

# 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. IV.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1882.

No. 18.

## DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

**Circuit Court.**  
Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie.  
Associate Judges.—Hon. William Viers  
Bous and Hon. John A. Lynch.  
State's Attorneys.—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, Nicholas C. Stansbury, Henry A. Hines, Josiah Valentine, Harry Keller.  
Sheriff.—Robert Barriack.  
Tax-Collector.—D. H. Rontzhan.  
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager.  
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearce, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillery, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.  
Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**C. W. SCHWARTZ, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
EMMITSBURG, MD.  
Having located in Emmitsburg, offers his professional services as a Homoeopathic physician and practical Surgeon, hoping by careful attention to the duties of his profession, to deserve the confidence of the community. Office in the building lately occupied by J. H. T. Webb. a22

**C. V. S. LEVY**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
FREDERICK, MD.  
Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. jv12 1y

**Urnor & 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.

**DR. J. T. BUSSY,**  
DENTIST,  
EMMITSBURG, MD.  
Office N. W. Corner Square. Performs all operations pertaining to his profession. Satisfaction guaranteed. ap29

**DENTISTRY!**  
Dr. Geo. S. Fouke, Dentist  
Westminster, Md.  
Next door to Carroll Hall, will visit his city, Saturdays and 7 o'clock, p. m., and every other Sunday evening lectures 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock, p. m., Infants S. School 11 p. m.

## 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 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock, p. m., Infants S. School 11 p. m.  
**Church of the Incarnation, (Ref.)**  
Pastor.—Every 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, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 11 o'clock, p. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock.  
**St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).**  
Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 6 o'clock, a. m., second mass 9 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School, at 2 o'clock, p. m.  
**Methodist Episcopal Church.**  
Pastor.—Rev. Daniel Haskell. 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.

**Arrive.**  
From Baltimore, Way, 10.40 a. m.; From Baltimore through, 7.00 p. m.; From Hagerstown and West, 7.00 p. m.; From Rocky Ridge, 7.00 p. m.; From Motter, 10.40 a. m.; From Gettysburg, 4.30 p. m.; Frederick, 10.40 a. m.  
**Depart.**  
For Baltimore, closed, 8.40 a. m.; For Mechanistown, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8.40 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 8.40 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 8.30 p. m.; Frederick, 2.20 p. m.; For Motter, 3.20 p. m.; For Gettysburg, 8.30 a. m.  
All mails close 15 minutes before schedule time. Office hours from 6 o'clock a. m., to 8.15 p. m.

## SOCIETIES.

**Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.**  
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Corner. Officers: R. E. Hockenmiller, P.; Daniel Gelwicks, S.; John G. Hess, Sen. S.; J. J. Mentzer, Jun. S.; John T. Gelwicks, C. of K. Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.  
**"Eradicall Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md."**  
Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each month. Officers: J. Thos. Bussy, 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. Thos. Bussy, W. S. Guthrie, Vice Pres.; John Withrow, W. H. Hoke, Daniel Lawrence, Jas. A. Rowe, Chas. J. Rowe, Jos. Waddles.  
**Union Building Association.**  
President, J. Taylor Motter; Vice President, W. S. Guthrie; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, W. H. Hoke; Solicitor, Henry Stokes; Directors, Jas. A. Rowe, F. A. Maxwell, John G. Hess, D. Lawrence, R. H. Gelwicks, Chas. J. Rowe.

## GROFF HOUSE.

THE OLD RELIABLE FARMERS HOME.  
Comfortable Rooms and WELL SUPPLIED TABLE.  
CAPT. JOSEPH GROFF has again taken charge of his well-known Hotel, on North Market Street, Frederick, where his friends and the public generally, will always be welcomed and well served. Terms very moderate, and everything to suit the times.  
JOSEPH GROFF Proprietor  
ap8 1t

## PATENTS.

\$66 a week in your own town. \$5 outfit free. No risk. Every thing new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Any making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls too. Great pay. Reader, if you want a business that will make you great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HARRIS & Co., Portland, Me., Dec 17-1y.

## "AFTER RAIN."

BY W. L. M. JAY.  
The storm is o'er; the rindrops cease;  
The east wind sighs itself away;  
The tender blue of skies at peace  
Shows through soft drifts of silver gray;  
Bright glints of sudden sunshine gild  
Each dripping roof and polished pane;  
How sweet and calm from storm distilled!  
How clear the shining after rain!  
Are fresh and cool, on either side,  
Sweet clear of blinding dust and heat,  
The pure, fair vistas open wide.  
The old newborn charm displays,  
The new could wear no fairer guise;  
We half believe such shining ways  
Can have no goal but Paradise!  
Nor need we shrink when through the heat  
And haze of these life-ways of ours,  
Thick storm-clouds gather, wild winds beat,  
And rindrops fall in pelting showers.  
No covenant bow doth softly shine  
In skies of peaceful blue and gold;  
For tear-washed eyes fresh truths divine,  
Like lilies after rain unfold.  
But we will trust our darkest day  
May know some gleam of heavenly light;  
That every cloud's o'erhanging gray  
May part to show some "lining" bright;  
That hope may lead us bravely on,  
And love keep watch, and faith sustain  
Till in our Father's house is won  
The endless shining after rain!  
—Churchman.

## STAIRS.

And so the stars are peopled worlds?  
Well, well; perhaps they are:  
But when I was a child I thought  
A star was but a star.  
They have not any larger grown,  
No brighter now they are,  
Than in that early season, when  
A star was but a star.

## THE LONG STRIKE.

All along the banks of the Connecticut river are little towns consisting almost wholly of great cotton factories run by water power or steam, and the cottages of those that labor in them. Windham is one of these towns, and though perhaps you might not find it on the map, for it is a very small place, it turns out thousands of yards of muslin and cotton every year. All around the tall factory buildings are grouped the little red and white dwellings of the weavers, like chickens around their mother hen.

Usually these small houses are empty during working hours. All day long the hum and clatter of machinery shake the walls, and dense volumes of smoke pour from the tall chimneys.  
But one morning everything was changed. The doors of the factories were closed; no smoke came from the chimneys, and no sound of machinery from the buildings. Around the cottages men stood in groups, with angry faces, scowling and talking in low tones. Presently the sound of a drum was heard. At this the men separated, and forming themselves into line, marched off.

About a quarter of a mile from the village was an open field, where a tent had been erected for the accommodation of traveling lecturers, who were in the habit of stopping at Windham in the summer time.  
To this tent the men were going when Nelly Austin first saw them. Nelly lived all alone with her mother in a small house near the textile factory life, for she seldom went to the village, and had no companions living there. So when this crowd of men, with a boy beating a drum before them, came marching along the road, Nelly was astonished, and ran in the house to tell her mother.

Mrs. Austin was sitting by the window sewing, and grew very white when Nelly spoke.

"Mamma," cried Nelly, "look out of the window at that big army of men! They are going into the tent." As Nelly approached her mother she saw that there were tears in her eyes. "Are you frightened, mamma?" she inquired. "Do you think they will hurt us?"

"No, Nelly," answered Mrs. Austin; "they are dissatisfied with something the owners of the factories have done, and so have come to the tent to talk it over. They do not want to work until they have

their own way. That is what is called 'striking.'"

"Well, then, mamma," inquired Nelly, "if they only mean to talk, why do you feel so badly and cry?"  
"Because, dear, years ago, when you were a baby, there was a strike at Windham that ended in a terrible fight, and your papa, who owned one of the factories, was killed and our house burned."

"How dreadful!" said Nelly. "I am so sorry!" Then she kissed her mother softly, and with a very sober face went to the door and peeped out.  
The orchard wall ran across one side of the enclosure where the tent was placed. She ran to the wall, and climbing up on top, peeped down upon the assembled workmen. They did not look at all blood-thirsty. Some were even laughing; most of them had their pipes in their mouths, smoking. At a desk on one side of the room stood a man who was talking loudly to those around him. Every now and then Nelly heard the words "injustice," "never give up," "masters and men," but she could make nothing of them.

Week after week the workmen came to the tent, until Nelly grew so accustomed to their meetings that she scarcely noticed them. But one day, about ten weeks after their first meeting, when the strikers were assembled under the tent, they talked so loudly and made so much noise that Nelly clambered upon the orchard wall again, wondering what was going to happen. She noticed that there was no pleasant laughing and talking, as there had been at first; instead of which, the men seemed to Nelly to be scolding and shaking their fists at one another. She tried very hard to make out what they were saying, but as they all spoke at once she soon found that impossible. But still she sat perched under the apple tree, until at last all but two of their number got up and went away. These two kept their seats until the "rest had disappeared down the road. Then they came just outside of the tent and stood close to Nelly without observing her.

"I will not bear it another day," said one, looking very miserable and angry. "My wife and young ones are starving. Can I stand by and see that? And yet you tell me to have patience!"  
"It's all Mr. Willard's fault, Bill," said the other, more quietly. "If he would give in, all the other owners would follow his example. They always do."

"Well, then," answered Bill, shaking his fist, "he shall, if I have to kill him myself!"  
"Go home, Bill," said the other, in a warning voice, "and don't talk nonsense. It will come all right in time."

Then he turned away, and left Bill alone, scowling and muttering while Nelly sat on the wall trembling with fear lest she might be discovered.

When Bill thought himself alone, he drew out a heavy pistol from his pocket, and Nelly saw him load it and thrust it into the breast of his red shirt. He then went back to the tent, and throwing himself upon one of the benches, appeared to fall asleep.

Nelly's fright increased. "I wonder," she said to herself, "if he really means to kill old Mr. Willard?" Then she determined to be very brave. What was best to do she could not tell. Finally she said to herself, "I'll just stay where I am and watch."

Nelly sat with her eyes fixed on Bill for a long time, but he did not stir until the clock in the Windham church struck six; then he stood up, and after looking all around, crossed the road and climbed the wall that inclosed Mr. Willard's woods.  
"There!" said Nelly; "now I know he means to shoot Mr. Willard!"  
Nelly and every one living near knew that Mr. Willard, the richest factory owner in Windham, walked through these woods alone every evening, about half past six to the postoffice. Mr. Willard chose this way to the village, because it was the shortest and pleasantest.

When Nelly saw Bill climb the wall, she knew it must be for the purpose of meeting Mr. Willard, as the man's home was quite in an opposite direction; so she jumped down and followed him quickly. As she reached the upper stone of the wall inclosing the wood, she caught a glimpse of him hurrying toward the road that led to the postoffice. But by the time she had reached the ground he was gone. So Nelly flew along without even glancing at the pretty golden rod and squawberries that gleamed yellow and red between the trees.

At last Nelly gained the wide road and looked around. Something red lying upon the ground attracted her attention. After a moment she perceived that it was Bill's red shirt, and that Bill himself was stretched upon the ground behind a large sycamore tree, and he was almost hidden in the long grass and weeds.

Nelly stood in the path some time, fearing to pass him, he looked so angry and wicked. But she had determined to try and see Mr. Willard before Bill, and so perhaps save his life. At last she heard something like a footstep. This made her forget her dread of Bill, and she sprang past her hiding place like a frightened hare, and never stopped until she reached a small rustic gate that separated the woods from the smooth green lawn surrounding Mr. Willard's home.

From where she stood Nelly could see the wide porch of the brown-stone house, and presently Mr. Willard himself appeared hurrying across the grass. When his hand was on the gate, Nelly drew back, for she felt very timid at what she was about to do.

When Mr. Willard saw Nelly, he put on his gold-rimmed eyeglass and examined her closely, as though astonished at seeing such a small girl all alone in the woods, with a very worried expression in her eyes.

"Well," said he, "who are you, little girl?"  
"Nelly Austin," she answered, without moving.

"Austin! Austin!" repeated Mr. Willard. "Are you the daughter of Mr. James Austin that was killed by the mob at Windham some years ago?"

"Yes, sir," answered Nelly, "and I want to tell you something."

"Very well," said Mr. Willard, patting her on the head. "I am listening. But speak quickly, for it is late, and I must post my letters before the mail goes out."

"Oh, Mr. Willard," cried Nelly, excitedly seizing his hand and pulling him toward the gate, "don't go through the woods to the postoffice to-night!"

"Why not?" questioned the old gentleman in surprise.

"Because there's a dreadful man waiting behind the sycamore tree to kill you with a big pistol, just as they did my poor father."  
"How did you learn this, Nelly?" asked Mr. Willard, wondering, and looking closely at her.  
Then Nelly related all she had seen and heard from her hiding place upon the orchard wall.

"To please give in to the poor people at Windham."

"What a strange child!" said Mr. Willard, slowly. "And is that all, Nelly?"

"Not quite," answered Nelly. "There's something more that I feel bad about."

"Speak, dear, what is it?"  
"You know the wicked man in the woods waiting to kill you? Well, he said his wife and babies were starving. Please don't put him in prison."

"But, Nelly," said Mr. Willard, very kindly, "you know this man has done very wrong. It is he and others like him who stir up discontent among the factory people and cause these terrible 'strikes,' which only end in keeping them idle for weeks, until they grow so miserable that dreadful crimes are committed."

"Yes, but I want you to forgive them. Some people say they are very reasonable in what they want this time, and you can do it just this once. They are so poor and wretched and hungry. Please, please do!"

Mr. Willard kissed her. "Well, Nelly," he said, "I promise. The work people shall have their own way, and Bill shall go unpunished. Now what shall I give you?"

"Nothing, thank you," answered Nelly, slipping from his arms. "I must go home, for mamma doesn't know where I am. Good by, Mr. Willard; I thank you ever so much for your promise."

"Good-by, Nelly. Now kiss me, and take care of yourself until I see you again."  
Next morning when the factory bells rang out, it was known all over Windham that the working people were to go to work on their own terms. Mr. Willard had given in. Once more the doors were flung open, black smoke rushed from the chimneys, the machinery hummed and buzzed, and busy, cheerful forms could be seen hurrying to and fro.

But a day or two later a meeting of the factory people was called, and then the story was told that Mr. Willard had yielded, not to the demands of Bill and his fellows, but to the prayer of a little girl who had forgiven the men who murdered her father, and who could not be content to see them suffer.

Not long after, Mr. Willard called on Nelly's mother, and sat talking with her for a long while. As he took his leave he put a folded paper in Mrs. Austin's hand, telling her there was something for Nelly. After he was gone Mrs. Austin opened the paper and called Nelly to her.

"This," said she, "is what is called a deed, and Mr. Willard has given you the house we live in and the woods you love so much."  
"For my own?" cried Nelly, opening her eyes very wide.

"Yes, dear," answered her mother. "And the rabbits and squirrels and birds and everything in it?"  
"Yes, dear, all of them."

I cannot tell you all that Nelly said, or how much happiness there was in the little cottage. After this Nelly and Mr. Willard became close friends. He called her his "Wood Fairy," and they could be seen almost every day wandering hand in hand through Nelly's wood.

Treatment of Diphtheria.  
The Medical Press says that Dr. Deuker, who, during twenty-four years of very extensive practice in the Children's Hospital, St. Petersburg, has treated upward of two thousand cases of diphtheria, and tried all the remedies, both internal and external, employed in this affection, has obtained the best results from the following method, which he has employed for the last ten years. As soon as the white spots appear on the tonsils he gives a laxative mainly composed of senna, which produces an abundant evacuation. When the purgative effect has ceased he gives cold drinks, acidulated with hydrochloric acid, and every two hours a gargle composed of lime water and hot milk in equal parts. Dr. Deuker affirms that when this treatment is commenced early it is generally and rapidly successful.—Scientific American.

WATER mixed with ice gives the best temper to steel. One may insert some small tools to advantage in a lump of ice, as jewellers and watchmakers do when they temper them in sealing wax. Often oil is used, and is preferable to water, because it is not so easily evaporated. Damascene blades are tempered in a strong current of cold air, passing through a narrow chink, a temper more uniform than with water being thus obtained. But of all the means for this purpose, it is believed most efficacious is a metallic liquid, and, mercury being the only one known, and always a good conductor of heat, as well as the best of liquid conductors, it has come to be regarded as an unequalled bath for the temper of very sharp tools.—N. Y. Sun.

THE only way to deal with a liar is to beat him at his own game. An American who had been to Europe was telling a friend, who knew he was a liar, about his trip across the Atlantic, and how, on the 25th of the month, "they entered a swarm of locusts that carried every stitch of canvas off the ship." The listener looked thoughtful a moment, and then said, hesitatingly: "Yes, I guess we met the same swarm of locusts the next day, the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvas pants." The first liar went around the corner and kicked himself.

EVERY housekeeper should have a high seat like an office chair, on a pivot to turn easily, and with a small kerosene heater for the iron, which stands on the end of the table and costs only a dollar, can do a large ironing without rising, and without the fearful ache of tired feet and back. Whether work is done sitting or standing, she should vary her position for a few minutes at the end of each hour, sitting if she has been working about the house, or getting into the fresh air if she has been sewing steadily. A little rest taken so helps wonderfully through the day.

MANY people have lost their interest in politics and in amusements because they are so out of sorts and run down that they cannot enjoy anything. If such persons would only be wise enough to try that Celebrated Remedy Kidney-Wort and experience its tonic and renovating effects they would soon be hurrahing with the loudest. In either dry or liquid form it is a perfect remedy for torpid liver, kidneys or bowels.—Exchange.

EVERY one cannot be beautiful, but every one can be sweet-tempered; and a sweet temper gives a loveliness to the face more attractive in the long run than even beauty. Have a smile and a kind word for all, and you will be more admired—may, loved—than any mere beauty. A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to the trees and flowers.

HAYESVILLE, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1880.  
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never tried anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles and I would not take \$100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best results from their use. C. B. MERCER, M. D.

No marriage is legal in France except with the consent of the parents of both parties, but a man or woman over twenty-five may "respectfully cite" his or her parents to show cause why they refuse consent. If they fail to show good cause, the marriage may proceed in spite of them. Such proceedings are rarely resorted to.

"Bachopaha."  
New, quick, complete cure 4 days, urinary affections, smarting, frequent or difficult urination, kidney diseases. \$1. at druggists. Prepaid by express, \$1.25. 6 for \$5. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

In Spain an old custom among the rural people is never to eat fruit out of doors without planting the seed. The roads are lined with trees, whose fruit is free to all. An old proverb says: "The man has not lived in vain who plants a good tree in the right place."





