

# 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, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

No. 29.

## 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 Fearhake, Jr.

### Orphan's Court.

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Sheriff.—George W. Grove.  
Tax Collector.—D. H. Routalman.  
Surgeon.—Rufus A. Rager.  
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearce, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillary, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.  
Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.

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Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.  
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Burgess.—Henry Stokes.  
Town Commissioners.—J. A. Horner, E. R. Zimmerman, J. T. Motter, Joseph Snouffer, John G. Hess, John T. Long.

### CHURCHES.

**Ev. Lutheran Church.**  
Pastor.—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 9 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 9 o'clock, p. m., Infants School at 11 p. m.

**Church of the Incarnation, (Ref'd)**  
Pastor.—Rev. Geo. B. Resser. 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 afternoon at 2 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 lecture at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 11 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 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, 14 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's, 11 05 a. m.; From Gettysburg 4 30 p. m.; Frederick, 11 05 a. m.

**Depart.**  
For Baltimore, closed, 8 40 a. m.; For Mechanicsville, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8 40 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 8 40 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 3 20 p. m.; Frederick 3 20 p. m.; For Motter's, 3 20 p. m.; For Gettysburg, 8 30 a. m.

### SOCIETIES.

**Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.**  
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Geo. T. Gelwick, P. C.; J. S. Gelwick, S. Sach.; J. Theof. Gelwick, Sen. S.; Geo. G. Byers, Jun. S.; John F. Adelsberger, C. of H.; Chas. S. Zook, K. of W.; Joseph Byers, Great Sachem of the Hunting Grounds of Maryland; D. R. Gelwick, Representative.

**Ernauld Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md.**  
Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each month. Officers: J. Phos. Bussey, Pres.; John F. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger, Ass't. Sec.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer.

**Emmitt Lodge No. 47, I. O. M.**  
Weekly meetings, every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. D. D. Grad Architect, Jos. Byers; Worthy Senior Master, E. R. Zimmerman; Worthy Master, Geo. T. Gelwick; Junior Master, Lewis H. Cook; Rec. Secretary, Jno. F. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer, M. J. Eichelberger; Chaplain, John G. Hess; Conductor, Geo. G. Byers.

**Junior Building Association.**  
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**Union Building Association.**  
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NEXT door to Garrett Hall, will visit Emmitsburg professionally, on the 4th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug 16-ly

**Western Maryland Railroad**  
WINTER SCHEDULE.  
ON and after SUNDAY, Nov. 18th, 1883, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.				
Daily except Sundays.				
STATIONS.	Mail, Acc., Exp., Acc.	Exp., Acc.	Acc., Mail.	
Hills Station	8:00	10:10	4:00	6:30
Union depot	8:05	10:15	4:05	6:35
Penn'a. ave.	8:10	10:20	4:10	6:40
Edgemoor	8:15	10:25	4:15	6:45
Arlington	8:20	10:30	4:20	6:50
Pikeville	8:25	10:35	4:25	6:55
Owings Mill	8:30	10:40	4:30	7:00
Glyndon	8:35	10:45	4:35	7:05
Hanover	8:40	10:50	4:40	7:10
Gettysburg	8:45	10:55	4:45	7:15
Westminster	9:41	11:04	5:41	8:13
New Windsor	10:04	11:16	5:59	8:31
Union Bridge	10:13	11:26	6:00	8:41
Edgemoor	10:18	11:31	6:05	8:46
Rocky Ridge	10:23	11:36	6:10	8:51
Mechanicsville	10:28	11:41	6:15	8:56
Blue Ridge	10:33	11:46	6:20	9:01
Pen-Mar	10:38	11:51	6:25	9:06
Edgemoor	10:43	11:56	6:30	9:11
Union Bridge	10:48	12:01	6:35	9:16
Hagerstown	11:10	12:23	6:57	9:38
Williamsport	11:20	12:33	7:07	9:48

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.				
Daily except Sundays.				
STATIONS.	Acc., Exp., Acc., Mail.	Exp., Acc.	Acc., Mail.	
Williamsport	7:40	2:15	5:40	1:15
Hagerstown	8:00	2:35	6:00	1:35
Union Bridge	8:10	2:45	6:10	1:45
Edgemoor	8:20	2:55	6:20	1:55
Rocky Ridge	8:30	3:05	6:30	2:05
Mechanicsville	8:40	3:15	6:40	2:15
Blue Ridge	8:50	3:25	6:50	2:25
Pen-Mar	9:00	3:35	7:00	2:35
Edgemoor	9:10	3:45	7:10	2:45
Union Bridge	9:20	3:55	7:20	2:55
Hagerstown	9:40	4:15	7:40	3:15
Williamsport	10:00	4:35	8:00	3:35

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I'm sitting alone in my silent room  
This long December night,  
Watching the fire flame fill the room  
With many a picture bright.  
But list! there soundeth a bell,  
With a mysterious ding, dell!  
Trembling along the gale,  
Under the stars and over the snow,  
Why is it? whence is it sounding so?

Is it the toll of a bridal bell?  
Or is it a spirit's wail?  
Solemnly, mournfully,  
Sad, and low loudly!  
Ding, dong, dell!  
Whence is it? Who can tell?  
And the marvelous aces, they sink and swell,  
Sadder, and sadder, and sadder still.  
How the sounds tremble, how they thrill!

Every tone  
So like a moan,  
As if the strange bells stranger clang,  
Throbbing with a terrible human pang,  
Ding, dong, dell!  
Dismally—clearly—  
Ever so wearily,  
Far off and faint as a requiem plaint,  
Flows the deep-veiled voice of the mystic bell.

Piercingly—thrillingly—  
Fooly—chillyly—  
Near—and more near—  
Dream—and more dream—  
Soundeth the wild, weird, ding, dong, dell.

Now, sinking lower,  
It tolls slower,  
I list and I hear it sound no more.  
It is a bell—yet not a bell  
Whose sound may reach the ear!  
It tolls a knell, yet not a knell  
Which cartily sense may hear.

In every soul a bell of dole  
Hangs ready to be tolled;  
And from that bell a funeral knell  
Is often, often rolled;  
And Memory is the sexton gray  
Who tolls the dreary knell;  
And nights like this he loves to sway  
And swing his mystic bell.

'Twas that I heard, and nothing more,  
This lonely Christmas eve;  
Then for the dead I met no more  
At Christmas let me grieve.  
Night, bea Priest! give your dark stole  
on,  
And murmur a holy prayer  
Over each grave, and for every one  
Lying down helpless there.

And list! he begins  
That psalm for sins,  
Plaintive and soft  
It sways aloft.  
Miserere! Miserere!

Still your heart and hush your breath!  
The voices of Despair and Death  
Are shuddering through the psalm,  
Miserere! Miserere!

Lift your head! the terror dies!  
In it yonder sunless skies  
The psalms sound sweet and calm.  
Miserere! Miserere!

Very low, in tender tones,  
The music pleads, the music moans;  
'I forgive and have forgiven  
The dead who died unshriven!  
De profundis! De profundis!

And the Pontiff Night, with his dark stole on,  
Whispereth soft and low;  
Requiescat! Requiescat!  
Peace! Peace! to every one  
For whom we grieve this Christmas eve,  
In their graves beneath the snow.

The stars in far-off Heaven  
Have long since struck eleven;  
And hark! from temple and tower  
Soundeth time's grandest midnight hour.  
Blessed by the Saviour's birth,  
And night putteth off its sable stole,  
Symbol of sound and sign of dole,  
For one with many a starry gem  
To honor this Babe of Bethlehem.

Gloria in excelsis!  
Sound the thrilling song:  
In excelsis Deo!  
Roll the hymn along!  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Let the Heavens ring;  
In excelsis Deo!  
Welcome, new-born King,  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Over sea and land!  
In excelsis Deo!  
Chant the anthem grand,  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Let us all rejoice;  
In excelsis Deo!  
Lift each heart and voice,  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Swell the hymn on high;  
In excelsis Deo!  
Sound it to the sky,  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Sing it, saintly earth;  
In excelsis Deo!  
For the Saviour's birth.

So the day is waking,  
In the East so far  
Dawn is fairly breaking,  
Sun is every star.  
Merry, merry Christmas  
Scatter smiles and mirth.  
Merry, merry Christmas.  
Hasten around the earth.

—REV. A. J. RYAN.

## Budd of Nowhere's Christmas.

BY G. M. S. HORTON.

It was up hill work with the clock.  
From half past 3 until 4, the minute hand didn't seem to have life enough left to pull itself up to the figure XII, which was half hidden by the gorgeous painting of the setting sun, whose rays struck out in every direction over the generous face of the old timepiece. It was a dismal afternoon, and even the master looked at his watch to see if the long pendulum weren't napping.

No, for even while he looked, the minute hand on the clock passed two of the sunset rays, and eclipsed a third; and the little boys in the lowest row saw it and rejoiced.

I will not pretend to say that something which happened just then was right. I will leave that for you to decide at the end of my story.

Barton passed the note under his desk, and Moore read it behind his book, and here is the note that Moore read:

"Shall we try it to night? F."

Then it was that the master looked at his watch, and Moore scribbled with his left hand, while his right hand was apparently finding references in his book, with due anxiety. The scribbling was inelegant but effective, and the note went back. Barton nodded and Moore winked—a decorous retiring wink—and the minute hand slowly passed up over the face of the clock, vanquishing the gorgeous rays in slow succession.

At last the clock struck. Whether it had been recently wound, or whether the striking part was not on friendly terms with the pendulum and wanted to challenge it to a burst of speed, I can't say; but the way the clock struck four was enough to make a locomotive black in the face to equal it.

Out on the playground the notes were passed from boy to boy.

"You all know what it is to be fellows," said Barton, with that hearty voice of his; "how many will join?"

Not a boy short of the whole of them!

"We'll give Budd of Nowhere such a—"

"Hush, perhaps he's round."

"No, he went home at recess," said Moore, "and a poor little shivering chap he was too."

"Half past 7 to-night sharp," cried Barton to the boys as they scattered in groups of two and three through the streets of the village; and a cheery "all right" was echoed from each.

There was so much mystery at that meeting—so much of things going on which those in attendance alone were to know, that I feel it would be a sad breach of confidence if I tell a syllable of the proceedings.

It is hard to keep myself from it—hard not to tell of boyish sacrifices made that night and of the unselfish, tender words that sprang straight from the boyish hearts. I don't like to lecture, and I promise that I will not, but I tell you that was the time and place for those who don't altogether believe in boys.

A month before the meeting at Frank Barton's house, the village of Ocean Point had a genuine sensation. Jerry Scattergood wasn't the cause of it, but he had a very generous hand in making it known.

"You might have knocked me over with a feather duster when I see the little chap peep into my cat-in-window down there on the beach," the old fisherman had said, as he stood at the counter of the store waiting for his charge. "Make that half a pound of crackers a whole pound, storekeeper, and bless me if I don't go in for a few nuts and a bit o' candy."

"Don't be stingy with your tongue, Jerry, tell us all about it," and the men crowded around to hear what or who it was for whom candy and nuts were going to the old hut on Ocean Point Beach.

"There's mighty little as I know myself," said Jerry, pulling up a long vest to make way for his change into a pocket whose locality would be a difficult one to determine. "It was nigh on to 9 o'clock last night,

just as I was shutting up when I heard a sort o' pattering like on the window and if there wasn't a chap as who I'd never set eyes on before, then I ain't what I out to be, that's all."

Having told what he considered the whole story, Jerry picked up his purchase and started for the door.

"Hold on, tell us the rest; don't open on us in that way and then close up for the night," said the storekeeper; "give us the rest."

"Rest, there ain't no rest about it. I took him in and there he is, and there he'll stay, too, for awhile, for if I'm a judge there's squally weather ahead for that chap. He's just tucked out. Said he come from nowhere so far as he could remember, and that they called him Budd to home, which was a long time ago and a long way back in the country; and say, boys, if you see Dr. Bliven round tell him to drop in, and that's good of you," and the old fisherman, opened the door and went down the frozen road and around the point of the bluff, and so passed out of sight.

One evening, two weeks after Jerry Scattergood bought the candy and nuts for Budd, the little fellow came and stood by the old fisherman as he sat mending some nets by the light of the flickering fire.

"If you please, sir, I s'pose I must be going now."

Jerry dropped his net and taking Budd by the shoulder, turned him so that the light fell full upon the boy. He was very small—that could be told at a glance—but just how old he was would have puzzled a better judge than the old fisherman; and as for his clothes they might well have been on since his first birthday, so ragged and worn were they. But the eager little face above the tatters, though pinched and worn with cold and trouble, was frank and bright, almost merry, though it all.

"Must be a-going? Where?" said Jerry, still keeping his hand on Budd's shoulder.

"I don't know, indeed I don't Mr. Jerry, but I s'pose I can tramp on right along without going nowhere in particular," and the boy cast a wistful look at the bright fire as thought to remember its warmth in the cold days to come.

"See here, little chap," and the fisherman drew Budd close beside him, "you say as how you've lost your mother, and as how there don't seem to be no home left for you somehow, and you came tramping miles and miles till you came here with your little fists as cold as yesterday's potatoes, and with your toes awful good friends with the holes in your shoes; and you tell me all about it, straightforward like, and I takes you in and we eat beautiful together, and you never once kicked o' nights. Then you read out o' the books yonder as was left when the missus was here—spelling fer the hard words, but astonishing smart on the every-day ones, and I eat and listened, and says I to myself as how it's my old Jim again, as if he wasn't gone with his mother where there's no winds a blowin'—no squalls, nor danger from rocks on an unbeknown coast, where everything is smooth sailin', so the preacher says—and I know it myself every day in the week."

By this time Jerry couldn't see the fire very well. "There's the only place as how I can't stand salt water," said he, drawing his sleeve across his eyes and winking hard at the crackling logs. "I don't think as how I've cried since the day of it."

Budd crept to the old fisherman's knee and felt a strong pair of arms about him.

"I don't know just where I was, lad, in my talking, but if you say the word we'll just keep together, you and me, and pull on without mindin' what nobody says. It is a bargain, little chap?"

"Aye! That it was!"

The village Ocean Point is fast asleep. No light from any cottages lining the streets nor the shore nor from those scattered back toward the country. Well might the place be sleeping, for the old clock in the school house is just striking 3 o'clock.

But stop a bit, there is a light; it is coming down the street. Now it is

joined by another and still another. The streets seem suddenly to have become alive with dancing lights. Nearer they come. Now we can see gigantic legs reflected on the snow. The lights are lanterns, and the legs—ah, there is no mistaking them, they are school-boy legs, and without the bobbing lanterns, very small some of them are, too; but yet legs that you might almost expect would break out into a whistle any minute. Here they come; I can't count the lanterns because they don't keep in one place long enough. The legs and lights come toward the school-house. They crowd through the gate and up to the door. Here one pair of legs fumbles about a good deal and at last a pocket opens and a hand goes in and brings out a key, and the next moment finds our old friends, Barton, Moore and all the other school fellows whom we saw the other day, gathered about the stove.

"Here's luck for us," cried Moore; "the fire's kept over first-rate. So let's get to work."

Bright is the room with the lantern light. A dozen boys are here, and under a dozen arms are as many—

That was pretty near a tell, wasn't it? It's the hardest thing in the world for me to keep a secret!

How they hammered and sawed while some of the little fellows held their caps so that no sawdust or shavings should drop on the floor! And how the hands on the old clock seemed to spin around as the boys worked on!

Four o'clock already and the hands still galloping. Barton was carpenter-in-chief, and even with twelve pairs of willing arms it did seem, at one time, as though they wouldn't be through in season.

Five o'clock, as sure as you live! "Lights out, fellows, moon's up," called Moore, as looking the door behind them the boys filed down the yard once more, out through the gates and toward the beach. If they worked in the schoolroom they double-worked down by the old fisherman's cabin, and the moon shone bright and clear—almost too bright the boys thought as they toiled.

"Lucky it's a warm night," or the snow wouldn't stick worth a cent," said Barton, stopping a moment to rest. "Now, fellows, just one turn more."

"The one turn more" was made, and they stood looking at the result of their work.

"Isn't she a boncer!" cried a little fellow, who had been very busy all the time trying to find something to do.

"Hush! they'll hear," said Barton, cautiously. "Who's got the placard?"

It was found and placed in position, and with many an admiring backward look, the boys went home again, leaving the old cabin with the mysterious something guarding in the moonlight the black wooden door.

"Moore," said Barton, as they separated, "I don't think Budd of Nowhere will feel bad again of coming to school because he hasn't anything to wear, do you?"

"I rather think not, old fellow," rejoined Moore.

And it was Christmas morning.

Old Jerry rubbed his eyes. "Come here, Budd, and let me know what you think of it. Did you ever see the like in your life?"

Budd came to the door. There, just in front of the step was a huge ball of snow, rolled from the covered field near by. A perfect mountain of snow it was, and no wonder that the school-boys had puffed over it for an hour that morning. Over the whole waved a flag, on which was printed in large letters with much more ink than skill:

"LOOK SHARP,  
BUDD OF NOWHERE,  
FOR A  
MERRY CHRISTMAS."

"And bless my heart if it ain't Christmas, too," said Jerry, "and I'm wishin' you a merry one, lad. What do them chaps mean? If its any trick they're playing they have to count me in, too, and stand the consequence."

A cry from Budd interrupted the old fisherman's threat.

"Look! Look!"  
"What is it, boy?"  
Budd darted into the cabin and was out again in a twinkling with the shovel.

"It's a box, don't you see?" he cried, "there is the edge."

A few cuts with the shovel and the box was displayed only to reveal other corners of other boxes. And out they came, one after another, and were carried wonderingly into the cabin. At last, through the mountain of snow, the ground was reached, and the last box safe inside by the fire.

"I don't want to say nothing till this thing's through," said the old fisherman, as with hammer in hand he broke the covers from their fastenings.

Jackets, trousers, boots and mittens, new and warm. School books and slates, story books and books again. Have I said jackets? Then I say so once more, for there were two of them, and trousers to match, and if I haven't said slates, I say so now with a will.

With sparkling eyes Budd watched the fisherman or helped when he could.

With wonder he looked upon each gift as it was drawn from the stout woolen box.

"Not for me," he said, "they can't be for me."

"Then help me on with these 2x3 trousers, and I'll use the jackets for mittens," cried Jerry, dancing about the room. "Old Chris ain't been round my chimney for a good ten years before. Hunt sharp for some writin', boy. Ain't there none round?"

"Pinned to the jacket they found it—only a trace."

"From the school-boys at Ocean Point."

"Read that again, lad, and read it slow like."

"From the school-boys at Ocean Point."

"Then God bless 'em forever, we both say," said the old man fervently.

A mouse ranging about a brewery, happening to fall in a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of drowning, and applied to a cat to help him out. The cat replied:

"It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you."

The mouse piteously replied that it would be far better than to be drowned in beer.

The cat lifted him out, but the fume of the beer caused puffs to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in a hole.

The cat called upon the mouse to come out, and asked:

"Did you not promise that I should eat you?"

"Ah," replied the mouse, "I was in liquor at the time

CHRISTMAS.

With tomorrow the season of Advent ends for this year, in the full light of the glorious event, whose coming it has contemplated. It brings us to the dawn of Christmas, when the expectation of the ages, the hope of the whole past of humanity is realized in the birth of the Infant Saviour at Bethlehem.

Contrary to all human experience and expectation the event that transcended all others in the course of history, occurred under circumstances of the deepest humility, so that the din of the world's activities, and the pride and pomp of its course were undisturbed by the event.

The Prince of Glory, the world's Redeemer was born under humiliating conditions, that prefigured the whole course of His life and culminated in His death of deepest infamy. It was requisite that the depth of humanity's fall should be thus reached to ensure its exaltation, the restoration of its last state of glory, the reunion of the earthly and the Divine could be reached only by the way of the cross.

The heaven directed Shepherds and the "Wise Men" of old, with the attending Angels were the first celebrants of Christmas. Kingdoms have arisen and fallen, dynasties innumerable have passed away, lauds and seas have undergone vast changes since that lowly birth, but the triumphant course of the power which arose from it, has ever been onward, overcoming all forces that have opposed its progress.

It is our happy privilege to have part in the benefits and blessings which have come down to us, redolent at all points with the benedictions of the noble army which won the victories of the past, and it is for us to hand them onward with renewed glory to the ages to come.

This time of joy to the earth commends itself to all classes and conditions; to hoary age, to lisping infancy, to buoyant youth, and vigorous manhood; the earth, the air and the waters bring their products to glorify the day.

Therefore do the temples of religion resound with praises and thanksgivings, whilst holy anthems express the deep emotions of pious hearts, and The Gloria in Excelsis, reverberates through all Christian lands. The homes of the people everywhere take to the theme of gladness and are made joyous in celebrations that bring all hearts together.

It is meet therefore to beautify the Sanctuaries of worship, to adorn our homes and in every proper way to cultivate the spirit of happy gratitude that proceeds from the knowledge that the gift of gifts has reached us, and this is the significance of the bestowal of gifts at this time, a continuation of the example of the sages who laid their contributions before the blessed Child Jesus. Let the children everywhere be recognized as having part in the happy season, for His infant life sanctified child life for all time. Let joy everywhere abound, for to all nations it was proclaimed, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

WASHINGTON'S SURRENDER AT ANNAPOLIS.

On to-morrow (Sunday) the 23rd inst., will be the hundredth anniversary of the surrender by Washington of his commission as Commander in Chief of the federated colonies—a most dramatic incident, of which Annapolis was the scene. The ceremony of returning to Congress the powers which he might have chosen to retain for the furtherance of his own private ambition cannot have failed to be as impressive to the little audience gathered in the State House at Annapolis as it has always since seemed to students of our history the world over. The day should receive some sort of public recognition. Senator Groom has introduced a resolution in the U. S. Senate to that effect.

On Friday the 14th inst., Mr. Hoblitzel (Md.) introduced a joint resolution requesting the President to issue a proclamation urging the various religious denominations throughout the country to commemorate December 23, 1883, the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender by George Washington of his commission as commander in chief of the army, and to request that business be suspended on Monday, December 24, and the same treated as a public holiday. Referred to a special committee to be composed of five members. Up to this writing we have not learned of any further action in the case.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C. Dec. 19, '83. We are having just now a pretty fair illustration of the sincerity of the politicians of either party on the subject of civil service reform. Each side is scoring the other for doing precisely the same thing. The Democrats in the Senate lecture the Republican majority for turning out the old officials who are Democrats, while their friends over on the House side have already made a clean sweep of the Republican officers of the last Congress. The Senate Republicans put on a virtuous air and talked of civil service reform at first, when in fact those who were on the inside knew that the only reason the Senate officers were not changed at once was the fear of trouble on account of Gorham and one or two absentees. So it is. Neither party has any regard for civil service reform. What the politicians want is the offices, and they will have them when they get a chance. The enactment of the present law was forced upon them by public sentiment, and they are most heartily sorry for it. In the department Congressmen are not so potent as they once were, and while a few are glad to be relieved to some extent of the annoyance and pressure, others regret the loss of their influence in this direction. Before the civil service law went into effect, it was a common thing in the departmental circles to hear a clerk who wished to be promoted, transferred or appointed in some other department, say: "Well, I'll just fix that when my member of Congress returns to the city." Such remarks are not indulged in now, but a Treasury official informs your correspondent that Congressmen are daily endeavoring to secure appointments on individual account, as though they were totally ignorant of the civil service barrier. Of course those able applicants are regularly referred to the commission, "and," said my informant, "if they get an appointment through without complying with the law it's a frigid day. Just now there is a great deal of scheming going on in Congressional circles to evade the civil service law in the matter of departmental appointments, and although the movement has not yet fully developed it will become apparent enough after the holidays, when Congress is regularly in session."

Whether the country will hail with profound satisfaction the advent of another National bankruptcy law, depends some upon what sort of a law it is. The principal bill now before Congress simply revives the law which was repealed by act of June 7, 1878, the only modification being that the compensation of the assistants in the district court shall be fixed salaries instead of by fees. This is a good amendment, provided the salaries are not placed too high. It will be remembered that the fees paid to the court officers under the old law, constructive and otherwise, generally absorbed the poor debtor's estate, leaving nothing to be divided up between the creditors. If we are to have a bankruptcy law, this bill is as likely to go through as any other because it has been subject to the

scrutiny of the courts in all its parts and has been the instrument by which more than one thousand millions of dollars has been saved to the debit side of the business men of the country.

The Democrats in Congress are very playful, and there is a good deal more of the atmosphere of relaxation about their cloak-rooms than is to be breathed in the retiring rooms on the Republican side. When a Republican Senator gets tired of business he goes over to the Democratic side to have some fun. The Democratic Senators play practical jokes on one another, and perhaps the most persistent joker of that body is Senator Garland. Not long ago a Senator who owed Garland one for previous pranks, got hold of some "April fool" caramels and placed them carelessly on his desk. Garland spied the deceptive chocolates, and carelessly sauntering by, picked up one of them, and said: "What are these, Senator?" "They are caramels. Take one." "Thank you, I will," and he took one. Now the caramel was filled with soap, and the jokers expected to see Garland spit out the nauseous stuff. That was where the laugh was to come in. But Garland disappeared. He ate up the whole thing, soap and all, and never made a sign. The perpetrator became frightened and ran out into the cloakroom, exclaiming, "Good Lord, I'm afraid the man is poisoned." "Oh, you needn't be alarmed," said Butler, of South Carolina, "Garland got an Arkansas stomach." To this day no one knows whether Garland tasted the soap or not.

Speaker Carlisle has been going through a trying ordeal in the formation of the House committees, but at this writing it is understood the work is about completed and ready for announcement. Of course everybody is not going to be pleased, but the general impression is that the result will be about the best that could be produced. The holiday recess will extend over to the second week in January practically, whether it does nominally or not. Notwithstanding the absence of a good many Congressmen next week it will be a lively season here, as the holiday season always is, and the business of "peddling cards," as a Senator's wife expresses it, will be carried on to a considerable extent. Usually the departments close for a half holiday each afternoon of Christmas week, but civil service reform has knocked that pleasant practice in the head and the clerks will have them when they get a chance. The enactment of the present law was forced upon them by public sentiment, and they are most heartily sorry for it. In the department Congressmen are not so potent as they once were, and while a few are glad to be relieved to some extent of the annoyance and pressure, others regret the loss of their influence in this direction. Before the civil service law went into effect, it was a common thing in the departmental circles to hear a clerk who wished to be promoted, transferred or appointed in some other department, say: "Well, I'll just fix that when my member of Congress returns to the city." Such remarks are not indulged in now, but a Treasury official informs your correspondent that Congressmen are daily endeavoring to secure appointments on individual account, as though they were totally ignorant of the civil service barrier. Of course those able applicants are regularly referred to the commission, "and," said my informant, "if they get an appointment through without complying with the law it's a frigid day. Just now there is a great deal of scheming going on in Congressional circles to evade the civil service law in the matter of departmental appointments, and although the movement has not yet fully developed it will become apparent enough after the holidays, when Congress is regularly in session."

There is a cedar tree in the colored people's cemetery in America, Ga., that was planted in a pitcher at the head of a negro's grave ten years ago. It burst the bottom out of the pitcher and took root in the earth. The pitcher still encircles the tree, which is about ten feet high.

Near Blakely Ga., a yoke of oxen ran away while the driver was standing behind them, lighting his pipe. Dropping the match, he started in pursuit of the runaway. The pine straw took fire, and the fire spread, sweeping all before it. Some farmers lost nearly all their fencing and a Mr. Davis, who was sick in bed, lost every building on his place except his dwelling, and that was saved with much difficulty.

GEN. HANCOCK is on a visit to the Pacific Coast, and was received at San Francisco on Wednesday night by a public demonstration.

SEVEN shocks of earthquake occurred on the 6th inst., at Roven den Springs, Arkansas. They lasted forty seconds, and broke glassware and crockery in stores and houses. Large rocks were loosened and fell in the cuts of the Kansas City, Springfield and Memphis Railroad near by. One shock was accompanied by a loud noise, and there was a violent jar of the earth.

Executor's Notice.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Frederick County, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

MICHAEL ADELSEBERGER,

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the decedent, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 22nd day of June, next; they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand, this 22nd day of December, 1883.

JOSEPH C. ROSENSTEELE, Executor.

Public Sale

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

BY virtue of the last will of Michael C. Adelsberger, late of Frederick County, deceased, and by an order of the Orphans Court, the undersigned will sell at public sale, in front of the late residence of the said deceased, in Emmitsburg, Md.,

On Saturday, December 22nd, 1883, at 1 o'clock, p. m., all that desirable property, situated on West Main Street, and designated on the Plat of Shields' addition to Emmitsburg, as Lot No. 2. First, all that two-story frame

Weatherboarded House!

fronting on said Main street, 33 feet 5 inches, containing three rooms and hall on the first floor, and four rooms on second floor, with back building attached, good cellar under the house, a well of good water in the yard, milk house, and a variety of fruit on the lot. Second, all that good and substantially built, 2 story

Brick House,

fronting on Main street, 26 feet 9 inches, with cellar under the whole house, three rooms on first floor, and three rooms on second floor, an out kitchen, all in good condition. There is a

LARGE BARN!

with breaching floor and good stabling on the rear of the lot, good corn crib, etc. If sold separately, the lot will be divided in a straight line with the width of the dwelling houses through to the back alley, the purchaser of either lot to have the right and privilege at any time to remove the out buildings from the said dividing line. This property is nicely located, and in good condition, and worthy the attention of persons wishing to invest in town property.

Terms of Sale as prescribed by the Court.—One half of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, the ratification thereof by the Court, the balance in twelve months from date of sale, the purchaser or purchasers giving his, her or their notes, bearing interest from date of sale, with good and sufficient security, to be approved by the Executrices. Possession given on the first day of April, 1884. The purchasers to be at all expense of conveying.

MARY E. ADELSEBERGER, MARIA L. ADELSEBERGER, Acting Executrices, nov 34 ts HENRY STOKES, Agent

BY THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS FOR FREDERICK CO.

OCTOBER TERM, December Session, that the January Term of January Session of the Board commence at their Office,

On Tuesday, January 1st, 1884, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The following schedule will govern the Session:

First Week. Wednesday the 2nd, will settle with Supervisors of Buckeystown District. Thursday, the 3rd will settle with Supervisors of Frederick District. Friday, the 4th, will settle with Supervisors of Middletown District. Saturday, the 5th, will settle with Supervisors of Oregentown District.

Second Week. Monday, the 7th, will settle with Supervisors of Emmitsburg District. Tuesday, the 8th, will settle with Supervisors of Catocin District. Wednesday, the 9th, will settle with Supervisors of Urbana District. Thursday, the 10th, will settle with Supervisors of Liberty and New Market Districts. Friday, the 11th, will settle, with Supervisors of Havers and Woodsboro' Districts. Saturday, the 12th, will settle with Supervisors of Petersville District.

Third Week. Monday, the 14th, will settle with Supervisors of Mt. Pleasant District. Tuesday, the 15th, will settle with Supervisors of Jefferson and Mechanics-town Districts. Wednesday, the 16th, will settle with Supervisors of Jackson and Johnsville Districts. Thursday, the 17th, will settle with Supervisors of Woodville and Linsagore Districts. Friday, the 18th, will settle with Supervisors of Lewistown District. Supervisors will be expected to give number of miles of roads they work. Supervisors for the ensuing year will be appointed on the day of settlement, unless complaint be filed against them, in which cases, all complaints as well as recommendations must be filed prior to the day of settlement. The residue of the session will be devoted to general business. During the session, the Commissioners will appoint Trustees to Montevue Hospital and County Constables. By order, dec. 15-6 H. P. STEINER, Clerk.

AGENTS

wanted for the U.S. The largest, band-onest best book ever sold for less than two cents per copy. The fastest selling work in America. immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT Book Co., Portland, Maine.

THE MARVELLOUS WHEEL SINGING DOLL.



A Mechanical Wonder. Just years ago first introduced this marvelous toy to the children of America and it is safe to assert that no toy ever devised attracted such immediate popularity; fully 100,000,000 of these dolls have been sold in the United States since they were first introduced. The dolls are made of fine quality wood, and are so constructed that they will sing any tune that you desire. The dolls are made of fine quality wood, and are so constructed that they will sing any tune that you desire. The dolls are made of fine quality wood, and are so constructed that they will sing any tune that you desire.

BACKLOG SKETCHES.

Charming serials, stories, etc. on miscellaneous, etc. is sent in a box for 3 cents; and we send 100 copies of our new Holiday Package, consisting of 10 pieces popular music, 10 interesting games, 1 pack of cards, and 10 other articles, for 25 cents. The package is packed in a neat and attractive manner, and is a most desirable gift for the holidays. The package is packed in a neat and attractive manner, and is a most desirable gift for the holidays.

You Can Save RAIL-ROAD FARE,

YOUR EXPENSES, AND HAVE Money Left,

PURCHASING YOUR CLOTHING, HATS CAPS, Boots, Shoes,

AND Furnishing Goods!

OF THE EXCELSIOR, BALTIMORE.

ALL GOODS OF THE Latest Styles

AND BEST MAKE

AT Manufacturers' COST.

It will pay you to go there.

EXCELSIOR Clothing Company,

SOUTHWEST CORNER BALTIMORE AND LIGHT STS. AND COR. EASTERN AVE. & BROADWAY Baltimore, Md.

\$66 a week at home. Pay absolute-ly sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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.

General Merchandise

Our stock consists of a large variety of Dry Goods, cloths, CASSIMERES, outdones, ladies dress goods, notions HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, QUEENSWARE, Fine Groceries, of every sort, etc. All which will be sold at the lowest prices. Give us a trial and be convinced that we will treat you square. Sole Agents for Evi's Shoes. C. J. ROWE & BRO.

How to Obtain GOLD

Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you a royal, valuable box of simple goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to \$7 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us, full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. For names will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine, dec. 15-17.

PATENTS

MUNN & CO. of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Copyrights, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Have had about 20 years experience. Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are not only the best, but also the most valuable. We have a large stock of the Scientific American, and will send you a copy free. Address MUNN & CO., 37 Broadway, New York.

FLOWERS, HARROWS,

CORN PLANTERS, &c., &c., AT BENJAMIN F. STEWART'S.

The superior points of the Double Row Champion Corn Planter's ability to pass over obstructions, facility in changing depth of planting, lightness of draft, absence of neck draft, accuracy of drop, both in line and number of grains, &c. The man and boy can with ease plant twenty acres per day.

THE PENN HARROW,

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. It supplies the farmer with all the Harrows he requires, by its combination of five Harrows, a Corn Marker, a Sled, &c.

THE WHIPPLE SULKY OR WHEEL HARROW.

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

Slip Point Cutters, &c., the OLD HICKORY FARM WAGON, no break downs; tires don't come off; scines don't work loose; boxes don't work loose; spokes don't work loose.

THE DEERING SELF-BINDING HARVESTER.

five years old; most simple, durable and successful of all.

Advance Reapers & Mowers, FRICK & CO'S ENGINES, SAW MILLS, &c.

HAGERSTOWN ENGINES, DRILLS, THRESHERS, &c.

Agricultural Implements of every description. A full and complete line of hardware, Plowsmith Tools, Paints, dry and ready mixed; Glass, Machine Oils, Bushes, Tin Ware, Leather Belting, Fishing Tackle, Gunning Material, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Razors, Tubes, Bicycles, &c.

A large and fresh assortment of Flower and Garden Seeds.

My House, the well known Central Hotel Building, is open for Boarding, with the month, day or week. Meals furnished at reduced rates. Stable room for horses free of charge.

BENI F. STEWART, Late of the firm of Stewart & Price, Old Central Hotel Building, may 30-t. Frederick, Md.

STOVE HOUSE

AND Tin-Ware Establishment!

The undersigned has constantly on hand a large and varied assortment of Stoves. THE EXCELSIOR COOK STOVE being a specialty. THE OPERA COAL STOVE with patent duplex grate, and various other patterns, at prices that cannot fail to please. Also

TIN-WARE of every kind, Tin Roofing, Spouting, Valleys, &c., &c.

at the lowest rates; Wagon-Ware Repairing promptly attended to. House furnishing goods in great variety, and all articles usually sold in my line of business. Old Iron, Copper and Brass taken in trade. Give me a call. North side of the Public Square, Emmitsburg, Md. dec 27-y M. E. ADELSEBERGER.

GOLD

for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you a royal, valuable box of simple goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to \$7 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us, full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. For names will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine, dec. 15-17.

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THE MYSTIC CHRISTMAS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"All hail" the bells of Christmas ring, "All hail" the monks at Christmas sang.

But still apart, unmoved thereat, A pious elder brother sat

"Why stit'at thou thus?" his brethren cried, "It is the blessed Christmas-tide;

"Above our heads the joy-bells ring, Without the happy children sing,

"Rejoice with us; no more rebuke Our gladness with thy quiet look."

"Let heathen Yule fires flicker there Where thronged refectory feasts are spread;

"The blindest faith may haply save; The Lord accepts the things we have,

"They needs must grope who cannot see, The blade before the ear must be;

"But now, beyond the things of sense, Beyond occasions and events,

"I listen, from no mortal tongue, To hear the song the angels sing;

"The outward symbols disappear From him whose inward sight is clear;

"Keep while you need it, brothers mine, With honest zeal your Christmas sign,

Christmas.

When Irving was reproached for describing an English Christmas which he had never seen, he replied that, although everything that he had described might not be seen at any single house, yet all of it could be seen somewhere in England at Christmas.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;

This is the Christmas sentiment of today, as it was of Shakespeare's time.

"NEVER would call a boy of mine 'Alias,'" said Mrs. Jones, of Huntsville, Ala., "if I had a hundred to name.

A contemporary thinks it is curious to look down the aisles of a full church and see at the end of every pew a man.

Mr. T. Maxwell, 295 Columbia avenue, Baltimore, Md., says: "I suffered from dyspepsia and general debility. Brown's Iron Bitters gave me relief."

"I AM generally used up," said the omnibus. "While I am trodden in the way," squeaked the shoes.

A Word about Christmas.

When what was designed to be a pleasure becomes a burden, it is time to stop and examine it carefully, and see if it is the thing itself which has grown to be such a weight, or whether it is simply an awkward manner of carrying it.

"The week before a Christmas she was tired out with shopping," are excuses which appear as surely as January and February come.

"The outward symbols disappear From him whose inward sight is clear; And small must be the choice of days To him who fills them all with praise!

"Keep while you need it, brothers mine, With honest zeal your Christmas sign, But judge not him who every morn Feels in his heart the Lord Christ born!"

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. THE BEST TONIC. Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Druggists and Physicians endorse.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. As an invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has received the most positive endorsement from eminent physicians.

SOLDIERS HO! LOOK HERE! A Purely Vegetable, Fatless Family Medicine, and has been manufactured at LA ROCQUE'S PHARMACY.

FOR DYSPEPSIA NERVOUSNESS, Bilious Attacks, Headache, Jaundice, Chills and Fevers, and all Diseases of the Liver and Stomach.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES. CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.

Look Here! BAKER & PLANK, BUTCHERS, EMMITSBURG, MD. Best quality of Butchers meat always to be had.

PROF. DU LAC'S SWISS BALSAM. An unequalled and infallible remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Dr. P. D. Fahrney's Office REMOVED. I take pleasure in notifying the afflicted that I have removed my office to East Street.

UROSCOPIC PRACTICE. I invite all who are suffering with chronic or lingering diseases to call.

Free! Cards and Chromos. We will send free by mail a sample set of our cards.

HEALTH, BEAUTY, LONGEVITY. 250 PAGES, illustrated, in cloth and gilt binding.

MA JASPER YEWEL, Trilgiman's Island, Md., says: "I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia. Brown's Iron Bitters entirely cured me."

Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

1884-40th YEAR. The Eclectic Magazine reproduces from foreign periodicals all those articles which are valuable to American readers.

The following list comprise the principal periodicals from which selections are made and the names of some of the leading writers who contribute to them:

Authors: Alfred Tennyson, Professor Huxley, Richard A. Proctor, B. A., J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S., The Nineteenth Century, E. B. Tylor, Prof. Max Muller, Mrs. Chapman, Miss Thackeray, Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, Thomas Hardy, W. H. Mallock, Emile Laboulaye, Henri Traine, and others.

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