

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

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

TERMS:—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

Vol. III.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

No. 20.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.

Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie.
Associate Judges.—Hon. William Viers
Bonic and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney.—John C. Motter.
Clerk of the Court.—Adolphus Fearhake, Jr.

Orphan's Court.

Judges.—Daniel Castle of T., John T. Lowe, A. W. Nicodemus.
Register of Wills.—James P. Perry.
County Commissioners.—Thos. R. Jarboe, Daniel Smith of T., Peter Dudderar, Samuel M. Bussard, Thos. A. Smith of T.
Sheriff.—Joseph S. B. Hartsock.
Tax Collector.—D. H. Routzahn.
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearce, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hilleary, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace.—Michael C. Adlesberger, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, Eugene L. Rowe.
Registrar.—James A. Elder.
Constable.—William H. Asbaugh.
School Trustees.—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, U. A. Lough.
Burgess.—Isaac Hyder.
Town Commissioners.—U. A. Lough, Chas. S. Zeck, Daniel Sheets, Jas. C. Annan, F. W. Lausinger, J. T. Lough.

CHURCHES.

Re. Lutheran Church.
Pastor.—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures 7 o'clock, p. m. Sunday School at 2 o'clock, p. m. Infants School 11 p. m.
Church of the Incarnation (Ref'd.).
Pastor.—Rev. W. A. Gring. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lecture at 7 o'clock. Sunday school, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor.—Rev. Wm. Simonton. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 11 o'clock, p. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic).
Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 7 o'clock, a. m., second mass 10 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor.—Rev. E. O. Eldridge. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock. Sunday School 8 o'clock, a. m. Class meeting every other Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

MAILS.

Arrive.
From Baltimore, Way, 11:25 a. m.; From Baltimore through, 7:15 p. m.; From Hagerstown and West, 3:45 p. m.; From Rocky Ridge, 7:15 p. m.; From Motter, 11:25 a. m.; From Emmitsburg, 3:30 p. m.; From Frederick, 11:25 a. m.

Depart.
For Baltimore, closed, 7:05 a. m.; For Mechanicstown, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 7:05 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 7:05 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 2:35 p. m.; For Frederick, 2:35 p. m.; For Motter, 2:35 p. m.; For Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m.; Adlesberger, Asst. Sect.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer.

SOCIETIES.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Knights her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: R. E. Hockenmiller, P.; Daniel Gelwicks, S.; John G. Hess, Sen. S.; J. J. Metzner, Jun. S.; John T. Gelwicks, C. of H. Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.
"Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md."
Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each month. Officers: J. Thos. Bussard, Pres.; John F. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; R. A. Adlesberger, Asst. Sect.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer.

Junior Building Association.

Sec. Edward H. Rowe; Directors, J. T. Hays, Pres.; W. S. Guthrie, Vice Pres.; John Witherow, W. B. Hoke, Daniel Lawrence, Jas. A. Rowe, Chas. J. Rowe, Jos. Waddles.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. V. S. LEVY
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
FREDERICK, MD.
Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. jy12 ly

M. G. UNKLE. E. S. EICHELEBERGER

Uerner & Eichelberger,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care.
OFFICE—Record St., adjoining offices of Wm. J. & C. W. Ross, Esqs., Frederick city, Md. ju14-ly

Dentistry!

DR. Geo. S. Fouke, Dentist

Westminster, Md.

NEXT door to Carroll Hall, will visit

Emmitsburg professionally, on the

4th Wednesday of each month, and will

remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug16-ly

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft gleam of an autumnal day,
When summer gathers up her robes of glory
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Binding the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst.

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining,
To light the gloom of autumn's mouldering halls,
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
Where o'er the rock, her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning,
Beneath, dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crisped leaves and flowers,
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedar alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the ambered meadow,
Where yellow fern tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon these soft tinged lids the bee sits brooding
Like a fond lover loth to say farewell;
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely,
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers in the warm sunlight dreaming,
Forget to breathe their fullness of delight,
And through the traced woods soft airs are streaming
Still as the dew-fall of a summer night.

So, in my heart, a sweet unwonted feeling
In my heart, a sweet unwonted feeling
Stirs, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its secret chambers softly stealing.

Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell.
—Sarah Helen Whitman.

THE following poem written by N. P. Willis, forty years ago, on the death of General Harrison, one month after his inauguration as President of the United States, and from whose administration so much of good to the country at large, was expected, has a peculiar interest at this time:

What! soar'd the old eagle to die at the sun!
Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he had won!
Are there spirits, more than the planet of even,
Who mount to their zenith, then melt in Heaven—
No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
But rising, still rising, when passing away?

Farwell, gallant eagle! Thou'rt buried in light!
Godspeed unto Heaven, lost star of our night!
Death! death in the White House! Ah, never before
Trode his skeleton foot on the President's floor!

He is looked for in hovel, and dreaded in hall
The king in his closet keeps hatchment and pall—
The youth in his birth place, the old man at home,
Make clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb;

But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here—
In a churchyard far off stands his beckoning bier!
He is here as the wave crest heaves flashing on high—
As the arrow is stopped by its prize in the sky—
The arrow to earth, and the foam to the shore—
Death finds them when swift and sparkles o'er.

But Harrison's death fills the climax of story—
He went with his old stride—from glory to glory.
Lay his sword on his breast! There's no spot on its blade

In whose cankered breath his bright laurels will fade—
'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call—
It was stayed with sweet mercy when "glory" was all!

As calm in the council, as gallant in war,
He fought for his country, and not its "hurrah!"
In the path of the hero with pity he trod
Let him pass with his sword to the presence of God!

Follow now as ye list! The first mourner to day
Is the Nation, whose father is taken away.
Wife, children and neighbor may moan at his knell—
He was "lover and friend" to country as well!

For the stars on our banner, grown suddenly dim,
Let us weep in our darkness—but weep not for him!
Not for him who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him who has died full of honor and years!

Not for him who ascended Fame's ladder so high—
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky!
It is blessed to go when so ready to die!

Characteristic Incidents of the Michigan Fire.

Fires had been burning in Sanilac, Huron, and Tuscola counties, but no one apprehended any danger. Farmers had set fire to slashings to clear the ground for fall wheat, but this happens every fall, and the fact that not a drop of water had fallen in from seventy days was not considered by those who saw the smoke clouds and replied that there was no danger. Behind that pall of smoke was a greater enemy than an earthquake, and it had a tornado at its back and two hundred miles of forest in the front. From noon until two o'clock a strange terror held the people in its grip; then all of a sudden the heavens took fire, or so it seemed to hundreds. In some localities it came with the sound of thunder. In others it was preceded by a terrible roaring as if a tidal wave were sweeping over the country. Almost at the same minute the flames appeared in every spot over a district of country thirty miles broad by one hundred in length.

At Richmondville, ten miles above Sanilac, one hundred and fifty people had comfortable homes, stacks of hay and grain, teams, cows, pigs, sheep, and no fear of the fire which knew was burning a mile away. At two o'clock the flames rushed out of the woods, leaped the fences, ran across the bare fields, and swallowed every house but two, and roasted alive a dozen people. It is hardly forty rods to the beach of the lake, and yet many people had no time to reach the water. Others reached it with clothing on fire and faces and hands blistered. The houses did not burn singly, but one billow of flame seized all at once and reduced them to nothing in ten minutes.

I saw many and many a spot where the billows of fire jumped a clean mile out of the forest to clutch houses or barn. The Thornton family were wiped out with the exception of a boy. Thornton had hitched up his team to drive the family to a place of safety, but when he saw that they were all surrounded by the flames he unhitched the horses in despair. Before they could be unharnessed they bolted in different directions, and the old man became so confused that he ran directly toward a big slashing, which was then a perfect mass of flame, and dropped and died with his head toward it.

Meantime the mother and children had taken refuge in the root house. This was a structure mostly sunk in the ground and the roof well covered with earth. Here they were all right for a time, but when the father failed to join them one of the sons went out to see what caused the delay. He was hardly out of the place before the door through which he had passed was in flames. In this emergency he ran to a dry creek, and by lying on his face and keeping his mouth to the ground he lived through it.

I talked with a woman who lived neighbor to the Thorntons, and who escaped by fleeing to a field of plowed ground. This was only a few rods from the root house, and she said it was fully an hour before the

screams and shrieks and groans from the people inside grew quiet in death. One by one they were suffocated by heat and smoke, and their bodies presented a most horrible appearance. To one riding through the district it seems miraculous that a single soul escaped. The fire swept through the green trees the same as the dry. It ran through fields of corn at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and fields of clover were swept as bare as a floor. Dark and gloomy swamps, filled with pools of stagnant water, and the home for years of wildcats, bears, and snakes, were struck and shriveled and burned almost in a flash. Over the parched meadows the flames ran faster than a horse could gallop. Horses did gallop before it, but were overtaken and left roasting on the ground. It seemed as if every hope and avenue of escape were cut off, and yet hundreds of lives were spared. People spent ten to twenty hours in ditches and ponds, or in fields under wet blankets, having their hair singed, their limbs blistered, and their clothing burned off piece by piece.

In dozens of cases the first flames spared houses and barns, but after seeming to have passed on for miles, suddenly circled back and made a clean sweep of everything. Unless one rides over the burnt district he cannot believe the eccentricities of a forest fire. In the great swamp, between Sanilac and Sandusky, it burned everything to the roots for a mile in breadth. Then it left patches from ten feet to ten rods wide. Then again it struck in and burned lanes hardly twenty feet wide, leaving half a mile of fuel on either side. In the timber it seemed to strike the green trees harder than the dry ones. It was like a great serpent making its way across the country. It would run within three feet of a wheat stack, and then glide away to lick up a house. It would burn a stack and spare a barn ten feet off.

People felt the heat while the fire was yet miles away. It withered the leaves of trees standing two miles from the path of the fiery serpent. The very earth took fire in hundreds of places, and blazed up as if the fire were feasting on cordwood. The stoutest log buildings stood up only a few minutes. The fire seemed to catch them at every corner at once, and after a whirl and a roar nothing would be left. Seven miles off the beach, at Forester, sailors found the heat uncomfortable. Where some houses and barns were burned we could not find even a blackened stick. Every log, beam, and board was reduced to fine ash.

Seven miles back from the lake at Forester a farmer gathered up fifteen persons in his wagon and started for the beach. The fire was close behind them as they started—so close that the dresses of some of the women and children were on fire from the sparks. It was seven miles of up hill and down, with corduroy, ruts, and roots, and the horses needed no whip to urge them into a mad run. As the wagon started the tire of a hind wheel rolled off. They could not stop for it, and yet, even on a good road the wheel would have crashed down in going twenty rods without it.

It is an actual fact that the horses pushed over that seven miles of rough road at a wild run, and the wheel stood firm. A delay of five minutes at any point of the road would have given fifteen more victims to the flames which followed on behind. I saw the wagon at the lake, and I saw the tire seven miles away on the roadside.

The people who sought the beach had still to endure much of the heat and all of the smoke. Wading up to their shoulders, they were safe from the flames, but sparks and cinders fell like a snow storm and the smoke was suffocating. The birds did not caught in the woods were carried out to sea and drowned, and the waves have washed thousands of them ashore. Squirrels, rabbits, and such small animals stood no show at all, but deer and bear sought the beach and the company of human beings. In one case a man leaped from a bluff into the lake and found himself close behind a large bear. They remained in company under the bank

nearly all night, and the bear seemed as humble as a dog. In another instance two of the animals came out of the forest and stood close to a well from which a farmer was drawing water to dash over his house, and they were with him for two hours before they deemed it prudent to jog along. Deer came out and sought the companionship of cattle and horses, and paid no attention to persons rushing past them.—Detroit Free Press.

WEIGHING A HOG.
A dog fight sends the pulse of a villain up to 130, and a foot-race or a knock-down will almost restore gray hairs to their original color; but for real excitement let a man come along in front of the tavern about sundown driving a hog.

"Hey, where are you going?"
"Going to sell this hog."
"Hold on a minute! How much does he weigh?"
"Oh! about 225."
"You're off; he won't go over 200."

Every chair is vacated on the instant. Every eye is fastened on the hog rooting in the gutter, and every man flatters himself that he can guess within a pound of the porker's weight.

"That hog will pull down just exactly 195 pounds," says the blacksmith, after a long squint.
"He won't go an ounce over 185," adds the cooper.
"I've got a \$2 bill that says that hog will kick at 210," says the hardware man.

"You must be wild," growls the grocer; "I can't see over 150 pounds of meat there."
Twenty men take a walk around the porker, and squint and shake their heads and look wise, and the owner finally says:

"If he don't go over 220 I shall feel that I am no guesser."
"Over 220! If that hog weighs 200 pounds I'll treat this crowd," exclaims the owner of the "bus line."
"I dunno 'bout that," mused the Squire, who is on his way to the grocery after butter. "Some hogs weigh more and some less. What breed is this hog?"

"Berkshire."
"Well, I've seen some of 'em Berkshires that weighed like a load o' sand, and then again I've seen 'em where they was all skin and bone. Has anybody guessed that this hog will weigh 600?"
"No."
"Well, that's a little steep, but I've kinder got my idea on 250."

By this time the crowd has increased to a hundred and the excitement is intense. The Squire lays half a dollar on 250, and the owner of the hog rakes in several bets on "between 220 and 225." The porker is driven to the hay-scales, and the silence is almost painful as the weighing takes place.

"Two hundred and twenty-three," calls the weigher.
Growls and lamentations smite the evening air, and stockholders pass over the wagers to the lucky guessers, chief of whom is the owner of the hog.

"Well, I'm clear beat out," says the Squire. "I felt dead sure he would weigh over 300."
"Oh, I know you were all way off," explains the guileless owner.—"When we weighed him here at noon he tipped at exactly 223, and I knew he couldn't have picked up or lost over a pound."—Detroit Free Press.

Is It Worth a Trial.
I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, and was an old worn out man all over, and could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth the trial."—(Father.)

When the schoolmaster threatened to tan Johnny, the urchin reminded him that "a soft tan, sir, turneth away wrath."

LIFE IN THE TROPICS.

What the People Eat and How They Pass the Day in Columbia.

What first strikes the stranger in the state of Columbia, as in any tropical country, is the utter want of thrift that pervades every occupation. The ground is untilled, the fruit is almost wild, the great cities are without reservoirs, and in short, nothing is done which can be left undone. A huge array of help is required in housekeeping to do the work of two or three servants, and these establishments drift along with little system or management. Mistress and maid lounge in dreamy, indolent ease. The meza who waits upon you is a beautiful Indian girl. She gleans the braids of her long jetty hair with star jessamine flowers, but her cleanliness and honesty are questions of grave doubt. She is a picture for a painter, a hopeless problem for a housekeeper, as untractable and unteachable as a wild deer. Like most of the lower classes in South America, the Indians are natural thieves and too indolent to work for anything they can get in an easier way.

The poisonous cassava or yuca furnishes the bread of the country. Life and death are contained in the root. Thirty-six drops of the juice are enough in six minutes to kill a condemned prisoner, yet the mealy substance supplies the only flour of the country, the well known tapioca and tapioca farina of commerce. Cassava bread is prepared by the Indians directly from the yuca root, which is grated, the poisonous juice being squeezed out by the hand. The substance remaining is then washed with cold water, spread on flat stones an eighth of an inch thick and baked before the fire. Thus any remaining poison is expelled, as the poisonous element of the plant is prussic acid and easily disipated by heat. The Indians bring this bread, which is snow white and resembles somewhat the Passion bread of the Jews, in guano bags or netted bags, which are thrown over the backs of donkeys. Delicious little breakfast puddings, which are baked in the oven, are made of yuca starch mixed with cheese. The yuca plant is well named by the botanist "utilissima." It not only contains the poison with which the Indians kill their prisoners, the bread and the articles of commerce spoken of, but the laundry starch, the vegetable which takes the place of our potatoes, and fodder for the cattle. The deadly juice of the root when boiled and fermented is chicha, the favorite beer of the country.

Huge dishes of fruit are placed on the breakfast table, including oranges, bananas, guavas, mangoes, and usually caruba, the much-talked-of passion-flower fruit of South America. The latter is about a finger and a half in diameter. It is similar to the maypops of the south in flavor. The slightly acid winey juice is sometimes pressed out and beaten up with cream and sugar for dessert. Dulces are handed around with breakfast, as they are on every occasion when they possibly can be. There are many kinds of these delicious sweetmeats that are never known to our markets or housekeepers. They are the pride of the South American ladies, who certainly excel in their preparation. At the termination of breakfast coffee or chocolate is passed around with fragrant cigars, and ladies and gentlemen smoke together.

The dinner, which occurs at 5 p. m., is a meal exactly similar to breakfast. There are few desserts made, dulces taking their place. Custards are used for parties, the price of ice being so high that ice cream is not seen, except after a hailstorm, when the ice is collected, and for a while ice cream is vended extensively.

Cook stoves are rarities. They can be purchased, but the ordinary cooking is done in huge fireplaces in the primitive way. The water that is used in the cities is taken from the river, where the natives bathe, and donkeys drink and the refuse of the city is thrown. It is brought around by boys and sold at fifteen cents a barrel. It is filtered, and is the only water for cooking or drinking. The cooking utensils are usually earthen pots; iron kettles are rarely seen.

Most of the floors in the best houses are tessellated or marble. Carpets are rarely used. An oblong rug of matting is usually placed in the center of the parlor, and the chairs are arranged stiffly on either side of it. Most of the houses are without glass windows, being simply barred. The dry dust of the street pours into them and fills every nook and cranny.

The Indian servants invariably wear long trains to their dresses, which brush the dust on them and you. Whatever reformation you may effect, you can never teach these servants to wear short dresses. Their arms and shoulders are bare, but they object to showing their feet.

The last meal of the day is served in the parlor or sala. Tea is passed around by the meza, with dulces, fancy biscuit and cheese. This usually appears at about 8 or 9 o'clock, the hour at which most of the visiting is done. The hostess always lounges in a chair, her hair carefully dressed, however neglected the rest of her toilet may be, and visitors come to talk over the latest gossip of the town, a recipe for a new dulce, or the plot of the late french novel. The reading of Colombian ladies is limited to Eugene Sue and Dumas.

Such is life in Columbia. A glamour of beauty is thrown over everything. A golden mist rests over everything. A golden mist rests over the miasmahanted swamps. One gradually becomes accustomed to the slovenly, flower-garlanded servant girls and unswept floors—to the sentiment and slothfulness everywhere prevalent. The climate is so enervating that one can hardly resist taking one's ease continually in a rocking-chair, with a palmetto fan and a delicate dish of dulce.

The Complexion of Criminals.
In speaking of a prisoner who had just been sent back to the Butler street Police Station in Brooklyn, Sergeant Dyer said: "I don't like his color. In fact, it betrays him." When asked to explain, he said: "We can nearly always tell a newly discharged convict who has served a long term in prison by his color, which comes over his face because he is denied the sunlight. Many a man has been picked up by that fact, and detectives keep it constantly in mind. The face gets a pallid look, with a yellowish cast. All of the noted thieves who have served for a long time in prison get this hue. Some of them are sharp enough to try to overcome it by cosmetics, and they are as particularly about fixing up their complexion, under the circumstances, as a woman going to a ball, for they know that the detectives will spot them if they once get a glimpse of their color."

"Do not other men than criminals have the same complexion?"
"Yes, night-editors. That's where we get mixed sometimes."

The Key to Health.
Have you found the key to perfect health and strength? It is Kidney-Wort, the only remedy that overcomes at once the inaction of the kidneys and bowels. It purifies the blood by cleansing the system of foul humors and by giving strength to the liver, kidneys and bowels to perform their regular functions.—See displayed advertisement.

How Men Shop.
Men and women very much in their manner of shopping. A woman has not the slightest hesitation in entering the biggest store in the city and buying a paper of pins or a ten cent ball of darning cotton, while a man would almost as soon steal a sheep as do it, and in one case would not feel greater loss of self respect than in the other. The trouble with a man is that he likes to display his opulence and proclaim his financial importance, and for the indulgence of which vain ambition, if sent by his wife to make a small purchase for her, he is apt to return with a miscellaneous assortment of expensive and useless articles, and by the acquisition thereof thinks he has impressed the clerks with a sense of his consequence. This conviction, however, is in most cases a delusion and a scare.

Dyspeptic symptoms, such as retasting of the food, belching, heat in the stomach, heartburn, etc., promptly cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

bishop Croke, of Cashel
protests against the Lan
manifesto,

was a distinguished member of the medical profession in Philadelphia.

er of the
Philadelphia.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, characteristic of old paper. A faint horizontal line is visible near the top edge. The left side of the image shows the binding of the book, with the edges of several other pages visible.

sep 10 01

W. PRO.

On and after Sept 4th, 1881, trains on this road will run as follows:

Sad Ending of a misspent Life.
WASHINGTON, October 14.—John Nelson, for many years known here as "Judge Nelson," a man whose brilliant career was blasted by drink, died this morning, on his way to the hospital in the police ambulance from the fourth precinct station-house, where he had frequently been a lodger of late. Judge Nelson was the son of John Nelson, of Maryland, who was attorney general and acting secretary of state under President Tyler. Deceased was United States consul at St. Thomas in 1857. In his younger days he practiced law in Baltimore and held a prominent position at the bar there. Fifteen years ago he separated from his wife. The latter was a Miss Brockenborough, of this city. His son was Madison Nelson, and brother, Frederick Nelson, of Frederick county, Maryland, who were both judges in that state. He claimed to be a lineal descendant of General Thomas Nelson, of Yorktown fame, whose great grandson will preach the first sermon at the Yorktown centennial.

concussion of the brain. A bruise for inches in length was found on the frontal bone. When found the sack which had been fastened to his body in such a way as to give him the use of both hands was still attached to him, and contained a half bushel of pears. Mr. Kamm was nearly sixty-nine years of age and was a prominent and useful citizen. To add to the calamity his wife was laid about a month ago, an affliction which caused a great grief to himself and his children. The funeral took place at the Reformed Church in Sabinsville, this morning at 10:30 o'clock. The services were conducted by Rev. H. Wisler, Mechanistown. The church was completely filled with the large circle of relatives and sympathizing friends. —*Morning Herald.*

We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Buckeye Mfg. Co., Marion, Ohio, in another column. They offer rare inducements to earn an honest living. sep24-68.

Important to Travelers.
Special Inducements are offered you by the Burlington Route. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue. sep17-68.

MARRIED.

SHIELDS—PAXTON.—At the M. E. Parsonage, Gettysburg, by Rev. R. E. Colburn, Aug. 6th, 1868, John S. Shields of Emmitsburg, Md., to Miss Alice M. Paxton, of Freedom, township.

Executor's Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphan's Court for Frederick County, Letters Testamentary upon the estate of
ELLEN C. EYSTER,
deceased of Frederick County, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, before the 15th day of April, 1882, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Those indebted to the deceased are requested to make immediate payment.
GEORGE T. EYSTER,
Executor.

Mottet, Maxell & Co.,
AT THE DEPOT,
DEALERS IN
GRAIN & PRODUCE
OAL LUMBER AND FERTILIZERS
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IN ALL STYLES, AT THE
FOUNDRY SHOPS. jn4-14

AGENTS WANTED for the Life, Public Service and Assassination of **Dr. Martin Luther PRESIDENT**

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By Rev. Dr. Draper of New York. With a
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THE JOURNAL OF THE

Agricultural.

Increasing Farm Manure.
A very good plan for increasing the supply of home-made manure is practiced by the New York nurserymen, which may be adopted by farmers generally with equal success. It is merely by placing in alternate layers rich stable manure and turf or sods until the heap is some six feet high and as long as you please, and then, after a time, beginning at one end of the pile to turn the whole over. As the manure and sods rot they will absorb the rich gases generated by the manure, and which might otherwise escape, thus forming a most excellent compost for all kinds of crops.

ICE UPON THE FARM, and especially in the dairy, is more and more becoming a necessity. The saving in food, meat, etc., by the use of ice alone should lead every farmer to build an ice-house this fall, and fill it with ice the coming winter. One can be built that will supply a family with one of the greatest comforts and conveniences of the hot months, at a trifling expense. It is wise economy to build one that is substantial, and will last for a long time. It has been carefully estimated that, under ordinary circumstances of harvesting the ice, and with a house to hold from 20 to 35 tons, the ice can be furnished for 50 cents a ton. At such a low rate, surely many farmers can not afford any longer to deny themselves of ice during the hot months of summer.—Let an ice-house be built this fall in time for the ice crop.—*American Agriculturist.*

Fuchsia.
The fuchsia makes a splendid pot plant, and may be pruned to any desired shape. When the little plant attains a height of ten inches pinch out the center, and in place of one there will be three or four branches grow out. Let their branches make about the same growth, then clip the points out, keeping the side branches of equal length, or tapering like a pyramid. Or you can clip off all the lower limbs and allow the upper ones to droop over, as they are sure to do when loaded with flowers, and you are sure to form a handsome umbrella. I think speciosa is the best variety for this purpose. Get some iron filings or scales of iron from around a blacksmith's anvil the work among the soil, and it will cause your plants to grow vigorously and bring plenty of bloom.

MR. JOSEPH HARRIS, in his talk on manures, says that we can make our lands poor by growing clover and selling it; or we can make them rich by growing clover and feeding it out on the farm. Drain where needed, cultivate thoroughly so as to develop the latent plant food in the soil, and then grow clover to take up and organize this food. This is how to make land rich by growing clover. Draining and cultivating furnishes food for clover, and the clover takes it up and prepares it in best shape for other crops. The clover does not create plant food, but merely saves it.

A WRITER to the Elmira Club says:—"I had a hog that was completely covered with lice. I was told to put black machine oil on and I did so. I took a spring bottom can and with it gave the hog a good greasing. One dose thoroughly eradicated both lice and nits. That was last summer and the hog has not been troubled with lice since.—Anybody having stock troubled with lice will find a sure cure in the oil."

Educated Women.
Refined and educated women will sometimes suffer in silence for years from kidney diseases, or constipation and piles, which could easily be cured by a package of Kidney-Wort. There is hardly a woman to be found that does not at some time suffer from some of the diseases for which this great remedy is a specific. It is put up in liquid and dry forms, equally efficient.—*Springfield Union.*

BREAD OMELET.—Put about a cupful of bread crumbs into a saucepan with nearly as much cream, salt, pepper, and a very little nutmeg.—Let it stand until the bread has imbibed all the cream; if there is any left, either pour it off or add more bread. Then break six eggs into it, and beat together. Turn into a pan with a little butter and fry like omelet.

How To Get Sick.
Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

How To Get Well.
Which is answered in three words.—Take hop Bitters! See other column.

Humorous.

The cure that sick politicians prefer—sinecure.

If a smoker were to chew up his cigar and swallow it, that would be a cigarette, wouldn't it?

The man who does not advertise has it done for him finally under the head of "failures in business."

No painter has ever yet been able to catch the wild, expectant look of a man who is endeavoring to give birth to a sneeze.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was a great general. It was not until he adorned a postage stamp, that he was looked behind his back.

"I'm on a tear," as the man remarked when a bovine tossed him over a fence, and he alighted upon the spot where the horns had penetrated.

ONE of the most delightful periods of a man's life is the moment when he drops a slippery cake of soap in the bath-tub, and runs his fist up and down the zinc hunting for it.

TOMMY went fishing the other day without permission of his mother.—Next morning a neighbor's son met him, and asked: "Did you catch anything yesterday, Tommy?"—"Not till I got home," was the rather sad response.

BAGGS got up too early, one morning and began to scold the servant girl.

His little six year-old, who had been listening attentively during the conversation, broke in with:

"Father, stop scolding, you needn't think that Jane's your wife."

Any person, who has one good eye, can readily see a sharp point in the above. It takes children and fools to tell the truth, every time.—Baggs will not scold that hired gal again when little Dulcinea is up and dressed, you bet.

SOME accidents seem to have happened on purpose, so "pat" are they. For instance: A certain Dean of Ely was once at a dinner, when, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers.

"We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than seven eminent barristers in as many months."

The Dean, who was very deaf, rose just at the conclusion of these remarks, and gave the company grace:

"For this and every other mercy make us devoutly thankful."

COMMERCIAL RELATIONS.—Mose Schaumburg caught Jim Webster hiding away some articles from the ten-cent counter. At first Schaumburg was disposed to send for a policeman and have Jim locked up, but he begged off so that Mose let up on him. Jim wanted to give back the stolen article, but Mose said that Jim had to pay usual price for them. "Pay fer dem!" yelled Jim, who was himself again; "why, I nebber heard of such swindlin' as dat ar. Dat's no less den robbery. De next time I is cotched stealin' I won't be in dis store, ef I knows myself."

UNCLE MOSE rents out several shanties on Austin avenue to colored tenants, some of whom exhibit a hesitancy about paying their rent.—A few mornings since an ebony-hued boy of about nine years, the son of one of Mose's tenants, brought him four dollars. "Your fodder owes eight dollars, boy. Whaffor you only foteh me foah dollars? Whar's de udder half ob de rent?"

"Dat's de berry reason he done send me wid de money."

"Whar's de reason?"

"Bekase."

"Bekase what, you little fool niggah?"

"Bekase childruns nebber pays more den half price," sobbed the boy.

A MAN who had evidently just arrived by the train walked into an Austin boarding house yesterday, and asked: "Is Day in?" "What day, sah?" asked the porter. "What do I know about him? Do I look like a detective? It Day ain't in, tell Week to step out here." "What week do you refer to, sah?" "Oh, last week, or week before Christmas! Do you take me for an almanac? Who runs this shebang, anyhow?" "De widow Flapjack, sah." "Well, then, tell her to take down her sign out there 'Boarding by Week or Day,' and now it seems that both of 'em have lit out. That sign is put up there to deceive the traveling public," and he picked up his grip sack and swung himself on board of a streetcar.—Alex. E. Sweet in Austin Sittings.

The Care of the Hand.

Many persons, especially farmers, neglect their hands. Hard work will, of course, make the hands hard, but they need not on that account be untidy. A black line at each finger nail is not a mark of a "working man," so much as it is a negligent one. No matter what his occupation, one should no more come to the table with dirty hands, than with dirty hands, than with a dirty face. To keep the hands in good order a brush is a necessity. A "nail crush" may be bought for a very small sum, and no matter what may be one's work, he can, by the use of this, keep his hands in very good condition. Rub the brush across the soap and scrub the finger nails, not only at the end, but at the base where they join the flesh, and if there are any other parts of the hands that need it, give them a scrubbing also. The daily use of a careful paring of the nails before they get long, will enable the hardest worked farmer to keep his hands in a comfortable condition. The greatest trouble with the hands is from a splitting of the skin at the base of the nails, causing what are called "hang-nails;" this may be avoided by a little care. At each washing of the hands, and after they have been dried upon the towel, push the skin downwards away from the base of the nail, by using the end of another nail; that is, use the thumb-nail of the right hand to dress the nails of the left, and vice versa. The comfort that results from well kept hands is sufficient reason, not to mention neat appearance, for properly caring for them.

Mr. Walter F. Adams, of Westboro, Mass., writes: "For years I suffered the horrors of dyspepsia and indigestion. They seemed to weaken every organ of life, and completely shattered my nervous system.—At night when I lay down I felt I could not live until morning. Heartburn pained me most terribly. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters; it suited my case precisely, and now my stomach digests any kind of food, and my sallow complexion and other symptoms of ill health are all gone, and at night I enjoy most refreshing, dreamless slumber."

The following sensible remarks from the Woman's page of "America," are recommended to the notice of all:

In making a heading for this page we have used the good old Saxon word "woman," and ignored that flunkeyism so common now which substitutes "lady" for "woman."—It is disgusting to see the misuse of this latter word and its substitution for others whose meaning it does not express. One of the most common cases is to be found daily on hotel registers in every city of the country. There you will find "John Smith, lady and child," of Smithboro, or "Tom Jones and lady," of Jonesboro, which is intended to indicate that John Smith and his wife, or Tom Jones and his wife, have stopped at this house. Such exhibitions of bad taste, to use a very mild phrase, are very common, and most common amongst those who ought to know better. Hardly a day passes here, but what one of our daily papers announces the arrival of the "Hon. Augustus Blowhard and lady," the member from Podunk, at one of our principal hotels, and when we see it we always inquire why Blowhard's wife didn't come with him instead of his lady. We intend this page for the women of the country—not for the ladies.

A Physician's Advice of How to Gain Strength.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Mar. 30, 1881.
Nothing is more charming and attractive than a thoroughly healthy, perfectly formed woman; a bright-eyed, rosy, laughing, joyous, happy faced girl, one who finds keen pleasure in merely living. An invalid wife or mother is a constant object of sympathy in an otherwise contented household. Happy the home whose women folk enjoy perfect health. In my practice I have always recommended sickly women to use Brown's Iron Bitters. In case of irregularities, dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, nausea, sour stomach, nervousness and exhaustive debility, I find it exceeds all other remedies as a true medicinal tonic. It never fails to gently soothe, refresh and strengthen the general system, and especially those parts made weak by continued distress; and what satisfies me most is, that the cures, although in some instances gradual, are always permanent.—M. D.

A fashionable New York doctor has cured several fashionable women of spinal disease by making them wear lower heels on their boots.



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It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhoea, irregular and painful Menstruation, all ovarian troubles, including pain, weight and bloating, in many cases in a brief, and a permanent cure is effected, thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is today recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

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"M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him."
"John L. Barrett, of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other ailments was cured by the use of Kidney-Wort."
"John R. Lawrence, of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles, and after taking 'barrels' of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well."
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