole plan was eminently satisfactory.

Mr. Foote, quietly reading in his easy chair, was really the only one quite at ease; all the minds of the family being more or less ruffled, on Christmas eve, by some thoughts as to what might be going on in Joe's mind; for contrary to his custom, he had betaken himself to bed at an unusually early hour. Mrs. Foote and her elder daughters were busy with their sewing near the table where Mr. Foote was enjoying the cheerful fire and his evening paper, when Bessie suddenly broke into the room with the exclamation: 'Joe has hung up his stockings!' Mr. Foote laid the paper on his knees and the busy needles made slight pauses, but no one spoke.

'He has hung up both! He never hung up but one before!' added Bessie, dropping helplessly into the nearest chair.

'That was naughty in Joe,' said Mrs. Foote in a tone in which despair and apology oddly mingled.

Some time elapsed, during which no one ventured to remark, and Mr. Foote still looked into the fire. Strangely vivid remembrances came to him of a country boy, long forgotten Christmas, an empty stocking and a disappointed heart. He slowly took down his eyeglasses from their perch and put them in his pocket, he folded up his paper softly, and carefully laid it on the table, and with the air of a man who would rather the fact should not be observed, rose quietly from his chair and in a very indifferent voice, said: 'Bessie will you hand me my coat?'

'Why, you are not going out?' exclaimed Mrs. Foote, excitedly.

'Yes; I think I will take a short walk,' replied Mr. Foote, still indifferently, though knowing perfectly well that a walk was a most unusual performance for him in the evening after a busy day.

'I believe I will go with you,' said his wife, cheerily, and going at once for her hat and shawl.

'Let us go too,' said all the girls, and with that liveliness which indicates relief from a dilemma.

All were soon ready, and, Mr. and Mrs. Foote leading the way, they were soon on the pavement of a well-lighted street, and moving with the crowd or pausing at the shop-windows to see the unusual and final attractions of the season.

If people would dream facts instead of dreaming dreams, Joe Foote might have smiled to himself as he lay asleep in his little bedroom in sole possession of the house, while the whole family had gone off, moved by an impulse, on an errand which not one of them could have told to another. Joe awake and on his feet might have been resisted, but Joe asleep, with those two expectant stockings yawning in the basement, was an impensation of that faith which moves mountains. It all came about very naturally and easily; Mr. Foote first expressed some regret that the knife he had given Joe on his birthday had not been of a better quality and, now that the boy had lost it, it seemed only fair to get him another. This accomplished at the first cutlery store, his mother followed in the purchase of a new boy's book, which she very much regretted she had not heard of in time to get for his birthday. His sisters, too, remembered various little things

that Joe liked or had their memories quickened by the sight of new devices for good boys, as they walked along, and so they were each well laden with Christmas things when they finally reached their own door.

I can not doubt that Joe smiled there in his sleep; and if the fruitful stockings ran over with their numerous gifts, the family wisely concluded not to make any remarks that might bring into light the inconsistency of the givers' purposes and actions.

The next morning all but Joe awoke with a slight feeling of uncertainty whether it was Sunday or some other day. Joe knew before he was awake that it wasn't Sunday, still he did feel a little doubtful if it was Christmas.

But stowed away in a seldom-used nook of his closet were some very good reminders of Christmas, until he should descend to the basement. Joe's father would have been pleased enough if he could have looked into his boy's closet just then as Joe was taking out of their hiding-place six small packages, all neatly wrapped and tied with long loops, so that they could be hung on door-knobs. These presents he had purchased with some money given him to spend for himself.

With the little bundles arranged on his arm for distribution, he stole softly in his stocking-feet through the hall, hanging each article on its respective knob, without disturbing the occupants of the rooms, who were still cozily abed.

This done he went down to the basement in easy hopefulness. And he was not doomed to disappointment, the contents of the crowded stockings yielding more than a usual amount of joy and admiration.

And when the family came down to breakfast, how delightful it all was. Every one was so pleased with the pretty presents Joe had purchased for them, that it was a long time before the happy family could subside to the formality of the morning meal. Joe himself became conscious of a higher pleasure than Christmas had heretofore brought, when his father expressed his hearty satisfaction in the gift his son had unassisted given him; and, turning to his youngest daughter, he said: 'Bessie, let us have Christmas next year,' which caused a general smile all around.

St. Nicholas.

Singular Freak of an Engine.

An accident occurred on a local railroad in Illinois, that is probably without a parallel in the history of railroading. As a train on the evening of that day was near Glassford, going at the speed of nearly forty miles an hour, a cow suddenly bounded in front of the engine. There was no warning whatever, the front of the engine passed over the animal, and in doing so was lifted clear of the rails and uncoupled from the tender. Going at such a high rate of speed, it continued some twenty yards on the ground, tearing it up and even uprooting a stump in its mad career, and, what is very strange, kept on its wheels until it came to a stand still, where it stood clear of the main track. The remainder of the engine and train kept on the track, and passed the engine about a quarter of a mile, when it was brought to a stop with brakes. The jar of the engine was so light that but few passengers were made aware of the accident until told. The engineer sat on his seat throughout the affair, a mere spectator of the queer freak of his engine, and no one was hurt or even scared.

The World's Commercial Marine.

According to the *Repetroire General*, Bureau Veritas, for 1879-'80, the sailing tonnage of the civilized world has decreased from 14,218,072 to 14,103,605—a falling away which shows the decided tendency which now prevails to give steamers the preference over sailing vessels. The total sailing tonnage of Great Britain, which included colonial tonnage, is 5,584,128, so that considerable more than one-third of the tonnage which sails the sea is under the British flag. When we come to steamships, Great Britain takes a still prouder position. The total number of steamships which can be classed as sea-going is 5,987, of which Great Britain has 3,542; and the total net tonnage of steamships is 4,021,869, of which Great Britain has 2,555,575 tons, or about three-fifths of the whole. Counting sailing vessels and steamers together, the civilized world has 18,125,474 tons afloat, of which 8,139,708, or not much less than half, are under the British flag. Canada occupies the fourth position among the nations. The leading nations are Great Britain, United States, Norway, Canada, Germany, Italy and France.

A lie is a desperate cowardice; it is to fear man and brave God.

The Lime Cure for Diphtheria.

We find in our exchanges this paragraph on diphtheria going the rounds:

A child in Auburn, ill of diphtheria, whose life was despaired of, was cured by slaking lime. Small lumps of lime were kept constantly slaking near its mouth for more than a day and a half, until more than a barrel of lime was thus slaked. The child was thought to be dying before this remedy was employed. It breathed the fumes of the lime constantly until cured.—*Bangor (Me.) Whig*.

This may sound queer, but it is not only a cure—if properly used—for diphtheria, but in connection with hot steam it positively cures membranous croup. That dread scourge of so many households, whose light and joy of life has gone out with the loss of loved children, is no longer an unmanageable disease. In the hands of such practitioners of the regular school as Dr. Stevens, of Hartford, Dr. Goodrich, of Vernon and a number of others, the method of using steam mingled with the fumes of slaked lime is very successful in both diphtheria and 'old-fashioned croup.' The bed is covered over and made as close a tent as possible. Into this close tent where the little patient lies and must be kept, a pipe is introduced which leads from boiling water near the bedside. Dr. Stevens has—and all doctors should have—a handy little portable contrivance for this purpose. Into a pan of warm water lumps of unslaked lime are occasionally dropped; the slaking makes of course a hot ferment and bubbling, and the limy fumes pretty well fill the tent and are breathed by the child.

It may or may not require a nurse or parent to stay much of the time in the tent, on the bed with the child, to keep it quiet or contented. Sometimes it takes two or three days—the boiling water and lime being duly renewed as often as they fail, and the hot air and steam in the little tent kept up night and day. One little boy on Trumbull street in this city lay for six days without change while suffering from membranous croup, which threatened death; but at last, when all the doctors, and even Dr. Stevens himself began almost to despair, the croup yielded, and the little fellow's life was saved.—The remedy, we think, works equally well in diphtheria, and the time required, either in diphtheria or croup, is not often more than two days. But in the case of diphtheria, burning sulphur is a very important additional advantage, which must not be omitted. The sulphur may be burned on a hot fire-shovel, held under the tent.—*Hartford Times*.

John Randolph in the Senate.

An old-time politician, writing in the *Atlantic* of noted characters whom he met in Washington in the last century, thus serves up John Randolph of Roanoke: John Randolph attracted the most attention on the part of strangers. He was at least six feet in height, with long limbs and an ill-proportioned body and a small, round head. Claiming descent from Pocahontas, he wore his coarse, black hair long, parted in the middle, and combed down on either side of his hollow face. His small, black eyes were expressive in their rapid glances, especially when he was engaged in debate, and his high-toned and thin voice would ring through the senate chamber like the shrill scream of an angry vixen. He wore a full suit of heavy, drab-colored English broadcloth, the high, rolling collar of his surcoat almost concealing his head, while his skirts hung in voluminous folds about his knees—breeches and the white leather tops of his boots. He used to enter the senate chamber wearing a pair of silver spurs, carrying a heavy riding-whip and followed by a favorite hound, which crouched beneath his desk. He wrote, and occasionally spoke, in riding-gloves, and it was his favorite gesture to point the long, index finger of his right hand at his opponent, as he hurled forth tropes and figures of speech at him. Every ten or fifteen minutes while he occupied the floor, he would exclaim, 'Times, more porter!' and the assistant door-keeper would hand him a foaming tumbler of Whitebread's potent malt liquor which he would hurriedly drink, and then proceed with his remarks, often thus drinking three or four quarts in an afternoon. He was not choice in his selection of epithets, and as Mr. Calhoun took the ground that he did not have the power to call a senator to order, the irate Virginian pronounced President Adams 'a traitor,' Daniel Webster 'a vile slanderer,' John Holmes 'a dangerous fool' and Edward Livingston 'the most contemptible and degraded of beings, whom no man ought to touch, unless with a pair of tongs.'

The Syracuse Times has arrived at the conclusion that a smile on the face is worth two in the tumbler.

A Bold Conspiracy.

An eccentric miser named Joseph Lewis died over a year ago in Hoboken, N. J., and by his will bequeathed \$1,800,000—his entire fortune—to the United States government, to be used in paying off the national debt. Shortly after his decease there appeared on the scene a handsome, dashing, well-preserved woman of middle age, claiming to be the old man's widow, and as such contesting the will. For a while her chances of gathering in the pile seemed to be excellent. She produced a certificate of a marriage purporting to have taken place between herself and Lewis in 1858, duly signed by a justice of the peace and witnessed by two persons, one of whom, Elias J. Caldwell, came into court and swore that he had seen the ceremony performed and had affixed his signature to the document.—The magistrate named died years ago, and there appeared to be no way of proving the alleged Mrs. Lewis to be a fraud. The government detectives, however, were sure that the claim was a conspiracy, and in working up the case they were singularly aided by a bit of good luck. The body of the certificate had been printed from a copper plate, and they found the printer. It turned out that while he had had such a plate in his possession a long time, it had been somewhat damaged about 1863 or 1864; and, when repaired for use again, differed materially from what it was originally. Inspection of the certificate showed that it was an impression from the altered plate, and so, of course, could not have been in existence in 1858. The fictitious widow's witness completely broke down when confronted with this evidence of their crime, and made a full confession. Caldwell owed up to the forgery of the certificate, and a certain Frank Fleet admitted that he had furnished the old frame which inclosed it. He and Caldwell had also sworn that they had met the alleged Mrs. Lewis at the old miser's house, and that he had introduced her to them as his wife. Besides these, there were in the conspiracy a Frank Ward and two brothers by the name of Socia.—The latter appear to have originated and engineered the entire conspiracy, even to providing the ready-made widow.—Caldwell was on the stand subsequently, and confessed that he had perjured himself for the sake of a big share of the money that Socia and the woman promised and him, put in a plea of sincere repentance.

Vicissitudes of Life in Leadville.

There is one happy man in Leadville to-day, says a letter writer. The first of the week he came into town, ragged, dirty and penniless, after a summer's prospecting. He managed some way to get liquor, however, and, not feeling in the best of humor, in a fit of desperation he went on a big drunk. He consequently got arrested and was fined, as drunk and disorderly, \$15 and costs.—Having no money to pay the fine, he was sent to the city jail, and thence to the chain-gang, to work it out on the streets of Leadville. He had served part of his time, when he received a call from a party of capitalists from the Clarendon hotel. A claim in which he owned an interest had struck it rich, and these gentlemen had called to offer him the sum of \$30,000 for his share. It is needless to say that the offer was accepted. He signed the papers, already prepared, then and there, and received the money, paid his fine, visited a bathhouse and clothing store, and slept that night at the Clarendon. The next morning, clothed and in his right mind, he ordered a carriage and visited the scene of his late humiliation, and paid the fines of his former companions in misery and sent them on their way rejoicing. He is happy, and so are the capitalists, as they think they struck a splendid bargain; but this fact does not yet disturb the serenity of the man who has come up out of the depths, and leaped, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, from the chain-gang and penury to a competency for all time to come.

The secretary of the treasury has informed the sergeant-at-arms of the House that he could draw silver certificates instead of silver for twenty per cent of the salaries of members if he preferred so to do. This will relieve the sergeant-at-arms of the embarrassment under which he has labored in the effort to get rid of the silver dollars which have been accumulating upon his hands, owing to the unwillingness of the members to receive them.

'Why did General Washington cross the Delaware on the ice during the storm of an awful night?' asked a teacher of her young class in history. 'I reckon,' piped a small voice in answer, 'it was because he wanted to get on the other side.'

VARIETIES.

The farmer may be slow, but he is shoer.

The druggist's song—'A light in the window for thee.'

A dollar is always in good quarters, summer or winter.

Chinese literature is so old that the Chinaman learns to read backward.

There are wide margins between stock speculations and stocks speculation.

Shopkeepers' accounts sent in during a honeymoon show that billing comes after the cooing.

An importing druggist makes the startling statement that this country eats one-third of the Turkish opium crop.

Tennessee has twenty-five tobacco manufactories, one snuff factory, twenty-eight cigar factories, and 150 leaf tobacco dealers.

Beer enough to make 700,000 drinks was received in Galveston during October; the bell punches registered only 78,000.

There are rumors that Keeley, the motor man, has turned his attention to a machine for sticking pins through a starched collar.

The further shrinking of Tulare lake, Cal., reveals a prehistoric settlement, with stone buildings, and clear tracks of irrigating canals, bordered with trees.

All doctors recommend people to go to sleep lying on the right side. This is all the better if you are a little deaf in the left ear and don't get home till late.

A man may be brave enough to walk right up to the cannon's mouth, and yet not have the courage to hand his wife a letter he has carried in his jacket for a week.

Platina works are about being erected at Oreville, above Marysville, California, by an agent of Prof. Edison, to extract that metal from the auriferous black sands.

Leadville, Col., is but two years old, and yet has gas-works, water-works, the finest opera house in the state, and next year will have a complete system of sewerage.

Pauperism is steadily increasing in Germany. In 1875 one person in every 184 in Berlin was a pauper. Now, one person in every seventy-four. But the emperor's army is as powerful as ever.

A substantial farmer of Shelby county, Mo., cut his fall wheat in the early part of the season, realizing sixteen bushels per acre. He then put in a crop of tobacco, and raised on the same ground one thousand six hundred pounds.

Even though an old lady is well aware that her daughter's name is Sophia, yet when a neighbor passing looks in at the window and says, 'How's Sophia?' the chances are ten to one she'll scream and faint.

'Maria,' observed Mr. Holcomb, as he was putting on his clothes, 'there ain't no patch on them breeches yet.'—'I can't fix it now, no way. I'm too busy.' 'Well, give me the patch then, an' I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth.'

The sponge divers along the Florida coast have begun to adopt an innovation that may work great change in their business. It is found that this can be done by cutting the live sponges into small pieces, attaching them to pieces of rock and sinking them to proper depths in suitable locations. In three years each piece will attain a marketable size.

Two ladies belonging to different circles of American society in Paris met lately at a reception. 'Have you been long in Paris?' asked the first, who considered she belonged to 'the set.' 'Several years,' responded the second, who is sure her set is the first. 'Strange,' says the first, 'that I have never met you in society.' 'You flatter me,' says the second.

James L. Moody, once an eminent lawyer of St. Louis and then circuit judge, was taken to the hospital in that city recently as a charity patient. After the war, when General Grant visited St. Louis, Moody was his host, and it was intimated that when Grant became President Moody would become an associate justice of the supreme court. But he took to drink and lost everything, being driven from the bench by impeachment.

The United States is the greatest raisin-consuming country in the world, and uses annually more raisins than the whole of Europe. The market is mainly supplied from Spain, the raisins known as 'Malagas' being considered the best. They come from a comparatively narrow strip of country in the south of Spain, which has hitherto been regarded as surpassing all other regions for raisins of that character. The annual yield of Malaga grapes averages 2,450,000 boxes of twenty pounds each.

CHRISTMAS.

The birth of our Lord introduced a new order of life into the world, an order which was inaugurated under circumstances designed to leave its impress for all times.

The long looked for Deliverer appearing at the time, when unusual manifestations in the heavens, conducted the "wise men from the East," representative of the gentile world as separate from the Jewish to which he presented himself, to the lowly manger in which he reposed, when there acknowledged His mission and deposited their gifts in recognition of the allegiance which was due him from the nations, initiated an order of beneficent good will as the outgrowth of that Birth which has laid hold of and directed the currents of the worlds living forces.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

QUEEN VICTORIA has been on the British throne forty-two years.

EVERY day in this world the births exceed the deaths by 25,000.

The apple crop of New Hampshire is estimated this year at 250,000 barrels.

The citizens of Jacksonville, Fla., are luxuriating in green peas and fresh cucumbers.

BISMARCK'S daughter is a handsome brunette, with abundant hair, and large black eyes.

The Election count in Maine has ended giving the Democrats and Greenbackers a majority of 30 in joint ballot.

MISS JOSEPHINE MEEKER, daughter of Col John S. Mosby, was married recently at Warrenton, Va., to Mr. Robert R. Campbell.

GENERAL WADE HAMPTON has accepted an invitation to deliver an address before the Grand Army of the Republic, at Pittsburg, Pa.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER passed his seventy-second year, 17th inst. Local commemoration was made of the event in the Hartford public schools.

MR. DREXEL, the Philadelphia banker, has bought seven thousand acres of land in Worcester county, on which he proposes to build two hundred dwellings, and to send down families to occupy them.

MISS ELMIRA RAY, aged about twenty years, residing in Reading, complained of being unwell, and vomited a lizard 3 1/2 inches long. The body is one fourth of an inch thick and the head three eighths of an inch broad.

The republican national committee met in Washington last week. Senator Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, was elected chairman, and Mr. Thomas B. Kwogh of North Carolina, secretary. Chicago was selected as the place for the holding of the republican convention, on Wednesday, June 3, 1880.

ANNA WEBER, a young girl, was killed on Tuesday night at Jefferson City, Mo., by the discharge of a revolver. The weapon had been placed in the oven of a stove, and fire having been kindled, the heat exploded three of the cartridges, one ball inflicting a fatal wound. She was seated with others around a table playing a game of cards.

A TERRIBLE story is reported from a small station on the Owensboro and Russellville railroad, near Livermore, Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, now residents of Virginia, arrived at their old home a few days since for the purpose of removing the body of a daughter, which was buried there a dozen years ago.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The Joint Committee on the Library to-day had under consideration a proposition for the purchase of the sword worn by Gen. Washington when he resigned his commission at Annapolis. The sword is offered for sale to the government by Mr. H. H. Lewis, of Maryland, who has come into possession of it by inheritance through his family, Maj Lewis (a nephew of Gen. Washington) having been the original devisee.

INTER STATE COMMERCE, & C.

Considerable interest has been again manifested of late that Congress shall take the subject of Interstate commerce under control, and reduce it to a national system. The great question of State rights seems to subside in a manner before it. The vast import of the suggestions in the case—Trade-marks, railway regulations and other difficult, important and generally beneficial interests are involved. The developments of the movement may be looked for with interest, as being likely to introduce a new era into the country's progress, should it ever amount to anything; and we don't think it will, for the reason that private enterprise is not likely to yield to governmental monopoly.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Trusting to the appreciation of our readers, this edition of the EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE, is sent on its mission, hoping that in its untiring way, it may afford pleasure, to the young and the old at this joyous season, and therein we shall be satisfied. The supplement will at once commend itself as a Xmas paper.

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A TERRIBLE story is reported from a small station on the Owensboro and Russellville railroad, near Livermore, Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, now residents of Virginia, arrived at their old home a few days since for the purpose of removing the body of a daughter, which was buried there a dozen years ago.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The Joint Committee on the Library to-day had under consideration a proposition for the purchase of the sword worn by Gen. Washington when he resigned his commission at Annapolis. The sword is offered for sale to the government by Mr. H. H. Lewis, of Maryland, who has come into possession of it by inheritance through his family, Maj Lewis (a nephew of Gen. Washington) having been the original devisee.

CHRISTMAS IN NORTHERN GERMANY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

A friend sends us the following account of Christmas celebrations in Northern Germany, where he was born and raised, and more particularly, of the manner in which the Holidays were spent in his father's house, which we think our readers cannot fail to enjoy:

My father's estate, called Carlitz, was of moderate size, and situated in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg Schwerin close to the boundary of Pomerania. The house and farm buildings, were on rising grounds, so elevated, that on clear days, seven cities and forty-three estates, could be counted in making the circuit of the grounds, and in summer time, at sunset, the Baltic sea could be plainly seen as well as a large inland lake, divided from it by a narrow peninsula, on which were three small villages, inhabited by sea-faring people and fisherman. The country around my birth place is all divided into large estates, owned by Noblemen, on the Prussian side of the small river, Recknitz, which divides the two states, and by an old Cloister, by private individuals, and by the government on the other side.

The people who live there, and farm these estates, are rather exclusive in their habits, though hospitable in the extreme, and to ask or accept any pecuniary consideration, for an act of hospitality no matter how extended the time, would be considered a mark of meanness and want of good breeding, and be condemned by the whole neighborhood. All the gentlemen farmers, for miles around, are intimately acquainted, and during the winter, visiting is the order of the day, and horses, sleighs or carriages may be seen constantly on the roads, bearing the neighbors to and from all sorts of merry-makings; but of all the merry seasons of the year, Christmas was the jolliest.

The time for presenting the gifts is Christmas eve. As soon as it becomes dusk, the children are sent off to the nursery, and strictly enjoined not to come forth till they are called for. With what anxiously beating hearts did we, my sisters, my brother and myself, sit there, listening for the ring of the bell, or watching for dear mother's kindly face, to look through a crack of the door and call us. We hardly dared to whisper, much less speak, for fear we might miss the proper moment and not be the first at the door. And when the time arrived, and the door flew open, pushed by ten eager hands, and we had crossed the hall and sitting-room and entered the parlour or "Seal," we found three Christmas trees, one large one in the centre, and two smaller trees, one on either side, brilliantly lighted, and filled with nuts, apples, confectionery and gilded ornaments. Nothing but eatables ever hung on the trees, while my sisters dolls, stood or sat under them, the other presents, generally of a useful nature, were laid on tables, each table being marked with the name of the recipient. After the first outbreak of joy was over among the children, they generally retired under the care of the Governor or Candidate (male teacher) to bring their own little presents for their parents and other friends who might be staying with them at the time; and then the doors were thrown open for the servants, male and female, to come in to see the presents and receive their own, which were always acknowledged by a glad "Seho'n dank Herr," or "schoen dank Madame," and thus ended Christmas Eve.

The first Christmas day—for in Germany two Christmas days are celebrated—is a day of rest and devotion, everybody who can possibly be spared, goes to church in the morning; after church a good dinner, the lighting of the trees again in the evening, and the arrival of relatives living at a distance, to remain all night, wouid up the day. The second Christmas day was a bore to me when I was a child, for it was one of the days when my parents gave a grand dinner party, and we children were not allowed to intrude upon the guests, but had to confine ourselves with our guests, other visiting children to one side of the house, for as mother used to say, "there was too much noise for the size of us." The dinners lasted generally from four till eight or nine o'clock, and when I grew old enough to wear swallow-tails coats, and choose my own partners at the table, I began to like this day exceedingly. After dinner dancing was generally indulged in by the younger part of the company, whilst the elder part, of both sexes, either took to the card table, or refreshed old reminiscences, over a bowl of punch. Whilst this was going on in one part of the house, there was quite as much fun and frolic in the other part, where the servants' dining room was situated, and where a company of twenty or thirty could be found; our own servants, and those of our guests, who repeated after their own fashion, the scenes in the masters' rooms. After the dinner, the men and girls attended to such duties as devolved upon them, and then reassembled in their own apartments, playing at forfeits, singing old, and no where else heard of songs, playing cards and making themselves merry in every way, and most of their games, like those of their younger masters and misses, had the same end in view, the object of all of them being kissing and, as in both rooms, each one was perfectly aware of what was going on in the other, every possible device was used, either to assist the acknowledged lovers, or to thwart them, in getting the desired boon. It was merrier everywhere and until a late hour. The whole week, until New Year's was given up to parties and balls, winding up with a grand celebration on New Year's night, when the Christmas trees were again lighted for the last time, and while the lights were burning down, were plundered of their treasures by the children and sent out in the cold, to be planted next day in a snow drift near by, as a memento of the glad old time.

A STORY comes from Nemebah county, Mo., that one David Meisenthaler was killed a few days ago by a meteor aeorolite. He was driving cattle from the field when the meteor descended obliquely through a tall maple, cutting the limbs as though it had been a cannon ball. It struck Meisenthaler near the shoulder, passing through his body obliquely, and buried itself two feet in the earth. The meteor is composed of iron pyrites round and rough, about the size of a common patent bucket.

WESTERN MARYLAND.

AND repairs of all kinds. Manufacturers of the Rees and other plows, and threshing machines, from rattling of all kinds at the lowest price. Emmitsburg, Md. ju14 ly.

THE announcement of the surrender of the City of San Domingo to the revolutionists and the flight of President Guillermo is confirmed. The city suffered from hunger before the surrender.

THE Legislature of Pennsylvania will not be in session the coming year, and next January will be the first month of January in one hundred and three years, in which it has not assembled.

CHARLES E. SNYDER, aged 15, employed in Seeley's paper mill, at Feltville, N. J., was instantly killed last week. His clothing caught on a revolving shaft and his brains were dashed out against the floor.

Mr. Charistiin K Ross, father of the abducted Charlie, told a reporter lately that he was now investigating two cases, one in South Carolina and the other in England, but that he had little reason to hope for success.

THE recent elections in France show the complete disappearance of the Imperialist party. The candidates were Moderate Republicans and Socialists and the Socialists suffered signal defeat. The Napoleonists appear to have been assested.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS preached to the convicts in the penitentiary on Sunday afternoon in the chapel of the prison, Rev. Mr. Sourin, of St. Ignatius, G. S. Griffith, president of the Prisoners' Aid Society, and others, including a number of ladies, being present.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Post, writing on the varied climate and temperatures of California, says that in the interior valleys he has found the thermometer as high as 114 degrees in the shade, and at least 125 degrees in the sun, yet the air was so pure and dry that he did not find it enervating nor even to very inconvenient, as a much lower temperature east of the Rocky Mountains certainly would have been. He rode twenty-five miles on horseback in the sun of 125 degrees, observing, questioning, and making notes for his newspaper, and felt perfectly well through it all. A constant gentle breeze that is never wanting in summer, kept him comparatively comfortable. The nights were cool and pleasant, as they always are in the hot interior valleys of California. The peculiar quality of California heat is illustrated by the fact that, however high the thermometer rises sunstrokes are unknown.

NEW WINDSOR COLLEGE.

A FULL corps of experienced instructors. Pupils charged from time of entrance. Address: Rev. A. M. JELLY, D. D., Pres., de2 ly New Windsor, Carroll Co., Md.

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, 2 1/2 miles from Emmitsburg, and 1 1/2 miles from St. Mary's College. It was commenced in 1851 and incorporated by the Legislature of Maryland in 1856. The buildings are convenient and commodious.

CHRISTMAS TOYS & CONFECTIONERY

Immense stock at Geo. W. Myers & Bro. All the Novelties of the season. A chance in general grant, Every purchaser of fifty cents worth, or upwards. The Grand is now on Exhibition. dec20 2

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 \$1.00 to \$15.00; 250 chamber set 11 pieces each, at from \$2.50 to \$5.00. 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

T. Fraley & Sons, FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS.

AND repairs of all kinds. Manufacturers of the Rees and other plows, and threshing machines, from rattling of all kinds at the lowest price. Emmitsburg, Md. ju14 ly.

Here We Are!

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE I. HYDER & SON, E. MAIN ST,

J. Thos. Bussey, DEALER IN ALL SORTS OF

Confectionery, Choice Whiskies, BRANDY, WINES, GIN, RUM, & C.

Oysters, Ice Cream and Fruits in Season (Private Parlor for Ladies.) I have also added a News Depot, where anything published, if not on hand, will be furnished promptly at publishers prices. My present stock comprises a fresh and choice assortment of

CONFECTIONERY, CANDY TOYS, CANNED GOODS, JELLIES, PRESERVES, FRUIT BUTTER, PICKLES,

Fine Cigars, Chewin, and Smoking Tobaccoes,

&c. suitable for the Holidays, all of which will be sold at the very lowest figures. Returning my sincere thanks to my friends and the public in general for the very liberal patronage extended to me in my new undertaking, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same, and I promise them the most of the best goods for the least money, of any man in the country. dec 27

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. ju12 12-1

D. ZECK, DEALER IN

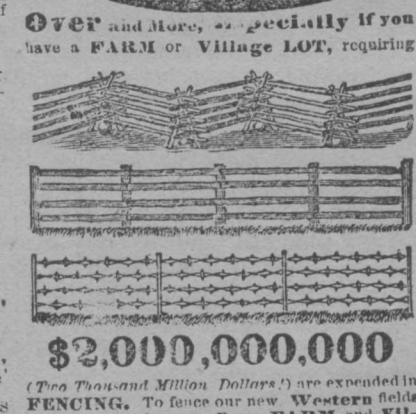
Fine Groceries, Notions, hardware and general merchandise, best brands of Isabella flour, feed of all kinds, tea, potatoes, coal oil stoves, scythes, produce of all kinds bought and sold, taken in exchange for goods, or cash paid. Butter, eggs, poultry, calves, furs, shoemakers supplies, a full line of groceries, linings, french calf skins, &c. Emmitsburg, Md. ju14 ly

C. V. S. LEVY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, FREDERICK, MD.

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

Will Pay You 5% INTEREST

Over and above, especially if you have a FARM or VILLAGE LOT, requiring



\$2,000,000,000 (Two Thousand Million Dollars) are extended in FENCING. To fence our new Western fields

STEEL and IRON are to supplant WOOD, furnishing better, cheaper, and lasting fences. The 39th Volume of the American Agriculturist (for 1880) now beginning, will give very much information about new Fencing, with many Engravings. (The Number for Dec. let has 21 engravings of Barbed Fencing, and much interesting matter. Sent post-paid for 15 cents.)

Illustrating Labor-saving, Labor-helping contrivances, Animals Plants, Fruits and Flowers, Farm Buildings, and many other Pictures instructive and pleasing to Old and Young.—It is useful to ALL in City, Village, and Country.

Its constant exposures of HUBBUGS, which have saved to its readers many Millions of Dollars, will be continued vigorously. For these and the American Agriculturist should be in every family, no matter how many other journals are taken; also for its Special Information and its multitude of pleasing and useful Engravings in which it far excels all other similar journals.

TERMS (postage prepaid)—\$1.50 a year. Four copies, 5c. Single numbers, 15 cents. (One specimen only, for two 3-cent stamps.)

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PEARL SHIRT,

a specialty, one of the best fitting and cheapest made. IRON of the various sizes and kinds, Steel, Nails, OILS of all kinds, PAINTS and GLASS.

We are constantly receiving new goods and cannot be undersold. Butter, eggs, Lard Posts and Rails, taken in exchange for goods. S. W. Corner of the Diamond, the place to go—for anything you want. ju14 ly

Western Maryland Railroad

WINTER SCHEDULE.

ON and after SUNDAY, Oct 5, 1879 passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Mail, Acc., Exp., Acc., P.M., P.M., P.M. Rows include Hillen Sta., Union depot, Pottsville, Fulton sta., Arlingon, Mt Hope, Pikesville, Owings Mills, Reisterstown, Glen Morris, Finksburg, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Fredk Junction, Rocky Ridge, Emmitsburg, Mechanicsville, Sabillasville, Blue Ridge, Pen-Mar, Smithburg, Hagerstown, Williamsport, Pottsville, Fulton sta., Union depot, Hillen Sta.

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Acc., Exp., Acc., P.M. Rows include Williamsport, Hagerstown, Smithburg, Pen-Mar, Sabillasville, Emmitsburg, Rocky Ridge, Fredk Junction, Union Bridge, New Windsor, Westminster, Finksburg, Glen Morris, Reisterstown, Owings Mills, Pikesville, Mt Hope, Arlingon, Pulten sta, Pottsville, Penna. ave, Union depot, Hillen Sta.

JOHN M. HOOD, General Manager. B. H. Griswold, Gen'l Ticket Agent. All kinds of Job Work Neatly and Promptly executed at this Office.

Christmas Memories.

Christmas fires are burning to-night,
And the glowing embers fall;
Lines of rosy, flickering light
Steal along the dusky wall.
Now is hushed the noise of day
In that fire magio glow;
Memory takes her silent way
To the land of Long Ago.
Ah me, what sweet visions rise
From that past that never dies!
Dear, dear faces, loving eyes,
Fill my heart with tearful sighs.
Stay with us, sweet visions, stay;
Never, never, pass away:
Through each cloud and sunset day
Keep your tender watch for aye.

FOR THE FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD.

Notes for the Household.
POP CORN BALLS.—Take three quarts of popped corn, boil half a pint of molasses about fifteen minutes; then put the corn into a large pan, pour the molasses over it, stirring briskly until thoroughly mixed. Then, with the hands, make it into balls of the desired size.
VINEGAR CANDY.—This candy is recommended for colds. Three cupfuls of granulated sugar, half a cupful of vinegar, half a cupful of water, half a teaspoonful of butter. Season with lemon. Mix the sugar, water and vinegar together, boil until the candy is found to be brittle, by dropping a little in cold water. Then add the butter and lemon.
THE TURNIP AS A 'GREASER.'—In baking bread and other girdle-cakes, a piece of fat meat as a 'greaser' is by many thought to be indispensable. Those who are of this opinion will, on trial, soon learn that the turnip divided in two answers the same or a better purpose, as the odor—the most unpleasant part of cake baking—comes from the greaser in contact with the hot iron, whereas, with the turnip, very little of this is perceptible.
FRENCH PICKLES.—Half peck green tomatoes, cut fine; large head of cabbage, six large green peppers, six onions all cut fine, four tablespoonfuls of salt, four of ground allspice, three of cloves, half a pound black mustard seed, two quarts of vinegar. Boil all together two hours; half an hour before taking off the fire, add two spoonfuls of sugar. The vegetables to be boiled half an hour in water, and drained before putting in the spice and vinegar.
SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Crush and roll several handfuls of Boston or other nice crackers; put a layer in the bottom of a buttered pudding dish; wet this with a mixture of the oyster liquor and milk, slightly warmed; next put a layer of oysters; sprinkle with salt and pepper and put bits of butter upon them; then another layer of moistened crumbs, and repeat until the dish is full; let the top layer be of crumbs thicker than the rest, and beat an egg into a little milk and pour over them; put bits of butter thickly over it and bake half an hour.
APPLE MARMALADE.—Pare, core and cut the apples into small pieces; put them into water with a little lemon juice to keep them white; after a short time take them out and drain; weigh and put them in a stew pan; if for present use, half a pound of sugar will be sufficient for each pound of apples, but if for keeping, double that quantity will be necessary; add to it a stick of cinnamon and the juice of a lemon; put the stew pan over a brisk fire and cover it; when the apples are pulped stir the mixture till of the proper consistency, and then put the marmalade into pots.

Pasturing Fall Grats.

If the fall grain is in danger of jointing, it should be pastured without delay. It is often a great help to the wheat or rye, to turn sheep or calves upon it. These eat down luxuriant growth, and tread the soil firmly about the roots. If no other stock are available for this purpose, cows may be let into winter grain fields.

Cure for a Self-sucking Cow.

A subscriber sends a method of preventing a cow from sucking herself; this is simply to fasten to the horns a long, sharp-pointed stick by means of strong pieces of twine. The pointed stick should extend about a foot outside of the horns. This simple contrivance prevents the cow from reaching the teat when disposed to suck herself. The stick should be removed as soon as it is evident that the cow has lost the inclination to suck herself, which will be after a short time.

Fattening Fowls.

Fowls, to be palatable and tender, should be fattened quickly. From eight to ten days is sufficient. Place the birds in a roomy coop in some out-building where they will be free from drafts, and in a modified light. The morning food should be given as early as possible, and should consist of good, sweet, yellow corn-meal mixed with one-third its quantity of heavy wheat middlings; mix with boiling water, and in the water should be chandler's scraps sufficient to make the water quite greasy. To every two quarts of feed, every other day mix a tablespoonful of powdered charcoal before the water is poured on the feed. Let it stand covered up; after being mixed for twenty minutes, then feed. At noon use the meal, leaving out the middlings; and in its place put all the table scraps you can get, and some finely-chopped cabbage. Use the charcoal only in the

morning feed. At night feed corn that has been boiled until it has swollen twice its natural size. Every other day add to noon feed a little buckwheat (in grain). Give water after each feed.—Warm sweet milk is best if you have it to spare; give during the day, but always give water for drink at night. Do not feed anything for at least twelve hours before killing, and let the last feed be soft food; and if you would like a rice gamey flavor to the meat, let it contain a good proportion of chopped celery. Fowls fed in this way fatten very rapidly, and their flesh is tender, juicy and tempting.

Tarring Fences and Shingles.

We note, says an exchange, that the old controversy about tarring or painting shingles and fences is being revived again, on the principle, we suppose, that as an old generation passes away the new one wants to learn wholly for itself what it wants to know, and that some people are still resorting to it. It ought, however, to be generally known by this time that not moisture only, but heat and moisture, either or both, are the agents in the decay of woody matter. Most persons seem to think it is moisture alone, and hence all that is required is to coat the wood with some substance that will keep the water out. To be sure, they know that heat, when it is up to what we know is the burning point, will destroy wood, but they seem to forget that even when not burning heat is destructive only in a less degree. Any black substance, therefore, which attracts heat, though it may keep out the other destructive element, water, adds to the destructive agencies at work on the wood, and should be avoided wherever durability is an object. It needs no understanding of these laws, however, to know that tar or any black substance tends to rot wood away much faster than wood that has had nothing at all done to it. A fence tarred and exposed to the full sun, as any observer knows, soon crumbles away.—In a few years the wood is like an overdone pie-crust. And then all know how long a mere whitewashed fence lasts. Yet there is no preservative character of much account in lime.—Every rain goes through it into the wood, but it is the white color, which rather turns away the heat than attracts it, which is in that case the great agent which preserves it so long.

In all discussions as to the preservation of wood by paints or coatings, therefore, we see that the color of the washes or paints is an important point in the argument. As for tar, it is the very worst thing that could be used where there is exposure to the sun.—Under ground, or where there is no heat for it to attract of consequence, it is another matter, and does possess more or less preservative power.

Animals on the Stage.

James Cooke, the celebrated equestrian, stands a fair chance of having his neck broken in Niblo's Garden, New York. He is billed as Red Donohue, in the new Irish Drama of 'Hearts of Steel,' and in the act which illustrates the Irish defense of Athlone, is required to clear a chasm eight feet in width on the back of his trusty steed Criespian. The horse don't seem to take kindly to the task, refusing on several occasions at the rehearsals to make the leap, and when the lights are up and the music and musketry begin, he may possibly, like Frank Frayne's dog Jack, treat the audience to a scene not announced in the programme. Jack was billed to make his 'first appearance on any stage' some years ago in Buffalo. He was trained to come on in a certain act, and frustrate a crime by dragging a mounted villain by the throat from his saddle. At rehearsal Jack acted like a star, never missing to floor his man, whose neck was, of course, securely padded to prevent injury from the brute's teeth; but when the night of the performance came, the music and audience frightened the dog actor, and coming to the front, he simply looked at his victim and ran off wagging his tail. Jack was afterward kept chained in the wings, in order to make him accustomed to the noise and crowd. As the nights progressed the dog appeared to have lost all memory of his cue, the villain appeared without padding on his neck, and the last nights of the drama were announced. Jack changed the whole order of things, however. The evening before the farewell performance, the villain emerged as usual on horseback from the wings, when suddenly Jack broke his chain and dashing for his man horrified the audience by fastening his fangs in the poor fellow's neck and dragging him energetically to the stage. The curtain was rung down, several actors ran to the rescue, and the villain was only rescued after a severe struggle. The incident, though, uncomfortable as it was to the actor, proved vastly profitable to the manager; Jack never again forgot his part, and the drama was played to crowded houses for several consecutive months.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press says that 360 miles of railroad have been built in that state since last spring.

The proverb to the contrary notwithstanding, dress does in these days make the man.

It takes but little time and space to turn man's laughter into manslaughter.

Wrongly Named Substances.

Black lead does not contain a single particle of black lead, being composed of carbon or iron.
Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil, or even grow there; nor is it grass at all. It consists of strips of palm-leaf (*Chamaerops argentea*) and is imported chiefly from Cuba.
Burgundy pitch is not pitch, nor is it manufactured or imported from Burgundy. The best is a resinous substance prepared from common frankincense and brought from Hamburg; but by far the greater quantity is a mixture of resin and palm oil.
China, as a name for porcelain, gives rise to the contradictory expressions, British china, Dutch china, Chelsea china, etc., like wooden millstones, iron millstones, brass shoe-horns, iron pens, steel pens.
Cuttle bone is not bone at all, but a structure of pure chalk, once embodied loosely in all the substance of certain extinct species of cuttlefish. It is enclosed in a membranous sac, within the body of the fish, and drops out when the sac is opened, but it has no connection whatever with the sac of the cuttlefish.

Galvanized iron is not galvanized. It is simply iron coated with zinc; and this is done by dipping it in a zinc bath containing a muriatic acid.

German silver is not silver at all, nor was the metallic alloy called by that name invented by a German, but has been in use in China time out of mind.

Honey soap contains no honey, nor is honey any way employed in its manufacture. It is a mixture of palm-oil soap, each one part, with three parts of crude soap or yellow soap, scented.

Japan lacquer contains no lac at all, but it is made from a kind of nut tree called *Cardaloea*.

Kid gloves are not made from kidskin, but of lamb or sheepskins. At present many of them are made of ratskin.

Meerschaum is not petrified sea foam, as its name implies, but is a composition of silica, magnesia and water.

Mosaic gold has no connection with Moses or the metallic gold. It is an alloy of copper and zinc, used in the ancient musivum or tessellated work.

Mother of pearl is the inner layer of several sorts of shells. It is not the mother of pearl, as its name indicates, but in some cases the matrix of pearl.

Pen means a feather (Latin *penna* a wing). A steel pen is not a very choice expression.

Salad oil is not oil for salad, but oil for cleaning salades, i. e., helmets.

Whalebone is not bone at all, nor does it possess any of the properties of bone. It is a substance attached to the upper jaw of the whale and serves to strain the water which the creature takes up in large mouthfuls.

Thankfulness in Everyday Life.

Rev. DeWitt Talmage, in a sermon on the text 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him,' made these remarks showing why every one has cause for constant gratitude: We ought to bring religion into our ordinary blessings. Every autumn the President and the governor issue proclamations of thankfulness, and we are brought together in our churches to join in thanks. Every day ought to be a day of thankfulness. We must see a blind man led by a dog before we learn to know what a grand thing it is to have our eyesight. We see a soldier on a crutch and we realize what a grand thing it is to have the use of our physical powers. We are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others awaken us to thankfulness for our blessings. We are on a train which goes through the drawbridge, and many perish. We call together our friends to give thanks that we escaped. But to-morrow, if we go and come back without accident, we give no thanks. In other words, we are more thankful if fifty perish than if all are safe. In one case the thankfulness comes from selfishness, but in the other it would be more what it ought to be. If you are thirsty, and ask me for a drink and I give you this glass of water, common instinct would cause you to thank me. Yet every hour we get chalices of water from God and never think of thanking Him for it. We are more thankful to men than to God. Who thinks of thanking God for air, sunbeams, wind, our physical organism, eyes, ears, etc.? Yet if they were withdrawn, sickness, desolation and we would speed over the earth and it would become a place of skulls. Let us wake to thankfulness for common mercies.

Here are the two meanest men on record: The owners of a clothing-making firm in Boston employ thirty-five girls, who, from their poor earnings, contributed \$22 on Thanksgiving day, and gave each of the two members of the firm a pretty album, occupying a half hour in getting ready and making the presentation. The two mean fellows took the gifts with ready smiles, and on pay day deducted from the wages of the girls time money for the half hour they had occupied in giving the albums.

'This is a high-handed outrage,' as the boy remarked when he found that his mother had put the cookies on the upper shelf.

A "Savage" King.

In view of the probability of war between Abyssinia and Egypt, this description of the king of the former country, which is generally looked upon as inhabited by barbarians, will be read with interest: King John of Abyssinia, although only in his thirty-eighth year, has already proved himself a man of an ordinary caliber, both as a soldier and as a sovereign. He has thrice defeated and all but destroyed the invading forces of Egypt, while at the same time making head against the disaffection of two powerful vassals, who have since made submission and accepted commands in his army. Among his immediate attendants is the Ras Warena, the conquered chief of the Amhara province, who seems quite content with his position at the court of his conqueror. A traveler, who spent some time with the king in his camp at Ambachura, describes him as short in stature, with small hands and feet, but perfectly proportioned and possessing great strength and endurance. His finely-cut profile, delicate mouth and chin, and almost feminine smallness of ear, are striking enough in a barbaric African chief.—'He is grand to see on his beautiful charger,' continues the narrator, 'carrying his spear and shield, bareheaded and barefooted, with only the great toe of each foot in the stirrup, which is merely a silver ring. He is a splendid shot, and very fond of firearms. His demeanor is extremely simple, being entirely devoid of the boastfulness and vanity that distinguish most 'savage' princes; and he is naturally of a studious disposition, well read in the laws of Ethiopia, and of remarkable temperance and piety of life.' King John's ceaseless activity and wonderful capacity for business recall the popular descriptions of Frederick the Great, to whose personal habits his own are in some points closely akin. He rises every morning at three, and reads the Psalms of David by candlelight for two hours. Then comes church, after which he holds his court of justice for several hours, often before taking food. The rest of the day is divided between state affairs and the native sport of *gohaks*, a sort of javelin-throwing, like the Moorish *djerid*. The evening hours are spent in study, and by nine he is in bed, as befits such an early riser. The king's ordinary dress is the simple native *kuarie* or white blanket, with a crimson stripe along the left side. These are the symbolical colors of the Abyssinian church, the white typifying the innocence of our Savior, and the crimson His atoning blood. The king professes great friendship for England, and has placed a translation of the queen's letter to him in every church of his kingdom.

Silk Manufacture in this Country.

Mr. William C. Wynnecop has published a brief account of the advances and improvements recently made in silk manufacture in the United States.—From this source we gather that we imported, principally from Asia, last year not less than 1,590,666 pounds of raw silk; that there is no demand in this country for cocoons because there are no pupatures for reeling silk established among us, and consequently all the raw silk imported has to be silk that is already reeled, and this for the purposes for which it is used must be of the finest quality. Many of our readers will be surprised to learn that the manufacture of silk thread and twist has reached a point with that defies competition; that our plain black and dressed silk goods are superior in texture and in wearing qualities to those of the same grade imported from Europe, because none but the best silk thread is used, and the weaving is done in power looms instead of by hand, which admits of using lumpy and imperfect silk thread. In American made handkerchiefs, scarfs, neckties and millinery goods we compete successfully with the foreign supply, and in ribbons our success has been so great that they are exported, while our original designs are much admired abroad.

American Superstitions.

The following superstitions, handed down by tradition, are yet fervently believed in many parts of America. White specks on the nails are luck.—Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory. To rock the cradle when empty is injurious to the child. To eat while a bell is tolling for a funeral causes toothache. The crowing of a hen indicates some approaching disaster. When a mouse gnaws a gown some misfortune may be apprehended. He who has teeth wide asunder must seek his fortune in some distant land. Whoever finds a four leaf trefoil (shamrock) should wear it for good luck. Beggar's bread should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak. If a child less than twelve months old be brought into a cellar he becomes fearful. When children play soldiers on the roadside it foreshadows the approach of war. A child grows proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than twelve months old.

A very old lady, on her deathbed, in penitential mood, said: 'I was a great sinner more than eighty years and didn't know it.' An old dirky woman, who had lived with her a long time, exclaimed: 'Lors! I knowed it.'

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Porridge socials are the latest stir in Canada.
Speak little, speak truth; spend little, pay cash.
How to drown a cat? In the water pitch her.
A ditch in time saves the whole crop sometimes.
The lamplighter has bright prospects before him.
Drink never changes, but only shows our natures.
The Church of England requires \$58,000,000 a year.
A clock pendulum is bound to keep time if it has to swing for it.
The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when broken.

There are thirty-eight people in this country for every carriage on wheels.
All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.
To have respect for ourselves guides our morals; to have a deference for others governs our manners.
If evil communications corrupt good manners, the oyster must be a bad fish, for he's brought up with a rake.

Be the room ever so dark,
And the girl ever so dear,
No fellow can spark
With her big sister near.
Pat—'do you buy rags and bones here?' Merchant—'we do, surr.' Pat—'thin, he Jabers, put me on the schekales!'
That was a smart youngster who, hearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed: 'Then, why don't you buy me a drum?'

There are in Nebraska 111 Congregational churches, with 71 pastors and 3,121 members, of whom 483 were admitted during the past year.

A sentimental young man thus feelingly expressed himself: 'Eyen as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow women with pins.'

The sisters of charity in the United States numbered, at a recent enumeration, 1,079, in charge of 106 establishments.

Did you ever notice the fact that a tramp who claims he has a trade, but can get no work at it, in the winter is a brickmaker, and in the summer a lumberman or ice Sawyer?

When we are out of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in this world is over. That is a sign that the heart has begun to wither—and that is a dreadful kind of old age.

A long housewife article has been written on 'How to make a rag rug.' It is a long process. The quickest way to make a rag rug is to knock 'a' letter out of the rag and put 'u' in the middle.

'And how is your daughter, Mrs. Brown?' inquired one nicely dressed lady of another. 'She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her to speak to her for six weeks.' 'Why, I thought you two were on the most friendly terms.' 'Well, we used to be, but we've exchanged servants.'

Two raw Highlanders, Donald and Dugald, are walking along a street in St. Mungo, when they come on a water-cart. 'Hi!' shouts Dugald to the driver, 'hi! you're losing all your water!' Then Donald comes in. 'Oh, Dugald, Dugald, dinna show your ignorance. The water is meant to keep boys from riding on the back of the cart!'

'Does he know anything?' anxiously inquired a friend, bending over the body of the man who had just fallen from the roof of a house. 'Don't know, I'm sure,' the physician replied. 'He never did know anything; but you can't tell what effect the fall may have had upon him until he regains consciousness.'

A rich snob, who married a lady of brilliant genius, said at a dinner-party: 'When we were married my wife declared, "with all my worldly gifts I thee endow," when she hadn't a penny in the world.' 'But then there were her splendid talents!' said a lady. 'Oh!' exclaimed a wit, 'but she didn't endow him with them!'

The last straw that breaks the back of your patience in the apothecary's shop, after the polite pharmacist has carefully put your three cents' worth of medicine into a ten-cent bottle, wrapped it up in two cents' worth of paper, tied it with a cent's worth of twine, and used up about \$5 worth of your time, is to have him light a small lamp and use up fifteen minutes more in sticking the parcel together with sealing wax. Then, having, in a half hour, gradually goaded you to frenzy, he blandly says: 'Only forty cents, sir.'

Something for the New Year.
The world renowned success of Hostetter's Bitters, and their continued popularity for a quarter of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 80 hands in that department. Ten cylinder printing presses, 8 folding machines, 5 job presses, etc., are running about eleven months in the year on this work, and the issue of some 1890 will not be less than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous remedies as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronologies items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1890 can be obtained free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

The Manufacture of Slate Pencils.

The process of making slate pencils is thus described by the *Stationer*—Broken slate from the slate quarries is put in a mortar run by steam, and pounded into small particles. Thence it goes into the hopper of a mill, which runs into a 'bolting machine,' where it is 'bolted,' the fine, almost impalpable, flour that results being taken to a mixing tub, where a small quantity of steatite flour, similarly manufactured, is added, together with other materials, the whole being made into a stiff dough. This dough is kneaded thoroughly by passing it several times between iron rollers.—Thence it is conveyed to a table, where it is made into 'charges'—that is, short cylinders, four or five inches thick, and containing some eight or twelve pounds each. Four of these are placed in a strong iron chamber or 'retort,' with a changeable nozzle so as to regulate the size of the pencil, and subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure, under which the composition is pushed through the nozzle in a long cord, like a slender snake sliding out of a hole, and passes over a sloping table, slit at right angles with the cords give passage to a knife which cuts them into lengths. They are then laid on boards to dry, and after a few hours are removed to sheets of corrugated zinc, the corrugations serving to prevent the pencils from warping during the process of baking, to which they are next subjected in a kiln, into which superheated steam is introduced in pipes, the temperature being regulated according to the requirements of the article exposed to its influence. From a kiln the articles go to the finishing and packing room, where the ends are thrust for a second under rapidly-revolving emery wheels, and withdrawn neatly and smoothly pointed ready for use.

A man in Springfield, Mass., sold his horse last June, but the blacksmith he had employed has sent in his bill for shoeing, etc., monthly, with unvarying regularity ever since. In his early days he had been a bookkeeper for a gas company.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is fast taking the place of all the old-fashioned Cough remedies. It never fails to relieve the most violent Cough, and for Throat Diseases it is invaluable. Price 25 cents.

According to the last census there are 194 men in France over 100 years old, and 2,618 between 95 and 100.

Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is recommended by all druggists as being a purely vegetable and reliable preparation for Babies. Price 25 cents.

Wanted.
Sherman & Co., Marshall, Mich., want an agent in this county at once, at a salary of \$100 per month and expenses paid. For full particulars address as above.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take a dose of Piso's Cure for Consumption. So say all who have tried it.

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