## Immitshura

## SAMUEL NOTTER, Editor an

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Thurnhard Castle is in Kent, Eng.
land. It stands amid its ancestral
oakg, with its old chimneys and ita
loty thwers, a noble type of the de-
partedd age of fendal greatness, when
mailed knighos feasted in the great
eo dressed
ing reticulate
gay embroi


Bogies that trouble her so."
Guy laughed.
"What are they, Maud?" he ask-
ed.
"Haven't you heard of the crea--
taree? Nurse Mamot thinks there is


 the raven banner of Hengiot the eea
king waved in the Engliih breze.
The castle is very naciont, so old
in fact that it scarcely looks older to.day than it did in the time of the
ill fated Charles Stuart. The blue
Christmas smoke curls from its, chim-
neys this jear just as it did two hun
dred and forty years ago. The
moat indeed is gone, and where its
dark waters once circled the wall
$\qquad$
ing fountain. But in moat reepects the
castle preverves ite old look, un-
daunted ard undisturbed by the
fight of time.
Brightly on the gray old towers

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { shone the CCristmas sun of } 164 \mathrm{w} \text {, but } \\
& \text { the hearts of the inmater ill accord. } \\
& \text { ed with the brightneess and festivity }
\end{aligned}
$$



$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { of the Thy. Ther was wonto } \\
& \text { gloom in the great halls, The fac } \\
& \text { of Lady Thunnam was pale an } \\
& \text { osd. The servants spoke in lo }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { voices, and even the little boy ard } \\
& \text { girl) usaually no laughing and boister- } \\
& \text { ous, felt that something was wrong, } \\
& \text { and whispred in the corners as if } \\
& \text { afraid to make a noise. The cheer, }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { oss seed, ha tated of the famou } \\
& \text { swine head, the fumeriy pudding } \\
& \text { and the good old Englieh wine; bu }
\end{aligned}
$$


gloomy as a funoral.
Afterwards, when Guy


|  | fastened it. He marked the partio- |
| :---: | :---: |
| carved wainseot, and some indofinite |  |
|  |  |
| idea of slipping in himself and pay- |  |
| ing his father a visit was in his |  |
| ind as Lady Thurnham walked |  |
|  |  | ether. The last rivet fastenings reat hall. He was s.arceely safe in

is hiding place when Praise God Staniford and all the reat where thronging about the gallery.
They had brought the requisite
tools this time, and in \& few motools this time, and in 2 few mo-
wents $\mathbf{h}$, splendidly dadoed wall
was split into fragmente. Presently a door flew open. Thes had touch-
ed the eecret spring. At this there
$\qquad$
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$\qquad$
$\qquad$ falen, and he cuald only matter an
apology about "wrong information," ed with his men.
They were scarcely gone when Guy rushed into his mother's arms. But the poor lady, atrong and bold
in danger,
pow that it was past, ax. White and "Your father! What have they
done with him? Have they killed him ?' was all that she could mur
minr. For answer Guy led her to the iron armor, and
the man within.
Then the story all came out, and
Lady Thurnham with tears of joy Lady Thurnham with taars of joy
clasped botk child and husband in or arms. The cavalier was not ail-
ont. Said he: "Guy, you are a hero. None of
the old Thurnhama, who led armed dors, were ever braver. My little
boo, I am proud of you. No man
ould have done ther's life." Guy cried when he told his little Isughed.
"You are very brave indeed, Guy, brave as any knight, and I ams an
glad the Bogies did not get you. I do hope poor papa will get away, so
that thoo bad men will not find him." Maud's prayer was answered.
Sir Robert escaped. Befors suncrise he next morning he was far out in
he English channel. In a few
and France, stating that he was aff.
It all happened long ago. Little It all happened long ago. Little
Guy lios in his grave, and the daisies have sprinkleed the sod above his times, if one Maud died before any
of our great grandmothers were Orn. Many a Christmas smoke haa
curled from the tall chimneys of the Id castle, but the armed flgure stil keeps guard besides the secret panel,
and the folds of the heavy tapestry Guy Thurnham played the hero, and
$\qquad$ The Hon. R. R. Heath, Judge,
Edenton, N. C., wrote of Dr. Worthrihoea Medicine: "I have Dad
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$

WHAT do you mean, you inferby pilling my coffee all enger.

WHEN death, the great reconciler as come, it is never oor tendernes
unt we refent of, but our severity. hat we repent
-George Eliot.
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duration, whey are now 14 lus 46 minas.

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