

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. V.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

No. 18.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court. Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie. Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson 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, Nicholas C. Stansbury, Henry A. Hines, Josiah Valentine, Henry Keller. Sheriff.—Robert Barriek. Tax Collector.—D. H. Routhahn. Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager. School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearce, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillery, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown. Examiner.—D. T. Lakin. Emmitsburg District. Justices of the Peace.—J. H. T. Webb, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouf, E. T. McBride. Registrar.—E. S. Taney. Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh. School Trustees.—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, Dr. R. L. Anan. Burgess.—Henry Stokes. Town Commissioners.—O. A. Horner, E. R. Zimmerman, J. T. Motter, Joseph Snouffer, John G. Hess, John T. Long

CHURCHES.

Rev. Lutheran Church. Pastor.—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 9 1/2 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 9 o'clock, p. m., infants S. School 1 1/2 p. m. Church of the Incarnation. (Ref'd.) Pastor.—Rev. Geo. B. Reiser. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday school, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Presbyterian Church. Pastor.—Rev. Wm. Simonon. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock, a. m., Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic). Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 6 o'clock, a. m., second mass 9 1/2 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School at 2 o'clock, p. m. Methodist Episcopal Church. Pastor.—Rev. Daniel Haakell. Services every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 1/2 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, 11:05 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, 11:05 a. m.; From Gettysburg 4:30 p. m.; Frederick, 11:05 a. m. Depart. For Baltimore, closed, 8:40 a. m.; For Mechanicstown, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8:40 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 8:40 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 8:30 p. m.; Frederick 8:30 p. m.; For Motter's, 8:30 p. m.; For Gettysburg, 8:30, a. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M. Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Geo. T. Gelwicks, P.; C. J. S. Gelwicks, S.; J. Theof. Gelwicks, Sen. S.; Geo. G. Byers, Jun. S.; John F. Adelsberger, C. of K.; Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.; Joseph Byers, Great Sachem of the United Grounds of Maryland; D. R. Gelwicks, Representative. "Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md." Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each month. Officers: J. Thos. Bussey, Pres.; John F. Bowyer, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger, Ass't. Sec'y.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer. Emmitt Lodge No. 47, I. O. M. Weekly meetings, every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. D. D. Grand Architect, Jos. Byers; Worthy Senior Master, E. R. Zimmerman; Worthy Master, Geo. T. Gelwicks; Junior Master, Lewis D. Cook; Rec. Secretary, J. W. F. Johnston; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer, M. J. Eichelberger; Chaplain, John G. Hess; Conductor, Geo. G. Byers. Junior Building Association. Sec., Edward H. Rowe; Directors, J. T. Hays, Pres.; W. S. Guthrie, Vice Pres.; John Witherow, 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; Director, Jas. A. Rowe, F. A. Maxwell, John G. Hess, D. Lawrence, H. H. Gelwicks, Chas. J. Rowe.

St Jacobs Oil THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

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. jy12 ly

Edward S. Eichelberger, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, FREDERICK CITY, MD. OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. dec 9 44

Dr. J. T. BUSSEY, DENTIST, EMMITSBURG, MD., Office N. W. Corner Square. Performs all operations pertaining to his profession. Satisfaction guaranteed. ap25

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

HOLDSTEIN'S AROMANNA An absolute cure for Dyspepsia and all Liver, Kidney, Blood and Skin Diseases, Chills and Malarial Fever. Try a bottle and be convinced. Ask your druggist for pamphlets.

Western Maryland Railroad WINTER SCHEDULE. ON and after SUNDAY, May 27th, 1883, passenger trains on this road will run as follows: PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.

Table with 4 columns: STATIONS, Mail, Acc., Exp., P.M. Stations include Hillen Station, Union depot, Penna. ave., Arlingdon, Mt. Hope, Rocky Ridge, Owings Mills, Glyndon, Hanover, Westminster, Union Bridge, New Windsor, Westminister, Gettysburg, Frederick, Hillen sta., Williamsport.

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Baltimore and Cumberland Valley R.R.—Trains leave Shippenburg, Pa., 6:35 a. m., and 1:20 and 2:40 p. m., arriving Westminster, 1:55 a. m., and 2:55 and 4:15 p. m., arriving Gettysburg, 1:08 a. m., and 2:18 and 3:38 p. m., arriving Frederick, 1:14 a. m., and 2:24 and 3:44 p. m., arriving Hillen station, 1:14 a. m., and 2:24 and 3:44 p. m.

Through Cars For Hanover and Gettysburg, and points on H. J. H. and G. E. R., leave Baltimore at 10:35 a. m., and 4:05 p. m. Street Cars, Baltimore and Gay Street Line, at corner of Gay and Exeter sts., pass within one square of Hillen Station. Orders for Baggage calls can be left at Ticket Office, 183 W. Baltimore Street.

Baltimore Time is given at all Stations. JOHN M. HOOD, General Manager. B. H. Griswold, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

For His Brother's Sake. THE TRUE HISTORY OF A LIFE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

“The governor pardoned John Brisben, a penitentiary convict, to-day. He was sent up from Bourbon for fifteen years for forgery, and had ten years yet to serve. Our readers are familiar with the history of this case, and the humane action of his excellency will be generally commended.”—Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman. I read this little paragraph and my mind went back six years. I knew John Brisben, and I also knew his twin brother Joseph. I was familiar with the details of the action that placed John Brisben in a felon's cell, and now when the sad affair is brought back to mind so vividly, I must write it out, for never before have I met, in prose or poetry, in real life or in romance, a greater hero than plain, matter-of-fact John Brisben. The Brisbens came of good stock. I think the great-grandfather of my hero emigrated to Kentucky near Kenton's Station, between the present city of Maysville and the historical old town of Washington, was the principal settlement on the "dark and bloody ground." He came from Upper Pennsylvania and located about five miles from the Ohio river, on Limestone creek. He was an industrious, strong limbed, lion-hearted old fellow, and in a few years his surroundings were of the most comfortable description. One of his sons, Edward Brisben, once represented Kentucky in the Federal Congress. I think he was the grandfather of John and Joseph Brisben. Their father's name was Samuel, and he died when they were little children, leaving his widow an excellent blue-grass farm and a snug little fortune in stocks, bonds and mortgages. The widow remained a widow until her death. Mrs Samuel Brisben was a good woman, and she idolized her twin boys. Like most twins, the brothers resembled each other in a striking manner, and even intimate acquaintances could not tell them apart. But although the physical resemblance was so strong there was great dissimilarity in the dispositions of the twins. Joseph Brisben was early and morose, sometimes cunning and revengeful. He was without a dreamer and an enthusiast; a man well learned in books, a brilliant, frothy talker when he chose to be sociable (which was seldom), a splendid horseman, and a most excellent shot. John Brisben, on the contrary, was cheerful and bright, honorable and forgiving. He was a man of high moral principle, intensely practical and methodical, cared little for books, and although he said but little, was a splendid companion. He was a poor horseman, and I don't think he ever shot a gun in his life. He saw nothing of the poetry of life, and as for sport, he enjoyed himself only when hard at work. He loved his brother, and when they were boys together suffered punishment many times, and uncomplainingly, that "Jodie" might go scot free. His life was therefore one constant sacrifice, but the object of this loving adoration made but shabby returns for his unselfish devotion. They were twenty years old when their mother died very suddenly. Joseph made a great pretense of grief, and was so hysterical at the grave that he had to be led away. John, on the contrary, never demonstrative, took the great affliction with his customary coolness. He said but little, and shed no tears. The property left to the boys was considerable. The day they were twenty-one years old the trustees met and made settlement. There was the blue-grass farm valued at \$50,000, and \$100,000 in well invested securities which could be turned into money. Joseph demanded a division. "You can take the farm, Jack," he said. "I was never cut for a farmer. Give me \$75,000 in money for my share." So this sort of a division was made. John continued on at the homestead, working in his plain, methodical way, and slowly adding to his share of the money that he could raise out of the profits of the farm. Joseph, with his newly-acquired wealth, set up an establishment at the nearest town, and began a life of pleasure of the gross-

Winter is coming. "Winter is coming," says the city belle, As by the merry fire she sits to hear The wind, that such a story seems to tell Of woe and sadness with its moanings drear. But little reck she; winter only brings To her new pleasures, balls, and parties gay, Velvets and furs, and other pretty things; On her his chilly hand he cannot lay. "Winter is coming," says the business man, But buttons up his overcoat so warm; Then, as he walks, lays many a fertile plan About his prosperous counting-house or farm, To make more money keen, although his gains Are large already, still he wishes more, And of the hardness of the times complains Whilst adding daily to his ample store.

"Winter is coming," shouts the rosy child, As through the fallen leaves he runs with glee, His bright eyes sparkling and his locks blown wild, He comes up laughing to his mother's knee, To speak of sledding down the snowy hill, Of snow-ball battles they will have at school, To plead for skates with which to show his skill Amongst his playmates on the frozen pool.

"Winter is coming," in the attic room The white-faced seamstress quick her needle plies, With anxious looks she notes the gathering gloom, And choking back a sob she sadly sighs, "It is so hard this toiling on for bread That I can scarcely eat when it is won; Ah, me! I sometimes think I shall be dead Before the dreary winter time is done." "Winter is coming," is the father's moan, He turns upon the couch where he is laid, Looks on his loved ones with a stifled groan, Then swiftly turns again to hide his head. He has been ill, he knows that work is scant; The children they are many, food is dear; He can but pray, "May God keep us from want," Ah, winter is a king of terror here.

"Winter's coming," and the shivering form, Upon the door-step up you dismal street, Gathers the rags that shield it from the storm About its frost-nipped hands and numb feet; A city arab, rude, untought, and wild; A thief, perhaps, who lurks in haunts of crime, And yet of tender years, a human child; Ah! show he dreads the cold, bleak winter time.

"Winter is coming," say the great and small, But, oh, with what a difference in the tone; Welcomed to the cosy cottage, home, and hall; In poorer dwellings greeted with a moan. Oh, may the King who rides upon the wind Temper the blast to those who dread it so; May he upraise true hearts and hands so kind To feed His little ones amongst the snow.

THE WHISTLER. Frogs have their time to croak and owls to hoot, The patient toot hat his time to toot; The fiddle fiddles when his day is done, But thou, O bore! hath no set time—ah! none To whistle! We know when Duke will play his horn of brass, And Charley A. his clarionet—alas! We know when comes the dulcet fish-horn's tone; But, hang it, thou hast all times for thine own, O whistler! When old pianos have worn out an air, And voices crude have worn it very bare Thy pucker'd mouth doth still emit the strain, And all our prayers that thou should cease are vain, O whistler!

Long after honest folks have gone to bed, Wearied with toiling for their daily bread Then thou, O laxy, long-eared, midnight bird, Mid many impressions, still art heard Whistling! I call thee, bird, one of the shrill-voiced sort, For 'tis quite plain, that music's not thy forte; Thou shouldst be feathered, as the vultures are; You get the feathers—I'll prepare the tar— O whistler!

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THE TRUE HISTORY OF A LIFE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

"The governor pardoned John Brisben, a penitentiary convict, to-day. He was sent up from Bourbon for fifteen years for forgery, and had ten years yet to serve. Our readers are familiar with the history of this case, and the humane action of his excellency will be generally commended."—Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman.

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er sort. His brother gave him no advice, for he knew it was useless. Joseph spent his money with great prodigality, and before he knew it he was a beggar. In the meantime John's \$25,000 had doubled itself. One day Joseph came to him with a full confession of his pecuniary troubles: "Jack," he said, "I am not only a beggar, but I am heavily in debt. Help me out like a good fellow, and I will settle down and begin life in sober earnest. With my capacity for business I can soon make money enough to pay you. I have sown my wild oats, and with a little help I can soon recover all that I have squandered so foolishly."

For an answer John Brisben placed his name to an order for the \$25,000 he had earned so laboriously. "Will that be enough, Jodie?" he asked, "because I have as much more, which you can have if it is necessary."

"This will be sufficient, old fellow," was the reply. "In two years I will pay it back." He went back to town, drew his money, paid his debts, sold some of his horses and discharged several of his servants. Twenty thousand dollars was left out of the loan. He invested this in his business, and for a while seemed to have really reformed. John was encouraged to say: "Jodie will come out all right. He is smarter than I, and in five years will be worth more money than I could make in a lifetime."

In less than three years Joseph Brisben's affairs were in the hands of his creditors, and a sheriff's officer closed out his business. Again he turned to his brother for help and sympathy. "I own that I managed a trifle carelessly," he said by way of explanation. "Experience is a dear teacher, and the lesson I have learned I shall never forget. If you come to my assistance now I can soon recover myself."

Once more John Brisben placed his name to a check payable to the order of his brother, and Joseph entered into business again. In two years he was a bankrupt. "I shall never succeed in business, Jack," he said. "Help me out of this trouble and I will live with you on the farm. I shall succeed as a farmer." It took all of John Brisben's hoard to pay his brother's debts, but he made no complaint, uttered no reproach. He said: "I am glad you are coming back to the farm, Jodie. You need no work, and we will be very happy together."

So Joseph took up his residence at the farm, and remembering his brother's words, devoted his time principally to hunting, fishing and riding about the country. In the meantime John Brisben had fallen in love, and the daughter of a neighboring farmer, Compton by name, was his promised wife. Being a man of strict honor himself, and having full confidence in his brother, he did not object when Joseph began to pay his affianced very marked attention. "I'm glad he likes her," he thought, "I am so busy on the farm that I have little time for pleasure, and Alice is so fond of amusement."

One night Joseph came to him just as the shades of evening were beginning to fall. There was a triumphant ring in his voice when he spoke. "Jack, old boy," he said, holding out his hand, "congratulate me. I think that from to-day I can date the beginning of a new life. Alice Compton has promised to be my wife." He was too much engrossed with his new happiness to see the effect of this announcement as portrayed on John's face. He did not notice how a strong man's hand trembled in his own. "Is this true?" faltered John at last. "Why, of course it is. Are you not glad? We love each other and shall be very happy."

am glad, and I wish you long years of happiness." He turned away and staggered, rather than walked, to his own room. He did not stir all night. Once a deep, sobbing groan struggled to his lips, and the moonbeams struggling through the window fell upon his face, and surprised two great tears stealing down his pale cheeks. He brushed away this evidence of weakness and sorrow, and when the morning came no one looking into his calm, serene eyes would have guessed how hard was the battle that had been fought and won in that lonely chamber.

They were married, and the man rejected by the bride and supplanted by the groom was the first to congratulate the newly-married pair. A vacant house on the farm was fitted up for their reception, and John Brisben's money paid for the furnishing. "Hereafter, Jodie," he said, "we will divide the profits of the farm. I don't need much, and you shall have the larger share."

Ten years passed away, and John Brisben, an old man before his time, still worked from dawn till dark that his brother might play the gentleman and keep in comfort the large family which the years had drawn around him. It had been necessary to mortgage the old homestead to pay Joseph's gambling debts, for of late years he had played heavily and had invariably lost. One day—it was in the summer of 1877—a forged check was presented at one of the banks at the shire town, by Joseph Brisben, and the money for which it called was unhesitatingly paid over to him. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and deeply interested in a game of cards for high stakes which was in progress. The check was for \$2,500, I think. Before daylight the next morning Joseph Brisben had lost every dollar of it. To drown his chagrin he became beastly drunk, and while in this condition an officer arrived and apprehended him for forgery and uttering a forged check. The prisoner was confined in jail, and word of his disgrace was sent to John Brisben. The latter read the message, and a mist came over his eyes. He groaned audibly, and but for a strong effort of the will would have fallen to the floor, so weakened was he by the shock.

"She must not know it," he said to himself, and he made instant preparations to visit his brother. When he reached the jail he was admitted to the cell of the wretched criminal. The brothers remained together for several hours. What passed during the interview will never be known. When John Brisben emerged from the jail he went straight to the magistrate who had issued the warrant for the apprehension of Joseph Brisben. "Squire," he said, in his slow, hesitating way, "you have made a mistake."

"In what way, Mr. Brisben?" asked the magistrate, who had a high regard for his visitor. "You have caused the arrest of an innocent man." "But"—began the magistrate. "Issue an order for my brother's instant release. He is innocent of the intent to do wrong. I am the guilty man. I forged the name of Charles Ellison to the check which he uttered. He did not know that it was a forgery."

"You!" cried the astounded magistrate. "You a forger—impossible!" "Nothing is impossible in these days," said the white-haired old man sternly. "I alone am guilty. My brother is innocent." So stoutly did he aver that he was the forger that the magistrate reluctantly issued a warrant for his arrest, and at the same time wrote an order to the jailer for the release of Joseph Brisben. "My constable will be in soon," said the magistrate, but the old hero picked up both the papers. "I will not trouble him," he said; "I will execute both papers."

And he did. Handing the jailer both papers, he explained their meaning thus: "They have made a mistake. It is I who am to be your prisoner. My brother is innocent."

Accordingly, Joseph Brisben was released and returned to the farm. John remained at the jail a prisoner. When the extraordinary affair became known several prominent citizens offered to go on the accused man's bond, but he would not accept their kind offices. At the trial he plead guilty, and was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary. Joseph came to see him before he was removed to Frankfort, but their interview was a private one.

Joseph Brisben remained at the farm, but he was a changed man. From the day of his release from jail down to the time of his death he was never known to touch a card, and a drop of liquor never passed his lips. Last April he died, and his confession, duly sworn to before a justice of the peace, was made public after his burial. In substance it was this: That he was guilty of the forgery for which his heroic brother was suffering a long imprisonment.

"It was my brother's wish, not mine," reads the document. "He insisted that he who had no ties of blood or marriage could better suffer the punishment and the disgrace than I who had dependent upon me a large family." Noble John Brisben! Of such stuff are heroes made.—Colonel G. W. Symonds, in Detroit Free Press.

A Chinese Farmer's Sad Experience. An intelligent Chinaman, who for several years conducted an establishment for the purification and destruction of soiled linen at the north end, and thereby accumulated considerable coin, concluded last fall to try his luck at farming. He rented a farm up the valley, and was seen no more in his accustomed haunts until yesterday, when he returned, looking very seedy as to clothing, and very downcast. One of his old patrons meeting him said: "Well, Lung, how did you make it at farming?" "Not much good," replied Lung, sadly. "I sowed wheat and birds he come catbese some. Byrne by wheat grow up and plenty squirrel come and catch heap. Then leaping machine come out him and cost too much, and when thasher man come take all wheat pay him, and his gang eat up my tlee fat hog and cuss me cause I not give 'em pie tlee time every day. I no like farm any more. I buy washes house if any friend lend me some money."—Portland Oregonian.

A Fifteen-hundred Foot Waterfall. A recent discovery on the head of the Cowlitz river established the fact that Washington Territory can now boast the grandest waterfall in the known world, its height being 1,500 feet. The Nookskack Indians assert positively that waterfalls higher than the tallest fir, pine or cedar tree are to be found on the extreme head waters of the Nookskack river, in this county. As that section of the county has never yet been explored by the white man, there is no good reason for doubting the statement. From the comparison given by the Indians these falls must be at least 475 feet in height, which would lay over the famous Snoqualmie falls, of King county, by at least 200 feet.—Whitcom (Wyoming) Review.

Gone Never to Return. GARDINER, Me.—Mr. Daniel Gray, a prominent lumber merchant writes that his wife had severe rheumatic pains; so severe as to render her unable to sleep. From the first application of the famous German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, she experienced unspeakable relief, and in two hours the pain had entirely gone.

We often find a thousand excellent excuses for our gravest faults; but if anyone wrongs us in the least, the offence is unpardonable. It is sometimes pretty hard to decide which gives us more pleasure—to hear ourselves praised, or our neighbors run down.

Mrs. ELIZA TILLBACH 333 Chase street, Baltimore, Md., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for malarial fever and it did me much good."

\$66 a week in your own town. No risk. Every-thing new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. any man making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. BALLET & Co., 27 N. 3rd st., Phila., Pa.

Democratic Nominees.

State Ticket. For Governor, Hon. ROBERT M. McLANE, Of Baltimore City.

Republican Nominees.

State Ticket. For Governor, Hon. HART B. HOLTON, Of Baltimore County.

OVER DOING IT.

The efforts of the Temperance advocates to bring their cause into the political arena, may prove in the end, to be a grave mistake...

The New North-West.

[Special Correspondence.]

BISMARCK, D. T., Sept. 18, 1888.

A town without either history or prestige yesterday becomes a metropolis to day by means of the boom.

A town without either history or prestige yesterday becomes a metropolis to day by means of the boom. Of course there is a vast amount of prodigious lying in this booming business...

Gotham Gossip.

An Impetus to Driving—Riding in the Schools.—General Hancock Very Ill.—The Health and Life of Army Officers.—General Hancock's Meant.—The Newspaper War.—The Railroad over the Brooklyn Bridge.

The price of fat stock has gone up amazingly. It was not so long ago that a fair horse of good appearance and considerable amount of speed, suitable for a man who did not exactly want to throw dust at everybody, could be had for about three hundred dollars.

A BIG FIRE IN PITTSBURG.

About 2 o'clock, a. m., on Wednesday, the great exhibition building at Pittsburg caught fire, and in twenty minutes the entire structure, with the machinery and floral halls were in ashes.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

UPICA's new match factory turns out over 7,000,000 matches daily.

The Frauds in the water bureau of the department of public works of New York city have been ascertained to aggregate \$36,000.

It is said that the largest grapevine in the United States grows on the premises of Mr. Madden in Pike county, Ga. It is eighteen years old, is thirty-four inches in circumference at its base, is a quarter of a mile long, and yields five wagon loads of grapes.

An important Roman Catholic ecclesiastical council opened in New York on Sunday, Cardinal McCloskey presiding.

The Democrat of Carrollton, Mo., says: "On Thursday Jim Lawton invited fifty neighbors to see him beat his own time of two years ago, when his wife baked bread in eight and a quarter minutes after the wheat was standing in the field.

A despatch from Rome says the Pope is seriously indisposed.

The Empress of Russia has just ordered a cloak of sable fur trimmed with gold and enriched with precious stones, the whole cost of which will be \$43,000.

PLOWS, HARROWS,

CORN PLANTERS, &c., &c.,

At BENJAMIN F. STEWART'S.

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the most effective pulverizer in the market. It effectually destroys the roots of the stiffest sods. By its construction it gives the soil two strokes and two crossings in passing over it once.

THE WHIPPLE SULKY OR WHEEL HARROW.

with spring teeth, Syracuse, Roland Chilled and Improved Finkston Plows, Iron Steel and Wood-Beams.

OLD HICKORY FARM WAGON.

no break-downs; tires don't come off; skaines don't work loose; boxes don't work loose; spokes don't work loose.

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HAGERSTOWN ENGINES, DRILLS, THRESHERS, &c.

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FOR YOUNG LADIES. CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY. NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.

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The partnership heretofore existing between White and Horner has been dissolved by mutual consent.

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THE ONLY First-Class Restaurant in FREDERICK CITY.

GROFF HOUSE.

THE OLD RELIABLE FARMERS HOME. Comfortable Rooms and WELL SUPPLIED TABLE.

Dr. P. D. Fahrney's Office

REMOVED.

I take pleasure in notifying the afflicted that I have removed my office to East Church street, north end from the Pennsylvania railroad depot, and also have private consulting rooms to accommodate all, where I will continue the

UROSCOPIAN PRACTICE

I invite all who are suffering with chronic or lingering diseases to call. Consultation free. Send stamp, for book or circular. Your Servant.

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OUR stock consists of a large variety of Dry Goods, cloths, CASSIMERES, cottons, ladies dress goods, notions HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, GRENWARES, Fine Groceries, of every sort, etc., all which will be sold at the lowest prices.

How Many Miles Do You Drive?

The ODOMETER. This instrument is no larger than a watch. It tells the exact number of miles driven to the 1-100th part of a mile; counts up to 10,000 miles; water and dust tight; always in order; saves horses from being over-driven; is easily attached to the wheel of a buggy, carriage, sulky, wagon, road cart, sulky plow, reaper, mower, or other vehicle. Available to every man, Pleasure Drivers, Physicians, Farmers, Surveyors, Drainers, Expressmen, Stage Drivers, etc. Price only \$5.00 cash, enclosing the price of my other Odometer. When ordering give diameter of the wheel. Send by mail on receipt of price, post paid.

PENSIONS

For widows, disease or other disability, widows, minor children and dependent relatives entitled when death occurred. Claims reviewed, restoration, increase, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay endangers your rights. Pensions paid by law. Address with stamp the old established firm of BROWN & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 117 F St., Washington, D. C.

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Grand, Square and Upright PIANO FORTES. These instruments have been before the Public for nearly fifty years, and upon their excellence alone have attained an UN-PURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE.

FURNITURE!

Stop! Look for the Red Star opposite the Emmit House. FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS, both homemade and of City manufacture. A stock of home-made Coffins & Caskets always on hand, which will be sold whole sale or at retail, at prices to suit all parties.

WALL PAPER.

MY friends and the public in general are hereby informed that in addition to my stock of furniture I have a full line of Wall Paper, of the LATEST DESIGNS, and as fine a stock as can be found in any retail store, which will be sold at prices to suit all persons; and that I have made arrangements with PRACTICAL WORKMEN from the city to paper wall in the very best style.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

FOR THE LIVER. And all Bilious Complaints. Safe to take, being purely vegetable, no purging. Price 25c. All Druggists.

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E. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the courts, promptly attended to.

Cut This Out

Bring in MORE MONEY in One Month than any other business. See prospectus. No charge. M. Young, 77 Union St. N. York.



Miscellaneous.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

Having lived more than fifty summers in well founded dread of any chance contact with the three leaved pest, Rhus toxicodendron (or Rhus radicans—which is it?), I deem it a duty to publish the only effectual remedy...

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Tucker Gets Mixed in the Use of His Pronouns.

Mr. Tucker came into the editorial room of a local paper, and sliding up to the reporter's table, he took his seat and nudged up close and said: 'Just take it down now, and I'll give you a item. Ready?'

Humorous.

There is one art of which every man should be master—the art of reduction.

'Be jabbers!' exclaimed an Irishman, 'I've slept sixteen hours. I went to bed at eight and got up at eight.'

EVERY lie, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but conscience can fathom.

THE apple is now considered excellent food for brain workers. Well, we believe this fruit originally came from the tree of knowledge.

AN Irishman, watching a game of base-ball, was sent to the grass by a foul which struck him under the fifth rib. 'A fowl, was it. Och, sure, I thought it was a mule!'

FORESIGHT.—Lady M. H. asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a nightcap. 'Well,' said the person 'what signifies the pattern of a nightcap?' 'Oh, child,' said she 'but you know in case of fire!'

FESTINA LENTE.—Husband.—Here's the marriage of Matilda Doyton and young Cojer announced—just one day before Lent. And only engaged a month! Wife—Yes; but nobody marries in Lent, and that accounts for the haste. Husband.—They'll have forty days of repentance, anyhow!

It is related of old Dr. Burnett that he had a horse which he wished to sell, and when exhibiting him to an expected purchaser mounted and rode the horse gallantly, but did not succeed in hiding his defect. 'My good doctor,' said the trader—'when you want to take me in you should mount the pulpit, not a horse.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I am a clergyman, or the remains of one. How did I lose an ear and get my head so bungled up? Well, I was appointed a missionary to the longshoremen and I undertook to tell one of 'em what a sinner he was. I didn't half do his case justice, either. I couldn't use language fit for a clergyman.'—Boston Post.

'BETTIE' is scrutinizing intently a visiting card. Underneath the name is inscribed, 'U. S. Marine Corps.' 'Mamma,' she says suddenly, 'does Colonel B. make corpses?' 'I suppose so, dear,' says mamma, 'when he goes to war.' 'That's the reason he has corpses on his card. It's his business card; I see'—and Bettie was satisfied.

NOR Guilty: 'You are charged with carrying whiskey away from an illicit distillery,' said the United States judge to Uncle Silas. 'What have you to say to that charge?' 'I ain't guilty, sah. I didn't carry it away.' 'You had some, then?' 'Yes, sah, I had some.' 'What did you do with it?' 'Well, sah, all dat I had wuz inside ob me, an' I had so much dat I couldn't carry it away, so I jess stayed dar.'

AT Brockville, N. Y., on one of the cool nights recently, the clerk at a popular hotel lighted a lantern and placed it within the cool stove in the reading-room. One by one citizens and guests strolled in, walked up to the stove, rubbed their hands with satisfaction, turned slowly around so as to warm their shivering backs, noticed a broad grin, took in the situation, and sat down to enjoy the discomfort of the next victim.

ANCIENT history of base ball: We read a great deal at present about the first base man, second base man, and third base man, and also of the short stop man, and it occurs to us that Cain was probably the original first base man, Judas Iscariot second and Nero third, while the wandering Jew may be regarded as the original short stop, for he never made any thing but a short-stop wherever he went. Noah was probably the first pitcher, for he pitched the ark within and without.—Boston Transcript.

Why is it so many suffer from rheumatism, aches, pains, kidney diseases, liver complaints, heart affections, etc? It is simply because they will not come and be healed. All diseases begin from a want of iron in the blood. This want of iron makes the blood thin, watery and impure. Impure blood carries weakness and distress to every part of the body. Supply this lack of iron by using Brown's Iron Bitters and you will soon find yourself enjoying perfect freedom from aches, pains and general ill health.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC. Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Druggists and Physicians endorse it.



In chronic dyspepsia and liver complaint, and in chronic constipation and other obstinate diseases, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is beyond all comparison the best remedy that can be taken.

OLDIERS! LOOK HERE! For one new circular containing matter of great importance to all ex-soldiers or their heirs, address: LABOR WORLD, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Fall and Winter READY FOR YOU. New Fall Overcoats, New Winter Overcoats, Boys' Suits to rough it in, Youths' Suits you look dressed in, Men's Suits you look best in.

FURNISHING GOODS! Our stock contains everything in vogue in the way of Shirts, Underwear, Hose, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Sleeve Buttons and Scarf Pins, while in choice and fashionable Neckwear we offer to the public the finest makes at prices that cannot fail to please.

HATSCAPS.

The exhibit in this Department will beggar description. Hundreds upon hundreds of novel staple styles and colors and shapes. We have ransacked the factories of the most celebrated makes in order to secure the most beautiful specimens of Head Gear for Old Men and Young Men, for Youths and for Children.

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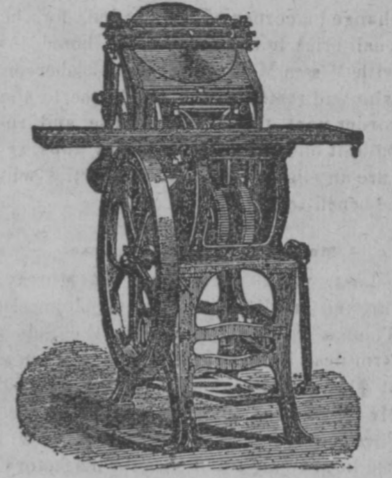
We have the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Ladies' Shoes, Gentlemen's Shoes, Misses' Shoes, Boys' Shoes and Children's Shoes in Baltimore. It is impossible to give an idea of the extent of our stock to those who have never visited our Shoe Department. We are bound up by no one manufacturer. We purchase only where we can get the best goods for our money. You who read this examine our stock and do likewise.

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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA. From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels constive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Erection of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Blisters, Eruptions at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver.

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M. F. SHUFF, Proprietor. Having the largest stock in town, I can offer the best inducements to purchasers, and suit every variety of taste. My stock consists of:

Bed-Room AND PBRLOOR SUITS, Wardrobes BUREAUS, Leaf and Extension Tables, Cane and Wood Seat Chairs,

Leaf and Extension Tables, Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, safes, sinks, dough trays, mirrors, brackets, pictures, picture-frames, cord and nails and all goods usually kept in a first class furniture house. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

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Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN. Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia. AGENTS WANTED.

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Stylish goods, Good Fits, and moderate prices. Under Photographically, Paris, France, & in variety. Main St., Emmitsburg Md. 14.

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Portable Engine has cut 10,000 ft. of Michigan Pine Boards in 10 hours, burning 1/2 ton of saw in eight-foot lengths.

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