

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, APRIL 12, 1884.

No. 45.

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.—Frank C. Norwood.
Clerk of the Court.—Adolphus Fearhake, Jr.

Orphan's Court.

Judge.—John T. Lowe, John H. Keller, Robert Stokes.
Regist. of Wills.—James P. Perry.
County Commissioners.—George W. Padgett, John W. Ramsburg, William H. Lakin, George W. Elzler, James U. Lawson.
Sheriff.—George W. Grove.
Tax Collector.—D. H. Routaham.
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—Z. Jas. Gittinger, Herman L. Routaham, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace.—J. H. T. Webb, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, E. T. McBridge.
Registrar.—E. S. Raney.
Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.
School Trustees.—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, Dr. R. K. Ashman.
Burgess.—Henry Stokes.
Town Commissioners.—O. A. Horner, E. R. Zimmerman, J. T. Motter, Joseph Knouff, John G. Hess, John F. 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 at 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday school at 10 o'clock, p. m., infants school at 12 p. m.

Church of the Incarnation, (Ref'd.)

Pastor.—Rev. Geo. B. Resser. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every Sunday evening at 7:30 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 10 o'clock, p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock.

St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).

Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 6 o'clock, a. m., second mass 9 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday school, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Pastor.—Rev. Daniel Haskell. Services every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock. Sunday school 8 o'clock, a. m.; Class meeting every other Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

MAILS.

From Baltimore, Wg. 4.05 a. m.; From Baltimore to Wg. 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 Emmitsburg 4.30 p. m.; From 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, Wg. 4.30 p. m.; For Motter, 8.30 p. m.; For Frederick, 8.30 p. m.

All mails close 15 minutes before schedule time. Office hours from 6 o'clock a. m., to 8.15 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.

Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Geo. T. Gelwick, Secy.; Geo. G. Byers, Sen. S.; L. S. Troxell, Jun. S.; John F. Adelsberger, C. of K.; Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.; C. J. S. Gelwick, Prophet and Representative.
"Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md." Monthly meetings, 4th Thursday in each month. Officers: J. T. Bussey, Pres.; F. A. Adelsberger, Vice-Prest.; P. P. Seabold, Secy.; N. Baker, Treas. Meeting and Club Rooms, Seabrooks' Building, E. Main St.

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, Geo. T. Gelwick; Worthy Master, Lewis D. Cook; Junior Master, Geo. G. Byers; Rec. Secretary, Jno. F. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer, M. J. Elchberger; Chaplain, C. S. Zeck; Conductor, Jos. Houck.

Emmitt Building Association.

Prest., C. F. Rowe; Vice Prest., Geo. R. Overman; Ed. H. Rowe, Sec'y; and Treasurer; Directors, John G. Hess, Jos. Snouffer, J. A. Rowe, D. Lawrence, N. Baker, John F. Hopp.

Union Building Association.

President, J. Taylor Motter; Vice President, W. S. Guthrie; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, W. H. Hoke; Solicitor, Henry Stokes; Directors, Jas. A. Rowe, F. A. Maxwell, John G. Hess, D. Lawrence, R. H. Gelwick, Chas. J. Rowe.

DR. J. H. HICKEY,

DENTIST,

EMMITSBURG, MD.
Having located in Emmitsburg offers his professional services to the public—Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office at the residence of Mrs. Ann M. Hoover. Jan 5-11

C. W. SCHWARTZ, M. D.

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C. V. S. LEVY

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

FREDERICK, MD.
Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. Jy 12-13

Edward S. Elchberger,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

FREDERICK CITY, MD.
OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. Dec 9-11

Dr. J. T. BUSSEY,

DENTIST.

EMMITSBURG, MD.
Office S. W. Corner Square. Performs all operations pertaining to his profession. Satisfaction guaranteed. ap 29

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. aug 16-17

Dr. P. D. Fahrney's Office

REMOVED.

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

I invite all who are suffering with chronic or lingering diseases to call. Consultation free. Send stamp for hand-book or circulars.

ap 21-17 P. D. FAHRNEY, M. D.

Western Maryland Railroad

WINTER SCHEDULE.

ON and after SUNDAY, Dec. 20th, 1883, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.

Daily except Sundays.

STATIONS. A. M. P. M. P. M.

Hill Station 8:00 10:10 4:05 6:25

Union depot 8:05 10:15 4:05 6:30

Penn'a ave. 8:10 10:20 4:10 6:35

Fulton sta. 8:15 10:25 4:15 6:40

Arlington 8:20 10:30 4:20 6:45

My Hope 8:25 10:35 4:25 6:50

Phenixville 8:30 10:40 4:30 6:55

Owings Mills 8:35 10:45 4:35 7:00

Lynch 8:40 10:50 4:40 7:05

Hanover 8:45 10:55 4:45 7:10

Gettysburg 8:50 11:00 4:50 7:15

Westport 9:00 11:10 4:55 7:25

New Windsor 9:10 11:20 5:05 7:35

Union Bridge 9:15 11:25 5:10 7:40

Frederick 9:20 11:30 5:15 7:45

Rocky Ridge 9:25 11:35 5:20 7:50

Mechanicstown 9:30 11:40 5:25 7:55

Blue Ridge 9:35 11:45 5:30 8:00

Pen-Mar 9:40 11:50 5:35 8:05

Edgemoor 9:45 11:55 5:40 8:10

Edgemoor 9:50 12:00 5:45 8:15

Hagerstown 9:55 12:05 5:50 8:20

Williamsport 10:00 12:10 5:55 8:25

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.

Daily except Sundays.

STATIONS. A. M. P. M. P. M.

Williamsport 6:45 8:55 12:10 2:10

Hagerstown 6:50 9:00 12:15 2:15

Edgemoor 6:55 9:05 12:20 2:20

Edgemoor 7:00 9:10 12:25 2:25

Pen-Mar 7:05 9:15 12:30 2:30

Blue Ridge 7:10 9:20 12:35 2:35

Mechanicstown 7:15 9:25 12:40 2:40

Rocky Ridge 7:20 9:30 12:45 2:45

Frederick 7:25 9:35 12:50 2:50

Union Bridge 7:30 9:40 12:55 2:55

New Windsor 7:35 9:45 1:00 3:00

Hanover 7:40 9:50 1:05 3:05

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Penn'a ave. 8:15 10:25 1:40 3:40

Union depot 8:20 10:30 1:45 3:45

Hill Station 8:25 10:35 1:50 3:50

Trains for York, Taneytown and Littlestown leave Junction at 9:40 a. m. and 6:25 p. m.

Through Car for Frederick leaves Baltimore at 4:40 p. m. and leaves Frederick for Baltimore at 8:40 a. m.

Through Car for Hanover and Gettysburg, and points on H. & O. R. R. leave Baltimore at 10:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.

Street Cars, Baltimore and Gay Street Line, at corner of Gay and Exeter sts., pass within one square of Hillen Station.

Baggage calls can be left at Ticket Office, 123 W. Baltimore Street.

Eastern Standard or 75th Meridian Time is given at all Stations.

JOHN M. HOOD, General Manager
B. H. Griswold, Gen'l Ticket Agent

EDSON BROS. Patent Lawyers.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Specialty:—Patent causes before the Patent Office and the Courts. Reasonable terms. Opinion as to patentability, free of charge. Send for circular.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Verrill, Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for 15 IN NEW YORK.

LITTLE FEET.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Two little feet so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand,
Two tender feet upon the untrodden border
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled and soft and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days;
How can they walk among the briery tangle
Edging the world's rough ways?

These white rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas, since woman has the heaviest burden
And walks the hardest road.

Love for awhile will make the path before them
All daily, smooth and fair—
Will cull away the bramble, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from the sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's fearful shades,
Or find the asplend shades of peace and beauty,
Whose Sunlight never fades?

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

Al! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

"THE EVENING GLORY."

(FROM A NOCTURN.)

The shadows were falling softly,
The sunlight sunk to rest,
And the deep, sweet hush of twilight,
Was balm and joy to my breast.

I sat at my open door way
Breathing the fragrant air,
And watched the myriad flowers
Nodding and bending there.

Over my garden bed
Framed thick with deep-green leaves,
Long, glossy buds of beauty
Swayed gently in the breeze.

I almost heard the flutter
Of fairy wings a near,
And waiting, still in silence,
A rustle seemed to hear.

'Twas but the swift unfolding
Of the dainty buds of green
Into the milk white blossoms—
The evening's peerless queen.

Not likely radiant sisters
Of the morning's golden light,
Clad in her gorgeous garments,
Waving in sunshine bright.

Thou comest in the darkness;
The stars above look down
And catch the gleam of thy beauty,
The sleep of thy pure white crown.

Oh! Evening Glory! Spoil!
Tell me a lesson to-night:
Of the souls who walk the earth
With power a ray of light;

Still the sunless pathway blossoms
With their own white deeds of love,
And the fragrance of their living
Is wafted far above.

Only the great Hereafter
Shall tell how the earth-born flowers
Were changed to the Amaranth golden
That bloom in celestial bowers.

Mrs. J. B. ALEXANDER.

Finding the Trail.

Here in the shadow of this grim mountain is a camp of cavalry—200 men in faded and ragged blue uniforms, every face sunburned and bronzed, every sabre and carbine showing long use, every horse lifting its head from the grass at short intervals for a swift glance up and down the valley.

Here at the foot of the mountain, the Apache trail, which has been followed for three days, has grown cold. Aye, it has been lost. It is as if the white men had followed a path which suddenly ended at a precipice. From this point the red demons took wings, and the oldest trailer is at fault.

The men on picket looked up and down the narrow valley with anxious faces. Down the valley, a mile away, a solitary wild horse paws and prances and utters shrill neighs of wonderment and alarm. Up the valley is a long stretch of green grass, the earth as level as a floor and no visible sign of life. The

pinus and shrubs and rocks on the mountain side might hide ten thousand Indians, but there is not the slightest movement to arouse suspicion. It is a hot, still day. Not a bird chirps, not a branch waves. The lynx could detect nothing beyond the erratic movements of the lone wild horse adown the valley and circular flight of an eagle so high in the air that the proud bird seemed no larger than a sparrow.

For an hour every man and horse has looked for "signs," but nothing has been discovered beyond what has been described. It is a lost trail. There is something in it to arouse suspicion as well as annoyance. Ten miles away the trail was as plain as a country highway, and the Indians had no suspicion of pursuit. Five miles back there were signs of commotion. Here, in the center of the valley, every foot print suddenly disappears.

Look, now! A sergeant with grizzly locks and fighting jaw rides down the valley, followed by five troopers. They are to scout for the lost trail. Every man has unslung his carbine, every saddle girth has been tightened, and every man of the six looks over the camp as he rides out as if he had been told that he was bidding a last farewell to comrades. They ride at a slow gallop. Each man casts swift glances along the mountain side to his right—along the mountain side to his left—at the green grass under his horse's feet.

What's that! Afar up the slope to the right something waves to and fro for a moment. Higher up the signal is answered. Across the valley, on the other slope it is answered again. Down the valley, a full two miles beyond, where the wild horse now stands like a figure of stone, and where the valley sweeps so the right, like the sudden turn of a river, the signal is caught up and 200 Apaches, eager, excited and mounted, draw back into the fringe at the base of the mountain and wait.

The little band gallop straight down upon the lone horse. Now they are only half a mile away, and his breath comes quick and his nostrils quiver as he stands and stares at the strange spectacle. A little nearer and his muscles twitch and quiver and his sharp pointed ears waver feebly. Only eight rods now and with a fierce snort of alarm and defiance he rears up, whirling about like a top, and off down the valley like an arrow sent by a strong hand. The sight may thrill, but it does not increase the pace of those who follow. The men see the wild horse fleeing before them, but the sight does not hold their eyes more than a second. To the right—to the left—above them—down the valley—they are looking for a hoof-print, for a trampled spot, for a broken twig—for a sign however insignificant to prove that they have passed that way. They find nothing. The signals up the mountain side were visible only for seconds.

After the first wild burst of speed the lone horse looks back. He recovers courage. He no longer runs in a straight line, but he sweeps away to the left—swerves to the right, and changes his gait to a trot. When he hears the shouts of pursuit and the louder thump of hoof-beats, he will straighten away and show the pursuers a gait which nothing but a whirlwind can equal.

Look! It is only a quarter of a mile now to turn the valley. The lone horse has suddenly stopped to sniff the air. His ears are pointed straight ahead, his eyes grow larger and take on a frightened look and he half wheels as if he would gallop back to those who have seemingly pursued. Five, eight, ten seconds, and with a snort of alarm he breaks into a terrific run takes the extreme left of the valley, and goes tearing off to right as if followed by lions. "Halt!"

The grim sergeant sees "signs" in the actions of the horse. Every trooper is looking ahead and to right. The green valley runs into the fringe, the fringe into dense thicket, the thicket into rock and pine and mountain slope. No eye can penetrate that fringe. The Indians may be in ambush there, or the horse

may have scented a wolf or grizzly.

"Forward!"

No man knows what danger lurks in the fringe, but the order was to scout beyond the head. To disobey is ignominy and disgrace; to ride forward is—wait! There is no air stirring in the valley. Every limb and bough is still as if made of iron. There is silence which weighs like a heavy burden, and the harsh note of hawk and buzzard would be a relief.

Here is the bend. The valley continues as before—no wider—no narrower, level and unbroken. The wild horse was out of sight long ago, and the six troopers see nothing but the green grass as their eyes sweep the valley from side to side.

"Turn the bend and ride down the valley for a mile or so and keep your eyes open to discover any pass leading out."

It is more than a mile beyond the bend. No pass has been discovered. No signs of a trail have been picked up. The sergeant has raised himself up for a long and careful scrutiny, when an exclamation causes him to turn his face up the valley. Out from the fringe ride the demons who have been lurking there to drink blood. Five—ten—twenty—fifty—the line has no end. It stretches clear across the valley before a word has been spoken. Then it faces to the right and 200 Indians, in war paint face the grim old sergeant and his five troopers.

"Into line—right dress!"

It is the sergeant who whispers the order. Six to 200, but we will face the danger. To retreat down the valley is to be overtaken one by one and shot from the saddle, or reserved for torture. Down the valley there is no hope; up the valley is the camp of rescue. The two lines face each other for a moment without a movement.

"Now, men, one volley—along carlines—draw sabres and charge!"

A sheet of flame—a roar—a cloud of smoke and six horses sprang forward. Then there is a grand yell, a rush by every horse and rider, and a whirlpool begins to circle. Sabres flash and cling—arrows whistle—revolvers pop—voices shout and scream, and then the whirlpool ceases. It is not three minutes since the first carbine was fired, but the tragedy has ended. Every trooper is down and scalped, half a dozen redskins are dead or dying, a dozen horses are struggling or staggering and fleeing at a mad gallop is the sergeant's riderless horse. He carries an arrow in his shoulder, and there is blood on the saddle. In five minutes he will be in camp, and the notes of the bugle will prove that the lost trail has been found.

Advertising for Guests.

Once or twice each season, a reception to Senators and Representatives in Congress and their families is given. For these occasions cards are usually sent out. Not long ago this custom was disregarded, and in place of cards an announcement of the event was published in one of the newspapers. The witty wife of an Eastern member of Congress, who attended the reception, said, when presented to the host, "Mr. President, you advertised for me, and I am here."—E. V. SMALLEY, in the April Century.

REVENGE is a momentary triumph which is almost immediately succeeded by remorse; while forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure. It was well said by a Roman emperor that he wished to put an end to all his enemies by converting them into friends.

ALCOHOL has been found by Mose, Nuttz to be very widely diffused in nature. It exists in nearly all water, including rain and snow, and it is probable that the air contains much of it in the state of vapor. Poor soil yields traces of it, and rich mould has a considerable quantity.

IN MANITOBA, where the blizzards start from the liquor saloons have to employ fat men to sit on the barrels to keep the whisky from freezing.

WHEN a woman wants to be pretty she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

Read for a Purpose.

It is a mistake to suppose that the more a person reads the wiser he will grow, as a matter of course. I know a young girl of perhaps fourteen, who is a devotee of books of the story sort, such as fill most of our Sunday-School libraries. Every spare minute she gives to the business, and travels through the volumes at a most rapid pace. But it seems exactly like pouring water through a sieve. Not a valuable idea stays in the mind. The whole attention is absorbed in finding out "how the story turns out," with no reference whatever to its teachings. Daniel Webster, when a boy, obtained more information from a farmer's almanac than she would from whole shelves full of books read in that manner.

Indeed such reading weakens the mind instead of strengthening it. Nor does it soften the heart toward real suffering to have the feelings touched and even greatly moved by fictitious sorrows. Even a high admiration of self-denial and moral heroism in a favorite character leads to no corresponding action in the readers' life. Rather all demands upon her sympathy and self-denial make her only peevish and irritable. Have you ever seen an absorbed reader of fiction weeping over a pathetic tale, but indignant when a weary mother called her off to attend to neglected duties. How angrily the thread of every day work was taken up, and how little her presence contributed to lighten the home cares! Any reading that has such an effect on the mind is an evil of a decided character and of most serious magnitude. A well written story which has a decided point to it is a relaxation to both mind and body; but stories of perverted moral sentiment, where black is invariably painted white, and vice versa, are only pernicious, destroying both soul and body.

Read for a purpose, and make the points of the book your own. If a story is read for recreation, let it be a good

Agricultural.

Farmers as Poultrymen.

It is a singular fact that so few of our American farmers are inclined to give any, or at least but a very small share of their attention to the raising of good poultry. The mode adopted by farmers, generally speaking, to produce chickens is not the most profitable to them, and is rarely the right way to manage for the welfare of their fowl stock. Hens are kept, if at all, in but small numbers. They are permitted to prowl about the farmer's place uncared for and untaught. They lay their eggs anywhere and nowhere. When they want to sit they steal their nests in some out-of-the-way corner, and squat upon twice as many eggs as they hatch. When the hen leaves the nest with her chicks she drags them through the wet grass home, and, as the careless farmer has no fitting accommodations for them, he can't be bothered with chickens. It is "too much trouble to look after these small things," "there's no money in hens," he contends, and he lets them run. They die or live, as the chances favor them. It cannot be wondered at, under these loose and ill-chosen conditions, that farmers "don't find chicken raising profitable." Few birds can in this shiftless manner be reared, and none that will ever be good for much for any purpose. And it should never be a surprise to such people that they find no profit in chicken raising. On the other hand, when in these days of poultry improvement so much is done and so much is being done, in a paying way, among the amateurs and fanciers of good fowl stock all over the country, it seems to our view that of all men engaged in this work our farmers should make the most of this undertaking. And they can do this, if they will but attend to the business intelligently—as has been proved amply and satisfactorily by the few agriculturists who have stepped aside in this work from the old rule, and gone about fowl cultivation sensibly and judiciously. Farmers have plenty of room and land to spare upon which fowls may be kept to advantage. Cheap houses can be built upon their premises to shelter a hundred or two birds, that will give them fresh eggs in abundance—to use in the household or to sell for cash—in the right season. There is very little labor to be performed in the proper care of a few scores of nice fowls during the breeding season. And a very large percentage upon the cost and keeping, all told, is the mutual and certain return that may be realized to any farmer anywhere, on a small or larger scale, where this business is conducted as it should be. Why, then, should not American farmers avail themselves of this plainly remunerative adjunct upon their premises? There is more money in good poultry raising, considering its cost, by one-half, to be had actually, than can be realized from the pigs or the sheep on a farm. And yet the latter are fed and housed and bred everywhere, to the entire neglect almost of fowl stock.

Our farmers will do well to look into the merits of this thing. Good fowls of any of the improved breeds may now be had at a reasonable price. And we seriously recommend this matter to the careful consideration of those who have the facilities at hand to rear good poultry at a remunerative rate, but who have neglected this well paying branch of rural economy.—*American Poultry Yard.*

An experiment was made with a number of horses in Paris in 1776. The following results were obtained: 1. It was proved beyond all doubt that a horse can hold out for twenty-five days without any solid nourishment, provided it is supplied with sufficient and good drinking water. 2. A horse can barely hold out for five days without water. 3. If a horse is well fed for ten days, but insufficiently provided with water during the same period, it will not outlive the eleventh day. One horse, from which water had been entirely withheld for three days, drank on the fourth day sixty liters of water within three minutes. A horse which received no solid nourishment for twelve days was, nevertheless, in a condition on the twelfth day to draw a heavy load.

Why is it so many suffer from rheumatism, aches, pains, kidney disease, liver complaints, heart affections, etc? It is simply because they will not come and be healed. All disease begins 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.

Miscellaneous.

Be Somebody.

Robert J. Burdette, the facetious editor of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, has been lecturing to large audiences in different parts of the country, and in his amusing style he imparts to the rising generation some wholesome advice. The following is from one of his lectures: "Be somebody on your own account, my son, and don't try to get along on the reputation of your ancestors. Nobody knows and nobody cares who Adam's grand-father was, and there is not a man living who can tell the name of Brigham Young's mother-in-law." The lecturer urged upon his hearers the necessity of keeping up with the every day procession, and not pulling back the harness. Hard work never was known to kill men; it was the fun that men had in the intervals that killed them. The fact was, most people had yet to learn what fun really was. A man might go to Europe and spend a million dollars, and then recall the fact that he had a great deal more fun at a picnic twenty years ago that cost him just 65 cents. The theory that the world owed every man a living was false. The world owed a man nothing. There was a living in the world for every man, however, provided the man was willing to work for it. If he did not work for it, somebody else would earn it, and the lazy man would "get left." There were greater opportunities for workers out West than in the East. In cities, but men who went out West to grow up with the country must do their own growing. There is no browsing allowed in the vigorous West. An energetic man might go out into the far West, and in two or three years possess himself of a bigger house, a bigger yard, a bigger barn, and a bigger mortgage than he could obtain by ten years' work in the East. All young men ought to marry, and no young man should envy old men or rich men. In conclusion, Mr. Burdette said that a man should do well whatever he was given to do, and not despise drudgery.

Outwitting a Fog.

A scientist, while out in a boat one night on a river in Florida, was caught in a fog so dense that he could not see twenty feet ahead. The boatman stopped rowing and said they would have to wait for daylight or until the fog cleared away, as they did not know in what direction to steer. The scientist showed them what science can do for a man in an emergency. He says: "I at once stood up in the boat and hailed. Soon the echo came back. Pointing in the direction from which the echo came, I said: 'There is the nearest land.'"

Rowing a half mile in direction of the echo, we soon reached the land "coasted" home. The boatman expressed great surprise that they had been on the river all their lives and had never thought of so simple and easy a plan to find the shore when caught in a fog. A knowledge of so simple a fact saved me many a dismal hour, night and day, too, on the river. Fishermen to whom I have communicated this have told me a knowledge of this would often have saved them from whole nights of useless toil, and would have been worth hundreds of dollars in their business. Steamboat pilots may also be benefited. I have seen them run ashore with the echo striking them in the teeth. During a fog the atmosphere is so saturated with moisture that it is a much better conductor of sound than when dry. Two results follow: First, sound travels faster, and hence the echo returns more speedily; and second, the sound is heard more distinctly.

Remembering these two facts, a person with a little practice can soon determine the approximate distance of the nearest land or woods. "Why," my brethering, every young man who is going to preach thinks he must be off to Greece and study a lot of Greek and Latin. All nonsense! All wrong! What did Peter and Paul know about Greek? Why, not a word, my brethering. No! Peter and Paul preached in plain old English, and so'll I."

A KANSAS jury gave the following verdict, in a case where a man died in a state of intoxication: Death by hanging—round a rum shop. It is a verdict that might be rendered in a multitude of cases in stead of a "mysterious Providence."

Mrs. ELIZABETH SPENCER, 364 Chase street, Baltimore, Md., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of dyspepsia and improved my husband's health."

Humorous.

WORN out—hats.

ABOUT two feet—hats.

AN important notice—Take air.

THE key-note—"Wife, let me in!"

THE rabbit is timid, but no cook can make it quail.

TRIFLES make perfection, but perfection itself is no trifle.

THE happiest men are the fat men. They know that they will not die poor.

"My work's done," remarked the collector as he started out in the morning.

To pay as you go is the best plan; especially if the man in charge will let you go until you pay.

THE new Chicago female lawyer is young and unmarried. This makes all her speeches maiden efforts.

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

YOUNG lady—"I am engaged to be married in a week. Would you still put 'Miss' before my name?" Yes; there is a possibility that you may, you know.

CORNELIA, when a very little girl, created a good deal of merriment at the table when out one evening taking tea with friends. "Cornelia, dear," said her kind hostess, "won't you have a slice of cake or something more?" "Yes'm, I think I will," said Cornelia, frankly, "if somebody will please unhook my dress."

"No," said a man who applied for a pension, "I must acknowledge that I was never in the army, but I once fell off a post and rail fence and broke my leg while watching a militia company drill. It seems to me, a man who watches a militia company drill for an hour, to say nothing about breaking his leg, ought to have some compensation from his country."

LITTLE Peter is seven years old. He is very intelligent, but a little obstinate. The other day he persisted in not saying good-bye to his grandmother, and for this reason it was decided to deprive him of his desert at dinner. He thought how he could avoid this punishment. Finally, when he was at the table, he said: "Mother, if I did not say good-bye to grandmother it's because I was too overcome at her departure." Then he added with a triumphant air, "Now I can have some desert, can't I?"

He Knew It Wouldn't. Charles Augustus went to see his girl the other evening, and while he was making himself agreeable, her six-year-old scape-grace of a brother came into the parlor.

Tommy was not slow to get acquainted, and Charles Augustus thought it was good policy to honor the "enfant terrible."

"Lem me see you shake your head this way," said Tommy, giving his own head a vigorous shake.

Charles Augustus complied good humoredly with the request and shook his head until his auburn locks were disheveled.

"I knowed it wouldn't," exclaimed Tommy.

"What do you mean, Tommy?" asked his sister.

"Why, don't you know pa said he was a rattle-brained young man, his brain don't rattle a bit, does it?"

Tableau.—*People's Paper.*

A Leap-year Effort. Handsome Young Smithers—"The weather is getting a little more pleasant."

Antique Miss Blifkins—"Yes; it is just lovely now for a wedding tour."

H. Y. Smithers—"By the way, I understand that the government is to pursue a vigorous foreign policy."

A. M. Blifkins—"Indeed! I should think you would be more interested in domestic policies. Every young man should get a—"

H. Y. Smithers—"Yes, should get a position which would enable him to earn a living."

A. M. Blifkins—"Yes; for himself and wife."

H. Y. Smithers—"Ah, beg pardon! I believe a big fire has broken out up street. I must run and see if any of my property is in danger."

A. M. Blifkins—"Oh, don't go. That fire is nothing to the fire that burns in us—"

But he had fled.—*Philadelphia Call.*

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC. Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Druggists and Physicians endorse it. Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Cured red lines and trade-mark wrapper.



The kidneys act as purifiers of the blood, and when their functions are interfered with through weakness, they need toning. They become healthfully active by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, when filling short of relief from other sources. This superb stimulating tonic also prevents and arrests fever and ague, constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, rheumatism and other ailments. Use it regularly.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

FOR DYSPEPSIA NERVOUSNESS,

Bilious Attacks, Headache, Constipation, Chills and Fevers, and all Diseases of the Liver and Stomach.

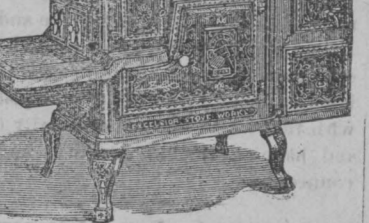
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It is a Purely Vegetable, Faultless Family Medicine, and has been Manufactured at LAROQUE'S PHARMACY, one of the most prominent and best equipped in the world, for more than half a century. Its efficiency in all forms of Liver Disease has been tested and approved by thousands of the most prominent citizens of Baltimore, who have used it successfully in combating the above complaints, all of which arise from a derangement of the Liver and Stomach. We therefore say to you candidly, that if you suffer from Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, or any of the above ailments, you will find relief by using LAROQUE'S ANTI-BILIOUS BITTERS, and our word for it, a single dose, taken either at night or in the morning before breakfast will make you feel like a new man. If you live in a malarious section, where Chills and Fevers abound, it will be found a most effective remedy in guarding the system from all attack. It is, therefore, reasonable and within the reach of all; 25 cents for the 100 pills in packages, or \$1.00 for the 400 pills ready prepared.

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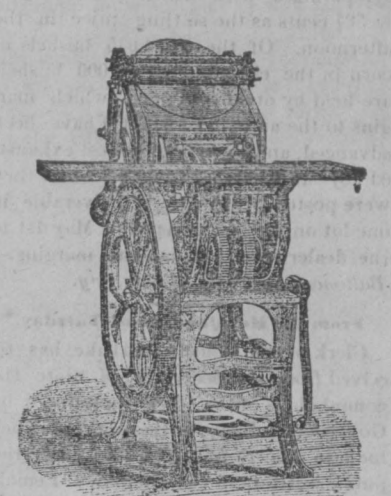
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