

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, NOVEMBER 19, 1881.

No. 24.

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 Fearlake, 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 Duddar, Samuel M. Bussard, Thos. A. Smith of T.
Sherrif—Joseph S. B. Hartsock.
Tax-Collector—D. H. Rutzaban.
Surgeon—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners—Jas. W. Pearre, 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. Ashbaugh.
School Trustees—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, A. A. Lough.
Burgess—Isaac Hyder.
Town Commissioners—U. A. Lough, Chas. S. Zerk, Daniel Sherts, Jas. C. Annan, F. W. Lausinger, J. T. Long.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.
Pastor—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday morning and evening at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday school at 12 o'clock, p. m., infants school at 2 o'clock, 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 9 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. Wednesday evening lecture at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 12 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 evening at 7 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.

Arrives.
From Baltimore, Way, 11:25 a. m.; From Hagerstown, 7:15 p. m.; From Hagerstown and West, 3:45 p. m.; From Rocky Ridge, 7:45 p. m.; From Motter, 11:25 a. m.; From Gettysburg, 3:30 p. m.; From Frederick, 11:25 a. m.
Departs.
For Baltimore, closed, 7:05 a. m.; For Mechanicsville, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 7:05 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 7:05 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 2:25 p. m.; From Frederick, 2:25 p. m.; From Motter, 2:25 p. m.; From Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m.
All mails close 15 minutes before scheduled time. Office hours from 6 o'clock a. m. to 8:15 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massanutz Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: R. E. Hockensmith, P.; Daniel Getwicks, Sec.; John G. Hess, Sen. S.; J. J. Metzger, Jun. S.; John T. Getwicks, C. of R. Chas. S. Zerk, K. of W.
"Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md."
Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each month. Officers: J. Thos. Busby, Pres.; John F. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger, Ass't. Sec.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer.
Junior Building Association.
Sec., Edward H. Rowe; Directors, J. T. Hays, Pres.; W. S. Guthrie, Vice Pres.; John Withrow, W. H. 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. jy19-ly
M. G. DUNN, E. S. EICHELBERGER
Uner & Eichelberger,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care.
OFFICE—Hazard St., adjoining office of Wm. J. & C. W. Ross, Esqs., Frederick city, Md. ju14-ly

Dentistry!

Geo. S. Ford, Dentist
Westminster, Md.
Next door to Carroll Hall, will visit in Emmitsburg professionally, on the 4th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug19-ly

THE SUNSET'S GATE.

In they came, racing and tumbling,
With faces and voices forlorn,
With hair all tossed and disheveled,
And garments all streaming and torn.
"For, oh," said the weary children,
"We have rambled after to-night,
Along the path by the river
Where the meadow sweet flowers are white."
"And we've climbed the hill of the fairies,
Where, they say, if you only wait,
You will see, on a summer's evening,
The opening of sunset's gate."
"And the wondrous magic castles,
With turrets of jewels and gold,
And knights in their glittering armor,
Like the stories of days of old."
"When, oh, such a radiance, mother,
Came flooding all through the air!
Everything round grew golden—
Gold above, beyond, everywhere;
"And far away in the distance,
As I shaded my eyes with my hand,
Not castles we children speak of,
But the gates of the Better Land."
"But the way was hot and dusty,
And the bill was so hard to climb,
With tangle of briars and brushwood,
We took such a weary time,
"That when we had reached the summit
All was dreary and chill and gray;
No vestige of gold or crimson—
The castles had faded away."
Then a voice came from little Amy,
With a happy secret confessed:
"I am not strong, like the others,
So I could not climb with the rest."
"I sat down beside the river
To wait, on a mossy stone,
I could not help grieving a little
As I found myself all alone."
"For I saw bright bands of angels,
With their wings all radiant white,
And I think I heard them singing:
'They will come in my dreams to-night.'"
The mother smiled as she listened,
While she comforted and caressed,
And saw each tired wanderer
Gathered safe in their household nest.
She sat in the fading twilight,
And the murmur of day grew still,
And thought how life finds an emblem
In the children's climbing the hill.

All, the dreary way we traverse
Through the storm and tempest and heat!
Ah, the briars which clog our footsteps,
And the stones which bruise our feet!
As we pant and toil and struggle
For the long-cherished hopes of years—
As vain, alas! as the castles
The children bemoaned in their tears—
We find but the chill of failure,
Disappointment, and sorrow's blight,
While the evening's creeping shadows
Tell of death's approaching night.
But, thank God, there comes so often,
To the patient hearts who wait,
The gleam of God's blessed angels
Through the opening of Heaven's Gate.
—Good Words.

MORE THAN CONQUER.
The mighty warrior, strong and wise,
Who takes a city by surprise,
We call a conqueror.
But e'en some little Christian child,
Who meets abuse with answer mild,
Is more than conqueror.
The orator, whose subtle power
Has charmed his hearers hour by hour,
May be a conqueror.
But he who seeks a better part,
And wins to Christ some other heart,
Is more than conqueror.
One who shall strive for wealth or fame,
May meet success, may win a name—
May be a conqueror.
But he who counteth all but loss
For Christ, who died upon the cross,
Is more than conqueror?
And seeketh thou great things in life?
Oh, seek them not! In search of strife
Be not a conqueror.
Act well thy part, though weak and small,
And through the Lord, who loves us all,
Be more than conqueror.
—The Gospel News.

THE BANK NOTE.
"Are you returning immediately to Worcester?" said Lady Leslie, a widow residing near that city, to a young officer, who was paying her a morning visit.
"I am; can I do anything for you there?"
"Yes; you can do me a great kindness. My confidential servant, Baynes, is gone out for the day and night; and I do not like to trust my new footman, of whom I know nothing, to put this letter in the postoffice, as it contains a fifty-pound note, and it is very necessary that it should reach its destination by to-morrow, as it is meant for a Christmas gift."

"Indeed! that is a large sum to trust to the post."
"Yes; but I am told that it is the safest conveyance. It is, however, quite necessary that a person whom I can trust should put the letter in the box."
"Certainly," replied Captain Freeland. Then, with an air that showed he considered himself a person to be trusted, he deposited the letter in safety in his pocket-book, and took leave, promising he would return to dinner the next day, which was Saturday.
On his road Freeland met some of his brother officers, who were going to pass the day and night at Great Malvern; and, as they earnestly pressed him to accompany them, he wholly forgot the letter intrusted to his care; and, having dispatched his servant to Worcester, for his *sac de nuit* and other things, he turned back with his companions, and passed the rest of the day in that sauntering, but amusing idleness, that *dolce far niente*, which may be reckoned comparatively virtuous, if it leads to the forgetfulness of little duties only, and is not attended by the positive infringement of greater ones. But in not putting this important letter into the post, as he had engaged to do, Freeland violated a real duty; and he might have put it in at Malvern, had not the reencounter with his brother officers banished the commission given him entirely from his thoughts. Nor did he remember it till, as they rode through the village the next morning, on the way to Worcester, they met Lady Leslie walking on the road.
At sight of her, Freeland recollected with shame and confusion, that he had not fulfilled the charge committed to him; and vain would he have passed her unobserved; for she was a woman of high fashion, great talents, and some severity, he was afraid that his negligence, if avowed, would not only cause him to forfeit her favor, but expose him to her powerful sarcasms.
To avoid being recognized, was, however, impossible; and as soon as Lady Leslie saw him, she exclaimed:
"Oh! Captain Freeland, I am so glad to see you! I have been quite uneasy concerning my letter since I gave it to your care; for it was of such consequence! Did you put it into the post yesterday?"
"Certainly," replied Freeland, hastily, and in the hurry of the moment, "certainly. How could you, dear madam, doubt my obedience to your commands?"
"Thank you! thank you!" cried she. "How you have relieved my mind!"
He had so; but he had painfully burdened his own. To be sure, it was only a white lie—the lie of fear. Still he was not used to utter falsehood; and he felt the meanness and degradation of this. He had yet to learn that it was mischievous also; and none can presume to say where the consequences of the most apparently trivial lie will end. As soon as Freeland parted with Lady Leslie, he bade his friends farewell, and putting spur to his horse, scarcely slackened his pace till he had reached a general post office, and deposited the letter in safety. "Now then," thought he, "I hope I shall be able to return and dine with Lady Leslie, without shrinking from her penetrating eye."

He found her, when he arrived, very pensive and absent; so much so, that she felt it necessary to apologize to her guests, informing them that Mary Benson, an old servant of hers, who was very dear to her, was seriously ill, and painfully circumstanced; and that she feared she had not done her duty by her.
"To tell the truth, Captain Freeland," said she, speaking to him in a low voice, "I blame myself for not having sent for my confidential servant, who was not very far off, and dispatched him with the money, instead of trusting it to the post."
"It would have been better to have done so, certainly!" replied Freeland, blushing deeply.
"Yes; for the poor woman, whom I sent it, is not only herself in a delicate state of health, but she has a sick husband, unable to be moved;

and as, but owing to no fault of his, he is on the point of bankruptcy, his cruel landlord has declared that, if they do not pay the rent by to-morrow, he will turn them out into the street, and seize the very bed they lie on! However, as you put the letter into the post yesterday, they must get the fifty-pound note to-day, else they could not; for there is no delivery of letters in London on Sunday, you know."
"True, very true," replied Freeland, in a tone which he vainly tried to render steady.
"Therefore," continued Lady Leslie. "If you had told me, when we met, that the letter was not gone, I should have recalled Baynes and sent him off by the mail to London; and then he could have reached Somerset, where the Bensons live, in good time; but now, though I own it would be a comfort to me to send him, for fear of accident, I could not get him back again soon enough; therefore, I must let things take their chance, and, as letters seldom miscarry, the only danger is that the note may be taken out."
She might have talked an hour without answer or interruption; for Freeland was too much shocked, too much conscience-stricken to reply; as he found that he had not only told a falsehood, but that if he had moral courage enough to tell the truth, the mischievous negligence of which he had been guilty could have been repaired; but now, as Lady Leslie said, it was too late!
But while Lady Leslie became talkative and able to perform her duties to her friends, after she had thus unburdened her mind to Freeland, he grew every minute more absent, and more taciturn; and, though he could not eat with appetite, he threw down, rather than drank, repeated glasses of hock and champagne, to enable him to rally his spirits; but in vain. A naturally ingenious nature cannot shake off the first compunctions visiting of conscience for having committed an unworthy action, and having also been the means of injury, to another. All on a sudden, however, his countenance brightened; and as soon as the ladies left the table, he started up, left his compliments and excuses with Lady Leslie's nephew, who presided at the dinner, said he had a pressing call to Worcester, and, when there, as the London mail had gone, he threw himself into a post-chaise and set off for Somerset, which Lady Leslie had named as the residence of Mary Benson.
"At last," said Freeland to himself, with a lightened heart, "I shall now have the satisfaction of doing all I can to repair my fault." But owing to the delay occasioned by the want of horses and of finding the hostlers at the inn in bed, he did not reach London and the place of his destination till the wretched family had been dislodged; while the unhappy wife was weeping, not only over the disgrace of being so removed, and for her own and her husband's increased illness in consequence of it, but from the agonizing suspicion that the mistress and friend, whom she had so long loved and relied upon, had disregarded the tale of her sorrows and had refused to relieve her necessities.—Freeland soon found a conductor to the mean lodging in which the Bensons had obtained shelter, for they were well known; and their hard fate was generally pitied; but it was some time before he could speak, as he stood by their bedside—he was choked with painful emotion at first, with pleasing emotion afterward; for his conscience smote him for the pain he had occasioned, and applauded him for the pleasure which he came to bestow.
"I come," said he, at length, while the sufferers waited in almost angry wonder, to hear his reason for thus intruding on them. "I come to tell you, from your kind friend, Lady Leslie—"
"Then she has not forgotten me!" screamed out the poor woman, almost gasping for breath.
"No, to be sure not; she could not forget you; she was incapable—" here his voice wholly failed him.
"Thank heaven!" cried she, tears trickling down her pale cheek. "I

can bear anything now: for that was the bitterest part of all."
"My good woman," said Freeland, "it was owing to a mistake—pshaw; no, it was owing to my fault, that you did not receive a fifty-pound note by the post yesterday."
"Fifty pounds!" cried the poor man; whining his hands, "why that would have more than paid all we owed; and I could have gone on with my business, and our lives would not have been risked nor disgraced!"
Freeland took a walk after this scene, and with hasty, rapid strides; the painful choking being his companion very often during the course of it; for he was haunted by the image of those whom he had disgraced; and he could not help remembering that, however blamable his negligence might be, it was nothing, either in sinfulness or mischief, to the lie told to conceal it; and that but for that lie of fear, the effects of his negligence might have been repaired in time.

But he was resolved that he would not leave Somerset till he had seen these poor people settled in a good lodging. He therefore hired a conveyance for them, and superintended their removal that evening to apartments full of necessary comfort.
"My good friends," said he, "I cannot recall the mortification and disgrace which you have endured through my fault; but I trust that you will have gained in the end, by leaving a cruel landlord, who had no pity for your unmerited poverty.—Lady Leslie's note will, I trust, reach you to-morrow; but if not, I will make up the loss; therefore be easy, and when I go away, may I have the comfort of knowing that your removal has done you no harm."
He then, but not till then, had courage to write to Lady Leslie, and tell her the whole truth; concluding thus:
"If your interesting proteges have not suffered in their health, I shall not regret what has happened; because I trust that it will be a lesson to me through life, and teach me never to tell even the most apparently white lie again. How important this violation of truth appeared to me at the moment, and how sufficiently motivated, as it was, to avoid falling in your estimation; but it was, you see, overruled for evil; and agony of mind, disgrace, and perhaps risk of life, were the consequences of it to innocent individuals; not to mention my own pangs—the pangs of an upbraiding conscience. But forgive me, my dear Lady Leslie. Now, however, I trust that evil, so deeply repented of, will be blessed to us all; but it will be long before I forgive myself."
Lady Leslie was delighted with this candid letter, though grieved by its painful details, while she viewed with approbation the amends which her young friend had made, and his honest disregard of his own exertions.

The note arrived in safety; and Freeland left the afflicted couple better in health, and quite happy in mind; as his bounty and Lady Leslie's had left them nothing to desire in a pecuniary point of view.
When Lady Leslie and he met, she praised his virtue, while she blamed his fault; and they fortified each other in the wise and moral resolution never to violate truth again, even on the slightest occasion; as a lie, when told, however important it may at the time appear, is like an arrow shot over a house, whose course is unseen, and may be unintentionally the cause, to some one, of agony or death.

THOUSANDS of ladies to-day cherish grateful remembrances of the help derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It positively cures all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

The Baby's Bed.
The baby should never be allowed to sleep in the bed between its parents. Several good objections must occur to everyone; I need not name but one. It must, when thus placed, constantly inhale the poisonous emanations from the bodies of the two adults. It should sleep in a crib by the side of its mother's bed. The best bed, at all seasons of the year, is one of oat-straw. The straw should be changed and the tick washed as often as once in two weeks. This gives little trouble, and involves little or no expense, while the perfect cleanliness and sweetness contribute not a little to the baby's health. During the cold season a woolen blanket should be spread over the straw bed to increase the warmth. For covering of the little sleeper, woolen blankets must be used, and all these blankets should be frequently washed.
Does he kick off the bed clothes? Then fasten them on the sides of the crib with little tapes or little knobs. The little chap may then kick ever so obstinately, he can't uncover himself.
The pillows should be straw! I forgot to speak of this in connection with the bed. The proximate, if not the original, cause of a large proportion of deaths among American babies, is some malady of the brain. When we suppose the death to result from dysentery or cholera infantum, the immediate cause of death is an affection of the brain supervening upon the bowel disease. The heads of American babies are, for the most part, little furnaces! What mischief must come from keeping them buried twenty hours out of every twenty-four in feather pillows! The hair pillow is inferior to straw, because it cannot, like straw, be made perfectly clean and fresh by a frequent change. Do not fail to keep their little heads cool.—*Dio Lewis.*

Seekers After Health.
Unfortunates who are seeking to renew their health, are many. So often have they been deceived by the advertisements of worthless compounds, that many are discouraged, and refuse to believe anything they read in the papers. Therefore, the best advertisement of a really good medicine is the reputation it has gained in places where it is being sold. No other remedy ever discovered has grown so rapidly in public favor as that true medicinal tonic called Brown's Iron Bitters. In localities where its extraordinary merits have become fully known and realized by those who have been in ill-health, the sale is unprecedented. One druggist in our city reports the sale of 238 bottles in one week.—It is, indeed, a wonderful, health-giving, life-saving preparation. It is soothing and refreshing in its effect, and strengthens every part of the body, and creates healthy appetite and digestion, even when the system is almost destroyed by the many hurtful cathartics so commonly used. Reader, beware! duty demands that you try Brown's Iron Bitters, if your health is poor from any cause.—*ENQUIRER.*

What Swearing Won't Do.
It won't pick you up when you fall.
It won't light your cigar when your last match goes out.
It won't mend a lamp chimney when you let it fall.
It won't change 1880 at the top of your letter into 1881.
It won't make your corn stop aching when some one steps on it.
It won't keep the nails in your new boots from running into your feet.
It won't shake off the shovelful of snow that has landed on you from some roof.
It won't make a train come back for you when you are one minute and thirty seconds late.
It won't ease your shins any or make your wife stop laughing when you fall down with a bucket of coal.
A LADY, whose family was very much in the habit of proposing conundrums, was one evening asked by her husband, in an excited tone, "why are all these doors left open?"
"I give it up," instantly answered the lady.

A War Incident.
The cry of "On to Richmond!" awakened no enthusiasm in the hearts of the "Third Ohio" one day when they found themselves en route as prisoners of war, for that famous capitol. Nor were they enthusiastic when they halted for the night and prepared to sink supperless into dreamland.
The Fifty-fourth Virginia regiment was encamped near by, and some of the men came down to have a look at the "Yanks."
"Had your coffee?" asked one, of a blue coat, stretched disconsolately on the bank.
"Not a sup," answered the other.
"Aint you had any rations to-night?"
"Only a crumb or two from the bottoms of our haversacks."
This was told to the boys of the Fifty-fourth, and old Virginia hospitality showed itself at once. The men soon made their appearance with coffee-kettles, corn-bread and bacon, the best they had. In a few minutes the coffee was steaming, the bacon cooked, and prisoners and captors sat down together around the camp fire, "like kinsmen true and brothers tried." The hungry, grateful Yankees ate with a relish such as no one can appreciate unless he has been in a like situation.
No wonder there was a warm spot in every heart of the Third Ohio ever after for the generous Fifty-fourth.
A fresh slide in the magic lantern gives another of these shifting war pictures. In the distance is Mission Ridge, which has just been stormed. That long line of prisoners passing over the pontoon bridge and up the stony mountain-road is the Fifty-fourth Virginia. A soldier on duty at Kelly's Ferry asked indifferently of one of the prisoners, as the regiment passed,—
"What regiment is this?"
"The Fifty-fourth Virginia," was the reply.
In an instant the loungers sprang to their feet and rushed to camp.—
"The Fifty-fourth Virginia is at the ferry," they shouted, as they ran in and out among the tents of the Third Ohio.
The Ohio boys were quickly in motion. Boxes from home and all reserve stores were speedily ransacked. Coffee and sugar, beef and canned peaches and the best they had of everything were freely brought forth. They remembered gratefully their debt of honor, and paid it nobly. It was the same old scene over, with the shading reversed. For one night at least both Confederates and Yanks enjoyed again the sweet grace of hospitality that could bring a smile even to the grim visage of war.—*Youth's Companion.*

MR. WILLIAM R. SEYMOUR, of Columbus O., writes: "I attended a course of lectures several winters ago at the Ohio Medical College of Cincinnati, O. There I was taught that Iron is a prominent element in the physical organism of mankind; without it life is an impossibility. A vast percentage of the diseases and premature deaths to which the race is subject, is caused, or at least made possible by a weakening of the body in consequence of a lack of Iron in the blood." Having suffered from ill-health, poor digestion and urinary troubles ever since I recovered from typhoid fever, complicated with malarial fever, I determined to give Iron a trial.—From investigation I learned that Brown's Iron Bitters were the best, and that they did not blacken the teeth, so I concluded to make use of them. They have acted like a charm. I never before felt so robust, hearty, and strong."

PAIN and weakness of lungs, liver, kidneys, and urinary organs relieved by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

